

MARCH 1986

\$2.00

The Atlantic

MIDTERM ELECTIONS / THE SOVIET COMPUTER GAP / WEATHER FORECASTING

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PROSPECT

Between civil war and foreign intervention

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN



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2 Years \$15.95, 3 Years \$29.95
in the United States and its possessions;
\$3.00 additional per year in Canada;
\$5.00 additional per year elsewhere.
Address all subscription correspondence to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322
(800) 525-0643
In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
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The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077)
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Public relations:
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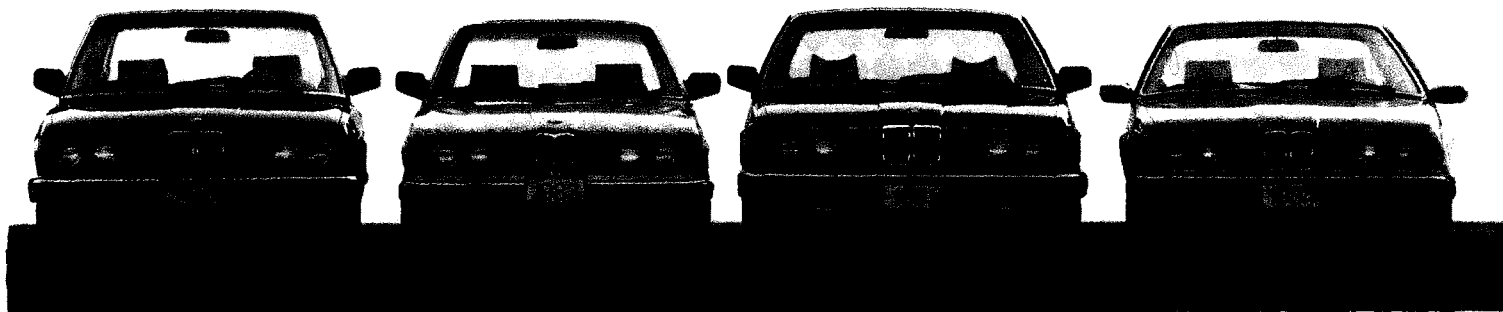
Wellesley, Massachusetts (617) 244-1174
John Nimmo

The Atlantic March 1986
Vol. 257 No. 3
Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at
Boston, Toronto, and additional
mailing offices

Unsolicited manuscripts will
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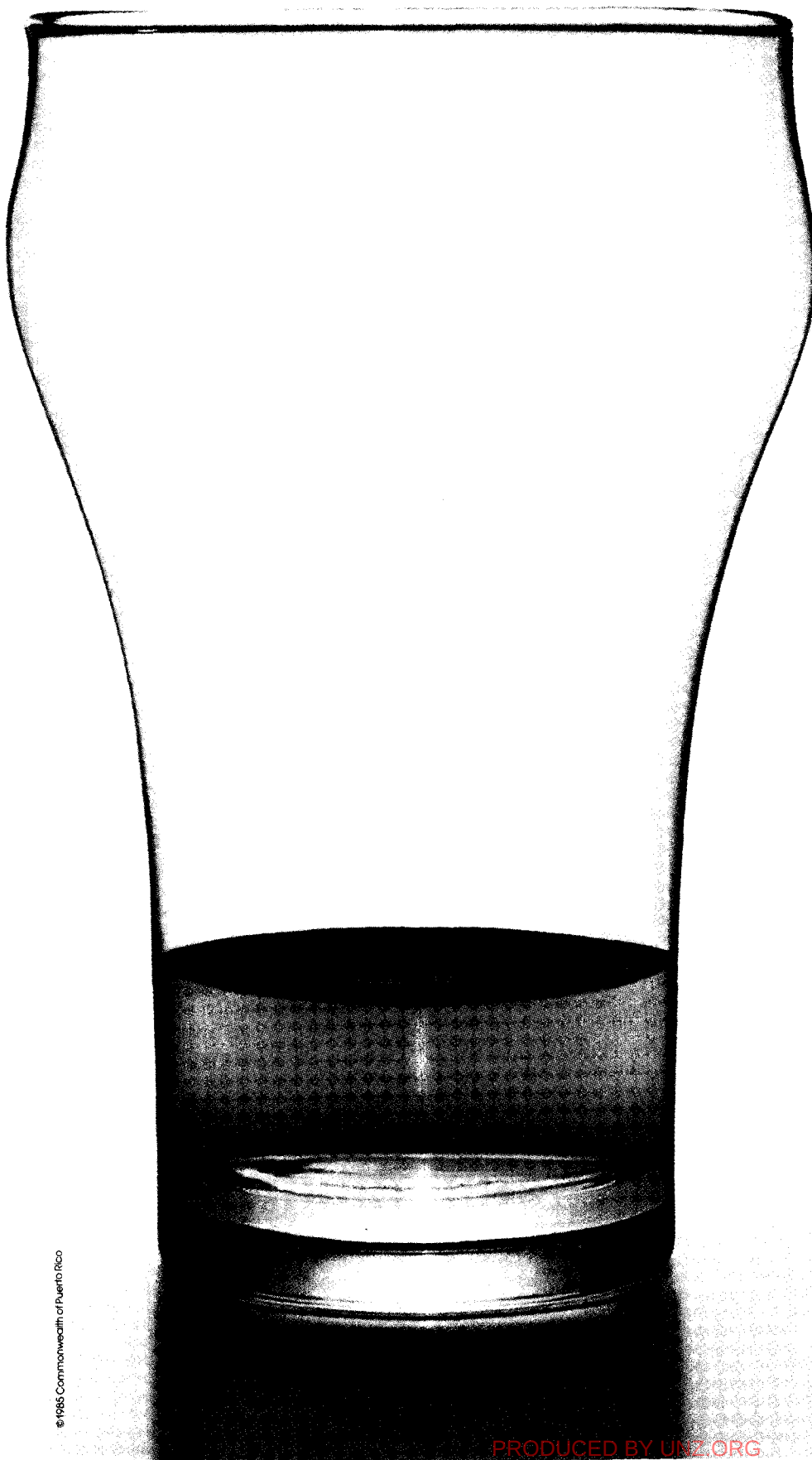
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Business Office
2400 N Street, N.W./Washington, D.C. 20037

Advertising Office
420 Lexington Avenue / New York, N.Y. 10170

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CREDENTIALISM

James Fallows ("The Case Against Credentialism," December *Atlantic*) has made an interesting case against credentialism, but he is off base concerning entrepreneurship and social mobility in America. He writes:

In measurable economic terms the rate of social mobility in the United States has changed very little in at least a hundred years: people still rise out of poverty and fall from affluence about as frequently as in the days when no one had heard of IQ or tracking or M.B.A.s. American society is more open than most others, but it still rewards the wisely chosen birth.

If this were true, the largely self-made black middle-class, for example, would never have come into being. U.S. Census data show that from 1950 to 1960 the number of black families entering the middle class in the New York metropolitan area alone jumped from 11,000 to 199,000. "Wisely chosen birth?" Comparable figures are available for most northern cities, and this development has accelerated and is spreading throughout the South as well. Moreover, one recent study of immigrants shows that after thirteen years these predominantly underclass entrants earn as much as their native-born counterparts, whom they then go on to surpass in income.

Fallows writes,

At just the time when American business is said to need the flexibility and the lack of hierarchy that an entrepreneurial climate can create, more and more businessmen seem to feel that their chances for personal success will be greatest if they become not entrepreneurs but professionals, with advanced educational degrees.

To support this, he points out that in the past twenty years enrollment in graduate business schools has increased tenfold and that next spring 67,000 new M.B.A.s will take their degrees to the marketplace. That may be so, but 67,000 is a mere fraction of the number of new business enterprises created every year by entrepreneurs. Fallows may argue that "the idea that the United States has given itself over to a resurgent entrepreneurial culture is hard to believe," but he is on shaky ground. For

example, in the postwar 1950s about 150,000 new companies were started annually; in 1962 the figure rose to 180,000. By 1980 the number had jumped to nearly 600,000 and it has remained at 600,000 or more ever since. Of the nation's 14 million businesses, more than 3 million have been formed since 1980.

SHERWOOD ROSS

Inc. Magazine
New York, N.Y.

Protection-licensing laws are meant to protect the public by screening out the incompetents who would injure us. If these laws do not even attempt such screening (by imposing recurrent, comprehensive qualifying tests), what is the point of the laws?

CHRISTOPHER FOGARTY

Chicago, Ill.

Congratulations on "The Case Against Credentialism." Today's M.B.A. society is "bad for business," because credentialism based on the typical business-school curriculum is leading corporate America inevitably toward mediocracy. However, a few fresh winds are blowing. In addition to the competency evaluations made by the assessment centers that some companies now operate, managers who do not have access to these can learn in other ways about their management potential. For example, at our Institute of Management Competency—which employs David McClelland's and McBer and Company's research base—more than 900 experienced executives have had their managerial skills assessed, on a confidential basis. Without exception, these men and women report improved self-knowledge and enhanced job performance. Who has ever claimed this for an M.B.A.?

Meanwhile, the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business (the B-schools' accrediting agency) is studying "output measurements," including managerial "action skills." Ironically, the result of its long study may be to reduce even the measurement of managerial talent to the lowest measurable common denominator!

THOMAS R. HORTON

President
American Management Association
New York, N.Y.



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Ironically, one of the first credentials mentioned for James Fallows in the December "Contributors" section is that he is a Harvard graduate.

BILL KNUDSEN
Naperville, Ill.

Mr. Fallows expects too much of the nation's business schools. You may teach a person to be a manager, but you cannot teach him or her to be an entrepreneur. Business schools should not be faulted for failing to do something they never claimed they would. Business schools train the manager-caretakers who inherit the companies started by entrepreneurs. This they do very well. These managers sustain the original work of the entrepreneurs. Managers may be permitted to praise the art of the entrepreneur without being accused of confusing themselves with the artist.

MICHAEL G. SULLIVAN
Free Control Group
Washington, D.C.

James Fallows would have us believe that the advent of the M.B.A. has sapped American business of its entrepreneurial vigor and diminished its respect for worthwhile work. It is a relief, perhaps, that as one reads through his article, one finds no real evidence to support this belief.

The M.B.A. degree is no more a license than the B.A. Degrees of third-rate institutions award M.B.A.s, and a business would be foolish indeed to entrust itself to someone just because he was armed with such a diploma. Comparison to a pilot's license is nonsense.

Good M.B.A.s are attractive to business, however, and worth their high salaries (I write fresh from interviewing eight of the latest crop). This is because they are bright, they work very hard and in a very disciplined way, their commitment speaks of a genuine interest in business, and they are taught very well the fundamentals of how complex businesses work.

The careers of M.B.A.s are far from cushy: if Mr. Fallows were to glance at any of their alumni journals he would find a startling frequency of job changes, by no means always voluntary. Nor are the better business schools as elitist as he would have us believe, as he would find if he checked the backgrounds of students in the minority-scholarship programs.

Most important, it is ridiculous for Mr. Fallows to assert that the business-

school phenomenon diminishes entrepreneurialism or the value placed on good old-fashioned work. Some M.B.A.s become entrepreneurs, but more spend their working lives in businesses that have grown beyond the entrepreneurial stage. The very existence of M.B.A.s is due to the complexity that business has acquired in modern times. Most entrepreneurs have been and always will be back-yard businessmen, driven by a dream—and to assert that M.B.A.s somehow "persuade people at the bottom of the heap that they probably can't succeed" is simply absurd.

RALPH EVANS
Sydney, Australia

James Fallows replies:

Sherwood Ross and I don't really have much to argue about. Has the black middle class made enormous strides in the past generation? Of course it has. Do immigrants display astounding entrepreneurial vigor? Many of them obviously do. Does the United States have the world's most open society? To the best of my knowledge it does. But does this mean that there is no such thing as inequality of birth? I cannot believe that Mr. Ross really means to defend such a ludicrous idea. If he does, he might like to come to Washington and consider the pedigrees of some of the politicians who live or pass through here—John D. Rockefeller IV, for example, and Adlai Stevenson, Jr., Albert Gore, Jr., Edward M. Kennedy, Christopher Dodd, Claiborne Pell, John Heinz, Russell Long, Pierre Du Pont, Alan Simpson, Lloyd Bentsen, George Bush, Hubert Humphrey III. Or perhaps he could just read about them in the newspapers—either *The Washington Post*, where Donald Graham has succeeded his mother as publisher, or *The New York Times*, where Arthur Ochs Sulzberger has succeeded his father. Or he could stay in New York and talk things over with William F. Buckley, Jr., or George Plimpton. (Failing any of these steps, he might turn to the works of Mark Twain and consider the "well-chosen birth" as it applies to Huck and Jim.)

Our only real disagreement is over whether the rising new-business-formation rate is more significant than the steady increase in professional education and the decline in the proportion of the population (excluding immigrants) that is self-employed. Mr. Ross's reading of the trends is more optimistic than mine; therefore I hope he's right.

As for Ralph Evans, I did not claim that the M.B.A. was worthless or its possessors unskilled. My point was that its emergence illustrated a larger trend—toward professionalization and, pace Mr. Ross, away from entrepreneurialism—that threatens to make the economy less resilient. Although the M.B.A. is not awarded through a state-sanctioned licensing system, as a law degree is, its advantages and disadvantages are analogous to those of a law education. Most lawyers, like most business consultants, are quick and well trained, but on the whole, can the continued growth of either profession be considered an economic and social advantage for the United States?

COPING WITH COCAINE

After observing that voluntary use of cocaine may be associated with about 600 deaths annually, James Lieber ("Coping With Cocaine," January *Atlantic*) argues for its continued illegality. Should we continue to spend billions of dollars on law enforcement and endure the associated economic, political, police, and legal corruption engendered by the high markups guaranteed by criminalization, all to bring the number of deaths below 600?

Elsewhere in the article Lieber notes that alcohol and tobacco take *hundreds of thousands* of lives. Other voluntary activities, such as hunting, boating, air travel, and swimming, are also killers. People who indulge in these pursuits are usually aware that some risk is involved. Automobiles kill about 50,000 people a year, but wives of Presidents don't fill their spare time with campaigns to ban the buggy.

If recreational drugs were legalized, I could see a case for putting a skull and crossbones on the package. But I fail to see why we should waste time and money on futile attempts to stop their use altogether. Perhaps Mr. Lieber can explain why risky hunting is more acceptable than risky coke.

ART HILGART
Kalamazoo, Mich.

James Lieber fails to grasp the futility of trying to cure a drug habit through involuntary commitment, a strategy that can temporarily succeed in separating the user from a drug of choice but can never provide a cure for a psychic problem against the "patient's" will. Al-

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though Mr. Lieber fails to mention it, New York taxpayers learned this lesson the hard way. In the mid 1960s Governor Nelson Rockefeller lavished huge budgets, and unleashed a battalion of experts, upon his cherished Narcotics Addiction Control Commission. The abject failure of that enormous, well-intentioned program led the Governor to abandon it in favor of the nation's most draconian drug penalties. New York's overall experience proves that coercive measures, whether forced therapy or severe jail terms, cannot stop adults from using mood-altering substances, a point proved daily by millions of drug users, much as it was proved sixty years ago by legions of alcohol fanciers.

We should legalize all drugs forthwith and police the marketplace with truth-in-packaging sanctions to educate and protect consumers. The tax receipts would be more than ample to fund a relentless anti-drug propaganda campaign as well as voluntary treatment centers for the minority of users (and it is a distinct minority) that loses control. After that, the devil take those who are too foolish to take care of themselves, because we will never be able to coerce them out of their folly.

STANLEY NEUSTADTER
New York, N.Y.

James Lieber replies:

Art Hilgart's notion that hunting is as risky as cocaine won't stand up, statistically or otherwise. For one thing, the 600 fatal overdoses reported by the Drug Abuse Warning Network represent just a fraction of the nation's cocaine deaths. Since DAWN covers only about a fourth of the United States population and excludes such key centers as New York and Houston, some observers believe that the fatalities should be multiplied by at least four to gain a fair approximation of the number of annual traumatic cocaine deaths. Also, hunters do not risk the neurophysiological problems that chronic cocaine abusers do.

Stanley Neustadter argues that all drugs should be available legally but with truthful warnings. Marketing free-base cocaine in this way makes about as much sense as selling surgical anesthesia across the counter.

In addition, Neustadter's legalization approach would not promote freedom. As he admits, it would mean policing the market. However, it would require controlling the message rather than controlling the drug. Moreover, though an



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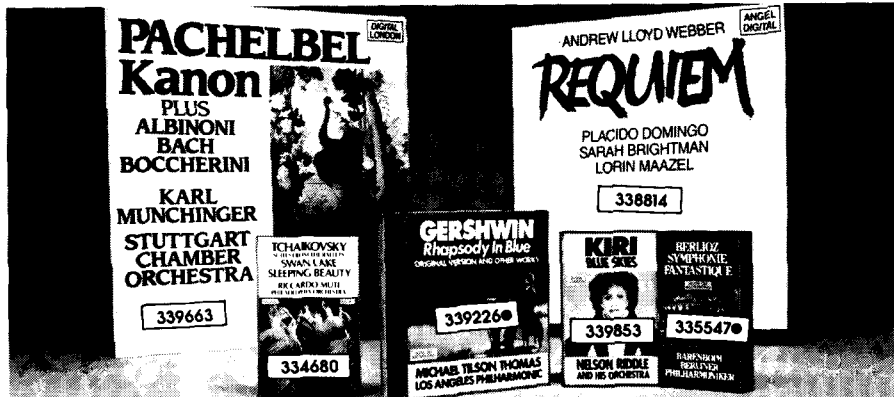
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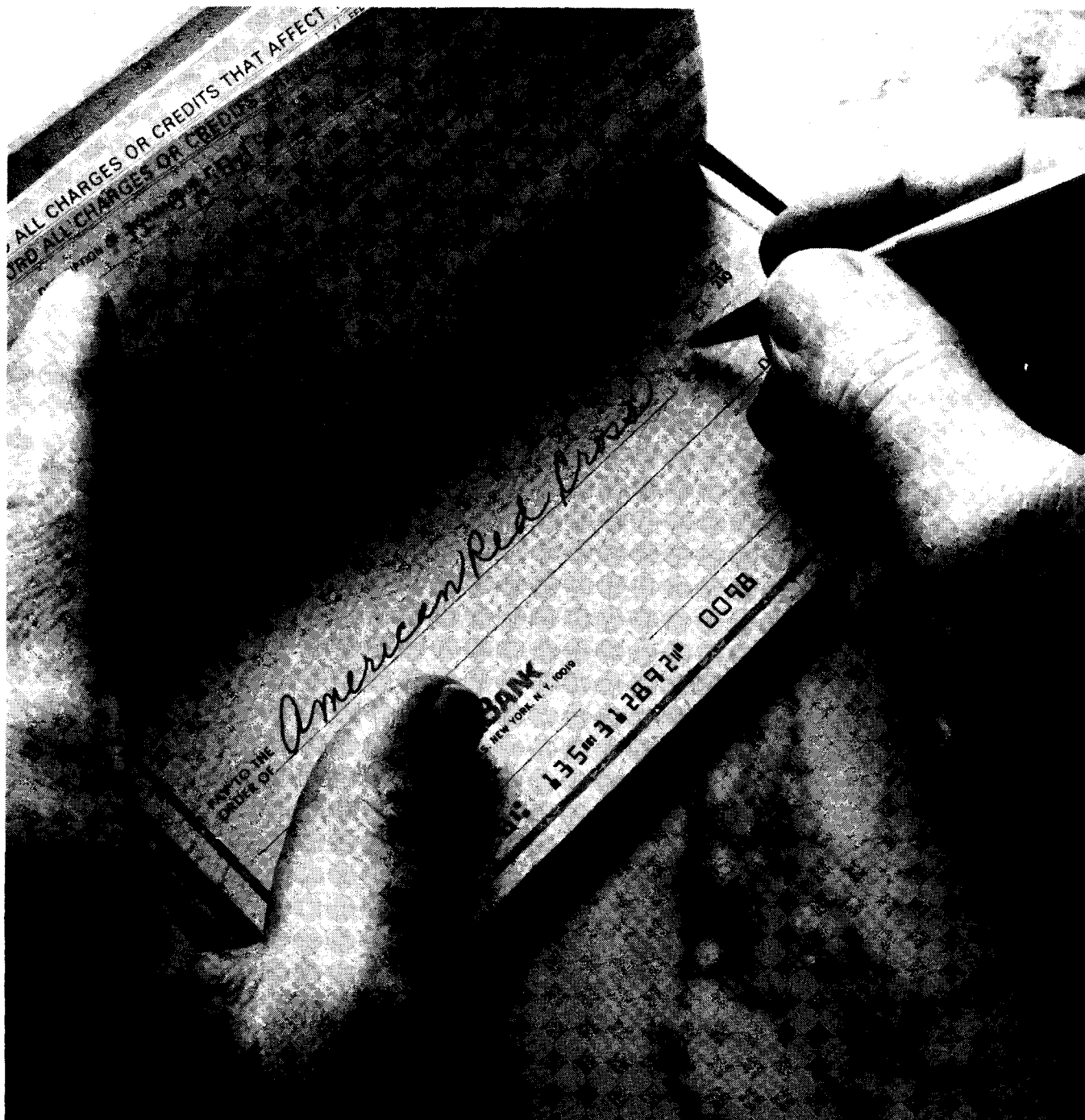
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initial purchase might be voluntary, subsequent purchases by users who had become hooked would have little to do with free choice.

Further, New York's twenty-year-old experience with heroin addicts is not an apt analogy. Opiate abusers function fairly well when supplied with their drug of choice. It is the especially brutal withdrawal that they fear and that leads them to resist treatment.

The life of a chronic cocaine abuser, in contrast, can become a grueling spiral of insomnia, dysphoria, sexual dysfunction, seizures, and paranoia. Though cocaine withdrawal is not a picnic, it is appreciably milder than heroin withdrawal. After detoxification cocaine patients often seem motivated to stay off the drug. Many also have the option of returning to middle-class life-styles, which distinguishes them from ghetto addicts. Most clinicians feel that cocaine treatment has a fair likelihood of success even if the patient begins reluctantly.

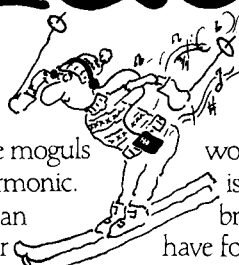
I reserve comment on addicts who are dangers to themselves, their families, or society and are manifesting psychotic behavior. For others with serious cocaine problems, a strong inducement by family members and employers to seek treatment can be an appropriate strategy.

Though cocaine is unquestionably a public-health and safety problem, it should not be equated with the alcohol problem during Prohibition. Alcohol had had centuries to win loyalty throughout America. Cocaine is a relatively recent phenomenon, still within the experience of only one out of ten people. Legalization, the social seal of approval, would spread the drug widely and amount to an abdication.

DEMOCRACY ADRIFT

Re Fergus M. Bordewich's article "Athens: Democracy Adrift" (December *Atlantic*): In recent months Greek Prime Minister Papandreou has made considerable efforts to improve relations with the United States, agreeing to take part in the NATO exercise Bright Star '85 (Turkey declined), and voting with the United States at the UN against denying Israel's credentials (Turkey abstained, joining Arab governments in walking out when the Israeli ambassador spoke in defense of Israel's bombing of PLO headquarters in Tunis).

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As for Soviet influence in Greece, *The Economist* for October 5 reported that as a result of names supplied by the United States from a Soviet defector, "three Greeks have been arrested and charged with spying, three senior Russian intelligence men have hastily left Athens and the Soviet ambassador, Mr. Igor Andropov, has prolonged his summer holiday in Moscow."

Bordewich seems to blame the Papandreou government for the anti-Americanism in Greece; he writes that "a steady stream of polemical propaganda sponsored or protected by the regime has increased suspicion of the United States and sympathy for the Soviet Union." He has got this backward—it is a trend that began before 1974, and the Papandreou government and probably *Ethnos* are the result, not the cause, of worsening anti-Americanism in Greece. The causes of anti-Americanism are what Bordewich passes over so lightly: Kissinger's handling of the 1974 Cyprus crisis, large increases in military aid to Turkey despite Turkey's continued misuse of that aid in maintaining the occupation of part of Cyprus, and our earlier diplomatic and military support for the repressive Greek military regime, which enabled it to maintain control (we continued to supply small arms, ammunition, and tank parts, despite a temporary cutoff in heavier matériel).

The "Turkish threat," which Bordewich belittles with the term "myth," is a fear that stems from 1974, not from Papandreou's rhetoric; it has been abetted by the Turks' refusal to submit Aegean issues to the World Court for arbitration, despite the Ecevit-Karamanlis agreement in 1978 to do so. Turkish insistence on settling through bilateral negotiations implies an expectation that Turkey's greater military strength will gain it a better deal than that to which it is entitled under law.

In recent months, as the relations of the United States with Greece have improved, it is Turkey that has become a problem, insisting on large increases in military aid guaranteed over a five-year period while at the same time warning that Turkey cannot be asked to play the role the United States expects of it in the Middle East because of its relations with Arab countries. (Turkey's border with the Soviet Union is relatively easy to defend, however, because of high mountains and narrow passes, so its own needs are not great.)

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where is a cause for concern; nevertheless, in Greece they remain a good deal healthier than they do in Turkey, where five years have passed since order was restored by military rule.

ANNE M. RICE
Great Falls, Va.

Fergus M. Bordewich paints an unattractive picture of the PASOK regime in Greece: "The left has convinced countless Greeks of the arguable proposition that the United States planned the 1967 coup that brought the 'colonels' to power and sustained their rule against the will of the Greek people."

The proposition may be arguable, but the left was not required to convince Greeks of its plausibility. I remember sitting in an Athens movie theater not long after the 1967 coup, watching a junta propaganda newsreel of Colonel Patakos being welcomed aboard the U.S. aircraft carrier then lying off Phaleron by a beaming American admiral. A profound sigh of despair went up from the audience; the unsolicited saviors of Greece had all too clearly been given Big Brother's stamp of approval.

Subsequently I was expelled from the country by the junta, possibly (I was given no definite reason) because of my capacity as an editor of the journal *Omphalos*, a literary magazine that aspired to articulate the links between the different cultures of the Mediterranean, and indeed briefly brought the writing of Greeks, Turks, Israelis, and Arabs together between its covers. This was not the sort of idea that appealed to the colonels, who wore their chauvinism like a badge of honor.

In 1983 I found myself in Greece once again—the new democratic Greece. The colonels were in jail, serving their richly deserved sentences. Traveling by train from Patras to Athens, I was astonished to find myself accosted and reviled by one of Mr. Papandreou's young supporters—as a Jew (surmised, he said, from my appearance), a dirty American, and a CIA agent with a mission to destroy his country—deduced from the fact that I was reading a Greek newspaper and refused to account to him for my ability to do so.

PETER DREYER
Keymar, Md.

Fergus M. Bordewich has willfully and skillfully woven a myth around the domestic and foreign policy of Greece.

The fact that most Greek publishers refuse to take on such foreign books as John Barron's *The KGB* and David Shipler's *Russia* is a comforting indication that Greeks do not want to become intellectual prisoners of the right and instead choose to reject policies that reinforce the Cold War mentality.

Greece's fears of the Turkish threat have been well established and historically documented. Numerous verbal and written threats have been made against Greece's territorial sovereignty by Turkey's civilian and military leadership in the past fifteen years, and none of these threats has been renounced by Ankara. If Turkey does not intend to invade some Greek islands in the Aegean, why does it keep an army of 140,000 men across Greece's eastern border? Certainly not to prevent an attack from a Warsaw Pact country.

What confirms these long-standing territorial ambitions of Turkey in the Aegean in a manner beyond dispute is the stationing of the main bulk of the Turkish armed forces along the Aegean coastline, from the Evros River to a point exactly opposite the Turkish-occupied northern part of Cyprus. This is the so-called Fourth Army, or Aegean Army. Its deployment obviously serves no purpose connected with NATO strategy against the Soviet Union or the Warsaw Pact countries.

Andreas Papandreou's actions may seem to be anti-Western, but that is because he is the first Greek prime minister not to follow the traditional policy of serving as a pawn for the West. Pawns by definition are meant to be used and then discarded.

DINO SIOTIS
*Embassy of Greece
Ottawa, Ontario*

Fergus M. Bordewich replies:

There have been some modest signs in recent months that the Papandreou government has come to believe that the United States may be of more value to Greece as a friend, however much begrudged, than as an enemy. Of course Papandreou did not create anti-Americanism in Greece; he has, however, done his best to perpetuate it far beyond the point of its natural demise. Shameful though the American embrace of the 1967–1974 dictatorship might be, there is no proof that the United States put the colonels in power or kept them there. PASOK's persistent efforts to suggest the opposite are an evasion of

Greece's responsibility for its own recent history.

The PASOK regime has spent most of its years in power nurturing an atmosphere of deep suspicion not just of the United States but of Western values in general. The quasi-official harassment of Paul Anastasi for his exposure of Soviet activities in Greece, interference with the work of other journalists, and the suppression of public discussion of conflicts with Turkey, not to mention the parliamentary travesty of last year's presidential election, are all symptoms of PASOK's ideological contempt for basic democratic institutions. Dino Siotis's pride in publishers who refuse to print books that might challenge his party's ideology is perfectly indicative of the PASOK state of mind.

Greek hostility toward Turkey goes back far beyond the 1974 invasion of Cyprus, to four centuries of Ottoman occupation. Eleutherios Venizelos, a more generous and farsighted statesman than Papandreou, sought to bridge those centuries as well as the bitterness left by Greece's ill-fated 1921–1922 invasion of Turkey by a journey of reconciliation to Ankara in 1930. Papandreou, by contrast, has cynically exploited every opportunity to whip up fear of the Turks into a xenophobic mania that prevents reasonable Turkish interests from being judged on their own merits. When the Papandreou government expels a teacher for making a handful of Turkish information pamphlets available to his students, this suggests that despite all its "progressive" rhetoric PASOK does not have much trust in the ability of ordinary people to think for themselves.

The Turks maintain, somewhat disingenuously, that the Fourth Army is primarily a training structure. More realistically, it is intended as a bargaining chip in the complex political confrontation involving Cyprus, the exploitation of undersea resources, and the Greek militarization of certain Aegean islands near the Turkish coast. No foreign diplomat whom I interviewed in Athens—including those from neutral and non-NATO countries—believes that the Turks have any intention of using these troops, or any others, to invade Greece. They believe, as I do, that the "Turkish threat" is mainly a tool for domestic political advantage. The Turkish effort to extract additional arms aid from the United States has more to do with domestic security than with a policy of aggression toward Greece.



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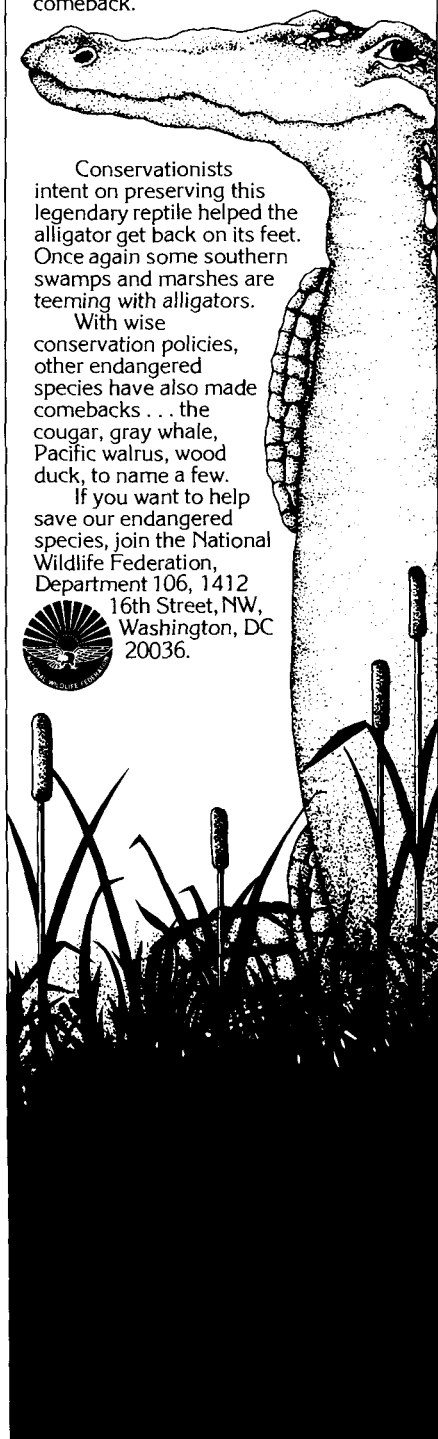
Conservationists intent on preserving this legendary reptile helped the alligator get back on its feet. Once again some southern swamps and marshes are teeming with alligators.

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I share Peter Dreyer's confidence that Papandreou will ultimately take care of Papandreou, and his conviction that Greece has endured more than enough foreign meddling—by the Americans as well as the Soviets. It is difficult, however, to escape the conclusion that Papandreou has, at least for the foreseeable future, aborted the long overdue evolution of a genuinely humane and liberal politics in Greece, and that he has only increased the chances of the system's slipping back into the hands of the equally authoritarian and politically bankrupt right. Greece deserves better than this.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Several weeks ago I attempted to purchase some of the books listed in your December issue under the heading "Christmas Books" (by John Harris) from a very reputable bookseller in Kansas City, Missouri, and I quote from their written reply to my order: "Those 2 pages of books are a spoof—none of them exist."

Did I fail to read something between the lines?

JOHN H. MIZE, SR.
Atchison, Kans.

Kudos to John Harris for his wonderful Christmas book reviews. We actually received an order, from Atchison, Kansas, for *Franklin Podd Armature: A Catalogue Raisonné of the Oils!*

GLADYS SYLLA
*Book Buyer, Bennett Schneider
Kansas City, Mo.*

LET THEM EAT CORN

In the fascinating and amusing article about cornmeal ("Food: History in the Making," December *Atlantic*) Corby Kummer makes a serious error in suggesting that in England and Ireland people starving during the potato famine refused to eat cornmeal.

Cornmeal was unknown to the poor and starving Irish peasants. But they were not even given the opportunity to adapt to this new substance, which was brought over from the United States—too little and too late—by the British. The cornmeal that was offered was unground Indian corn. There were no mills; usually not even water was available for hand grinding (and there were

no hand grinders). Boiling the stuff did little to change its inedibility. According to one source, *The Great Hunger*, by Cecil Woodham Smith, "the Indian corn, eaten by half-starving people, produced agonizing pains, especially in children."

I am sure that Mr. Kummer did not intend to perpetuate the myth that the Irish who starved during the potato famine of 1845–1849 did so despite the availability of foods provided by the English, principally those notorious shipments of American Indian corn.

KATHARINE WEBER
Bethany, Conn.

Corby Kummer replies:

I regret having seemed to trivialize the famine by using the Irish as an example of the many Europeans who disliked corn. The Irish were, of course, unprepared to cook something they had never seen before, and although they did receive some ground cornmeal, as well as corn, the meal often arrived spoiled. The corn the children ate was either spoiled meal or, more likely, unground corn.

ADVICE & CONSENT

On some ATLANTIC page each month I see

A spate of words quite meaningless to me.

And in the Contents List, surprised, I find

That POETRY is the name to it assigned.

"How can this be?" I muse. "It doesn't RHYME

And does not SCAN, and never any time

Can one advance the plea for the Defense

That, while not VERSE, at least it does make SENSE.

Alas, my views on Modern Arts raise fears

I have, like MELBOURNE, lived beyond my years.

KEN CHEETHAM
Willowdale, Ontario

I, too, used to handicap myself deliberately in order to make the *Atlantic* Puzzler more challenging. However, no matter what I did, the Puzzler was still ridiculously easy. Therefore I no longer bother to do it at all.

MICHAEL D. DALE
Oregon City, Oreg.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

THE CATEGORY CRISIS

I HAD A CATEGORY crisis recently, and I'll bet you've had your share of them too. A woman said to me—this was at a party, in a room crowded with men in suits—"You must be an Ivy Leaguer." I was flattered, but she was wrong. That's not the right category for me.

What would be the right category? I later asked myself. Realizing that each of the possible contenders—from Irish Catholic to middle-aged man to suburbanite—left off vital acres of me, I was led to consider not merely my category crisis but the crisis in categories.

Let's start with Democrat and Republican. Here are two categories that don't mean what they used to. Roughly one third of those who say they are Democrats in party-identification polls regularly vote Republican in presidential elections. So knowing that someone is a Democrat not only doesn't tell you anything very interesting or profound about that person; more and more, it does not even tell you how that person will vote.

Middle class? I read somewhere that, according to an economist, middle-class income stretches from \$15,000 to \$125,000 per year. If that's the range, then clearly you can't predict anything significant about a person of whom you know only that he belongs to the middle class. And yet politicians and journalists continue to use the category without regard for its flagrant imprecision.

Today how many of us explain ourselves to ourselves by using those musty Freudian categories id, ego, and super-ego? "Defense mechanism" does still

enjoy a vogue, but then we have a lot to defend against. As for thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, that trinity of class conflict hardly applies to all-middle-class America. Those two bearded nineteenth-century giants Freud and Marx—the Smith Brothers of modern thought—gave the twentieth century most of its major categories. But now those categories have lost their cultural centrality. I just read a sociological work that tried to apply Tocqueville's categories for early America to the current republic. The effort failed: very few of them fit. There goes Tocqueville, I thought.

Now that the nineteenth century can't do our thinking for us, the eighteenth century is making a comeback. Conservative economics is largely a gloss on Adam Smith, and our conservative political commentators would be mute without heavy buttressing from Edmund Burke. I mean no disrespect for these great thinkers, but how long will it be

before they go the way of their nineteenth-century confrères, leaving us once again without categories to think by?

By way of cultural categories we have high culture/low culture and highbrow/lowbrow. This typology of taste may have fit the fifties, when it was invented, but it is the wrong template for a cultural situation like ours, in which even the loftiest highbrow watches television and interpenetration between low and high, popular and elite forms, seems to be the order of the day. Once an aesthetic response of the few, "camp" is now for the millions who laugh with, and at, *Dallas* and *Dynasty*. In the early sixties Woody Allen worked small nightclubs before coterie crowds. Today, with largely the same act, he is an international sensation. Is he our first "highbrow" star? If so, then *highbrow* has about as much relevance to our situation as *middle class*.

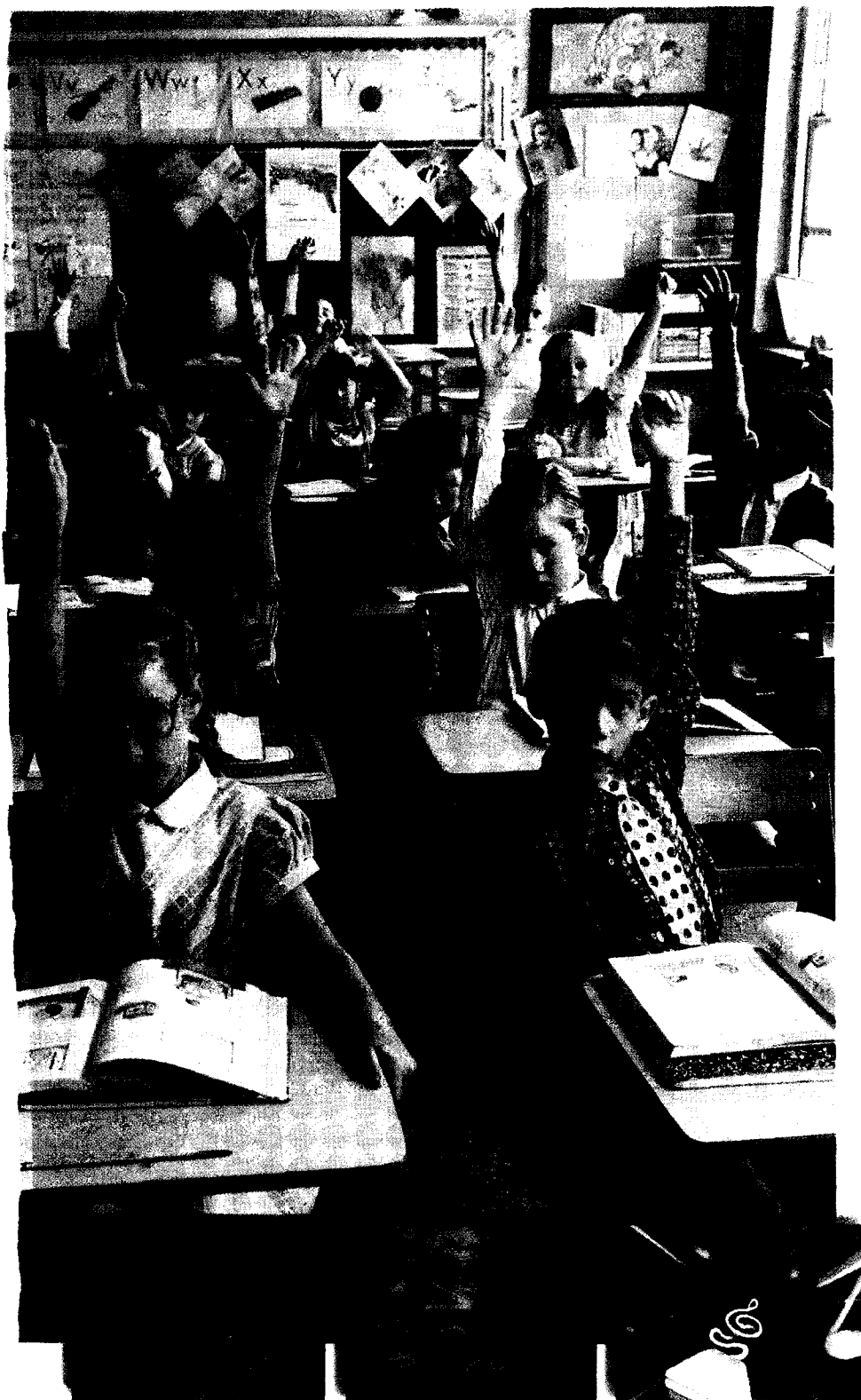
If new categories had come along to replace old ones like highbrow and lowbrow, we'd have had a revolution in categories instead of what we do have, which, to repeat, is a crisis. The late Michel Foucault thought that this was in fact how new knowledge develops: the old categories don't evolve into the new; they simply give way before the accumulated evidence of their inadequacy. Perhaps we're nearing that stage now, but the old categories still bulk large on our mental horizons, barring our vision of the new ones that must, so we hope, be coming.

D. H. Lawrence thought that categories leach the surprise out of life. He wrote that the world "can pigeonhole any idea. But it can't pigeonhole a real new experience." Yet experience without a culturally shared idea—that is, a category—in which to embed it can seem disquietingly random, like the plot



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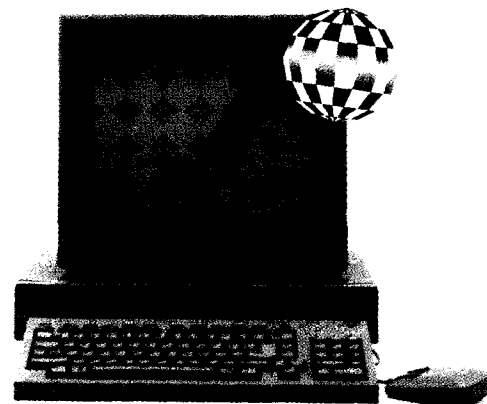
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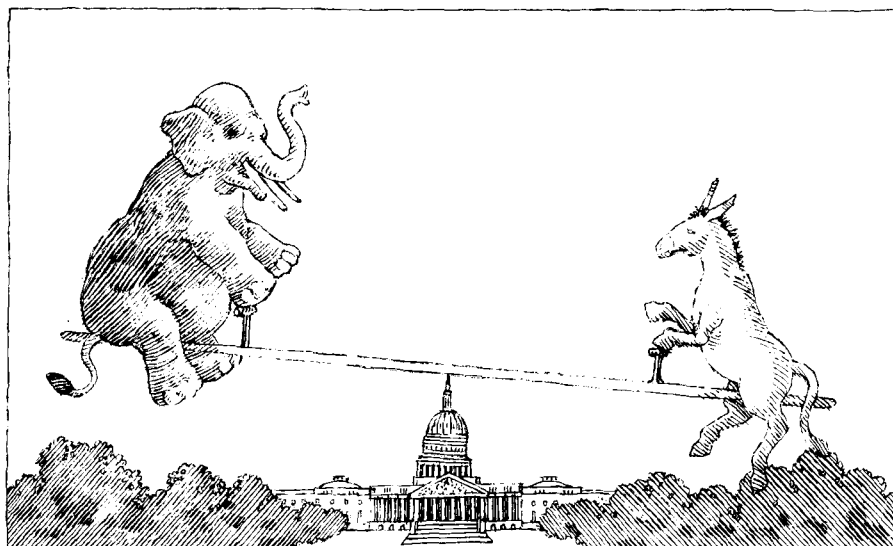
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of one of those avant-garde French films of a generation ago.

We need categories to order experience, both ours and the world's. When we say, "This is meaningless," it's often a sign that we lack the categories to turn a stubbornly opaque experience into something that we can understand. So while reliance on our increasingly ghostly categories may be intellectually disreputable, it may also be necessary for our peace of mind. "Never go against

the best light you have," Matthew Arnold, quoting one of Bishop Wilson's maxims, cautions us, but "take care that your light be not darkness." More and more, the categories we think by are forms of darkness. Yet we keep using them as if fearful of the deeper darkness we'd inhabit if we had to front this life without them. Better that the world be wrongly intelligible than not intelligible at all.

—Jack Beatty



WASHINGTON THE CURSE OF THE SIX-YEAR ITCH

*In the coming midterm
elections a venerable political pattern
threatens Republican control of the Senate*

IT IS HARD to get anybody but the politically besotted excited over midterm elections. But this year's raise in interest above the average: party control of the Senate is at stake, and so might be the Republican bid to become the new governing party. The Republican majority in the Senate, captured in 1980 for the first time in a quarter century, and held by the fingernails since, is at present a bare three seats. If the Democrats gain four (ties are broken by the Republican Vice-President), they take charge—and with it take the top leadership positions and all the committee and subcommittee chairmanships, and control the agenda.

Granted, a change from the Republi-

can Bob Packwood to the Democrat Lloyd Bentsen as chairman of the tax-writing Senate Finance Committee is not exactly a sharp veer to the left; nor is a shift from Pete Domenici to Lawton Chiles on the Budget Committee; nor, for that matter, from Barry Goldwater to Sam Nunn on Armed Services. But imagine what would happen to the confirmation prospects of a Reagan nominee to the Supreme Court in a Judiciary Committee chaired by the Delaware neo-liberal Joe Biden instead of the South Carolina conservative Strom Thurmond, or to a family-planning funding proposal in a Labor and Human Resources Committee chaired by the redoubtable Ted Kennedy instead of by the New Right leader Orrin Hatch, of Utah, and you can see why control of the Senate matters. And not just to Republican senators but to Ronald Reagan, who has had his differences with Senate Republicans but who has at least been able to count on them to promote his agenda and respond to his timing. For Reagan, Republican control of the Senate may mean the difference between a placid and a miserable final two years.

The 1986 elections will involve nearly twice as many Republican seats as

Democratic ones. With twenty-two seats up, Republicans are more vulnerable to losses—and more of their seats are vulnerable to begin with. Sixteen of the twenty-two Republican seats are held by freshmen, first elected in the Reagan landslide of 1980, many by extremely narrow margins. (Indeed, half the Republicans who won in 1980 did so with 52.1 percent of the vote or less.) There are only twelve Democrats up. All, of course, withstood the Reagan tidal wave; by and large, they start out in stronger positions.

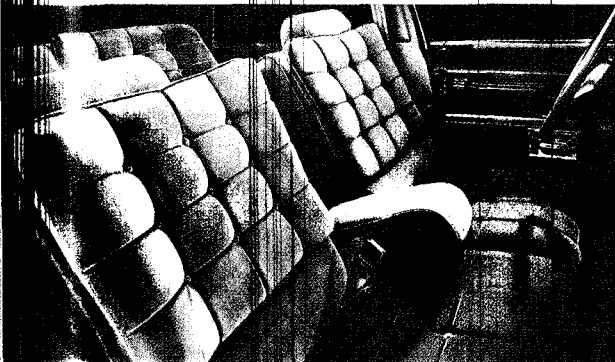
For all practical purposes each side has roughly the same number of safe seats—seats in which a loss would be a major upset. For the Republicans these include those of Quayle, of Indiana; Packwood, of Oregon; Grassley, of Iowa; Rudman, of New Hampshire; Garn, of Utah; Dole, of Kansas; and Murkowski, of Alaska. For the Democrats they include those of Bumpers, of Arkansas; Dixon, of Illinois; Ford, of Kentucky; Glenn, of Ohio; Hollings, of South Carolina; Inouye, of Hawaii; and Dodd, of Connecticut. This leaves fifteen Republican and five Democratic seats with varying degrees of vulnerability. The Democrats are concerned about two open seats (Missouri and Louisiana) and the seats of two incumbents (Cranston, of California, and Leahy, of Vermont), along with Gary Hart's Colorado seat. Republican worries include the open seats in Maryland, North Carolina, and Nevada, along with the seats of a number of freshman incumbents, such as Abdnor, of South Dakota; Hawkins, of Florida; Nickles, of Oklahoma; Symms, of Idaho; and Mattingly, of Georgia. Republican nervousness is compounded by the fact that 1986 is a second-term off-year election—one susceptible to a phenomenon that Kevin Phillips has called the "six-year itch."

FOR DECADES political analysts have been intrigued by an ironclad pattern in American politics: the President's party loses seats in the off-year election that follows his White House triumph—a phenomenon that has occurred in every off-year election save one since the Civil War. Since the Second World War, off-year losses for the President's party in the House have averaged fifteen seats in the second year and forty-eight in the sixth; in the Senate the average losses are zero in the second year and seven in the sixth.

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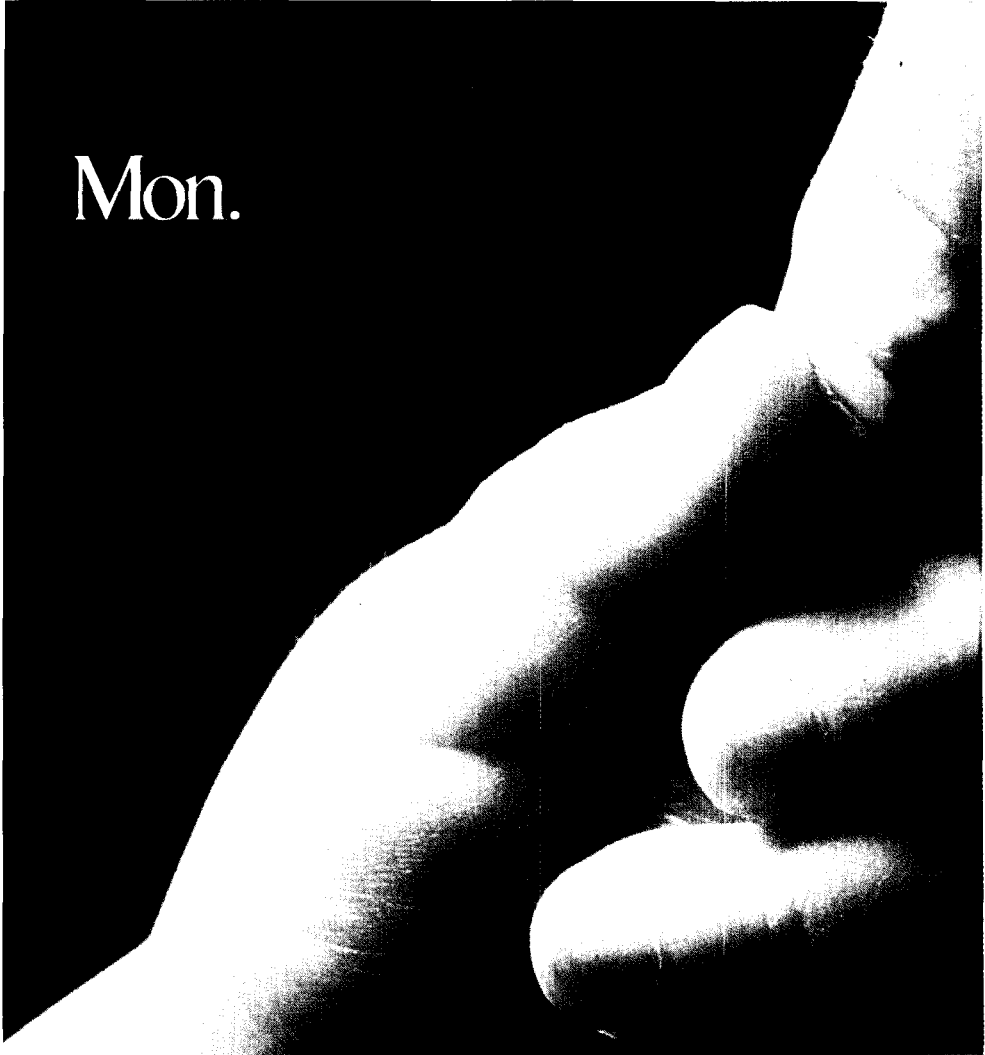


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TODAY'S CHEVROLET

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Fri.

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Happy.

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Wed.

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Sat.

At the awards to prove it. Most of the other news stories.

On the stories on What's on Kids, Stolen, and The Single. More painful but pertinent but helpful.

Not only coverage not only what's happening

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party has held the White House for two terms, even when the President has changed. (For example, the Democrats suffered deep losses in 1966, six years into the Kennedy and Johnson presidencies, and Republicans suffered badly in 1974, the sixth year of their hold on the White House.) There is no need to go back much further for a purer analogy to the present situation. The last time that a President served through the sixth year of two terms was in 1958, with Dwight Eisenhower. An elderly, popular, two-term Republican President who had won a landslide re-election victory two years earlier saw his party's hopes for majority status disappear. Battered by a farm crisis and a deep recession, the Republicans lost forty-seven seats in the House of Representatives and a full fifteen in the Senate (including two newly created ones for Alaska), an outcome that set the Republicans back for more than two decades and gave the Democrats a boost that carried them, in Congress at least, for the same period.

This sixth-year massacre stems from a variety of mundane causes. Some of them have to do with candidate-recruitment patterns. The party that wins the presidency usually has had good fortune overall in that year, with topflight, well-financed candidates for Congress attracted by the momentum of their party. But its potential-candidate pool is thereby lowered for the next midterm election. The out party usually experiences the reverse pattern, getting better candidates in the later off year. Economic cycles matter too: Presidents and Federal Reserve Boards pump up the economy in the presidential-election year, and we pay the price, with a downturn or a recession in the off year. With a two-term President the cycle often oscillates more in the second term, leading to a more severe downturn in the sixth year—as happened in 1958.

The nature of the turnout is also important. A presidential contest brings to the polls a lot of occasional voters, attracted by the excitement of the race for the White House. By and large they vote for the winner and help members of his party. But in an off year the occasional voters don't turn out, leaving the polls to the partisans and other regular voters; the disgruntled, out-party types are more likely to vote and register their protest than the complacent or disillusioned members of the President's party.

Also, if the President's party does well in the presidential year, it has more seats

to protect, and potentially to lose, the next time around. And many of these seats are held by newcomers who won, or veterans who scraped by, largely as a result of the presidential surge. Senators, of course, have six-year terms, with one third of the hundred in the chamber up every two years. The group on the chopping block in the sixth year is the one that got elected when the two-term President first swept in—and that usually means a whole lot of the President's colleagues, and few members of the opposition.

Still, these general considerations are balanced for the Republicans by factors peculiar to 1986. For one, the Republicans as a party are stronger today than they were in 1958. The Gallup Poll back then showed the Democratic Party capturing the allegiance of 47 percent of the electorate, and only 31 percent supporting the Republican Party. The comparable numbers in 1985 were 37 percent Democratic and 34 percent Republican. For another thing, the incumbents in both the House and the Senate are unusually well equipped with resources and sophistication to separate themselves out from national trends and blame directed at the White House. Republicans in the House have relatively few open seats (ones in which no incumbent is running for re-election and which therefore offer the best opportunities for party turnover) to defend. Only thirty-five or so of the 435 House seats so far have opened or appear likely to, and not many look vulnerable to a party shift. It is a rare election in recent years in which 90 percent or more of the House incumbents have not won re-election (the figure was over 95 percent in 1984). Having entrenched incumbents reduces the potential losses that the Republicans fear.

Republicans are nevertheless haunted by the memory of 1958. Things looked pretty good for them too, less than a year before that election—then the recession hit. Expectably, congressional Republicans see the economy as the overriding issue. For Senate Republicans the economy means the deficit. They have shown a veritable obsession with it, first pushing a bold and dramatic deficit-reduction plan last summer, only to have it rejected by the President, and then taking up the Gramm-Rudman proposal to lock in severe budget cuts and create the incentive for a tax increase. To Senate Republicans the deficit is the key to the economy. As one Senate Republican put

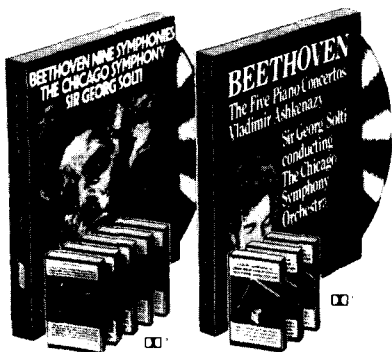
it recently, "If the financial community and the Fed believe that we can't do the job, they'll begin to take steps to protect themselves and the economy against inflation. That means interest rates going up and the money supply tightening. And it'll happen at the worst possible time."

MORE THAN THE Senate may be at stake in this midterm election. Both parties are jockeying for long-term majority status. In order to achieve this, a political party must capture the allegiance of numbers of voters who will support the party down the ticket, not just at the presidential level. However, notwithstanding the Republicans' ballyhooed Operation Open Door to convert registered Democrats to Republicans, very few people will spurn lifelong partisan affiliations and switch squarely to the other side. Realignment rests on replacement: getting new voters, primarily young ones, who haven't yet formed firm political allegiances, to join your cause. They will eventually restructure the electorate as they replace older voters attached to the other party.

All the research done on the dramatic Democratic realignment of the 1930s shows that the key was young voters, coming of age as the Depression hit, influenced deeply by the contrast between Hoover and Roosevelt. Back then most lifelong Republicans stayed Republican—and, from the thirties through the Second World War, continued to despise Roosevelt. Meanwhile those young voters became lifelong Democrats. Voters born in the teens and twenties—who were teenagers and young adults as the Depression hit, and who are in their sixties and seventies now—are still strongly Democratic in their identification (as are those born a bit later, who came of age around the Second World War). The oldest segment of today's population, those who came of age during the golden years for the Republicans (the Roaring Twenties), remain staunchly Republican today.

Young voters, then, are the prize. And young voters in the past couple of elections, according to Gallup, are strikingly more Republican than their predecessors. The pattern is especially pronounced among those under thirty, who have come of age during the Reagan era and who saw a vivid contrast between Reagan and Carter. *Public Opinion* magazine has compared eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-olds in 1985 with their

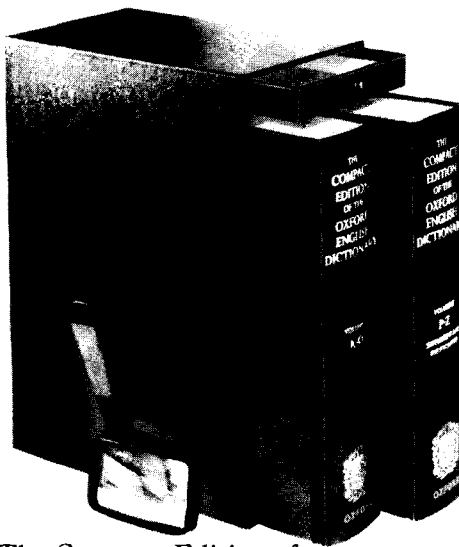
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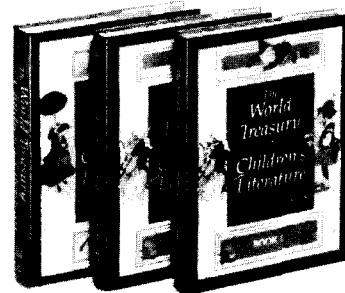
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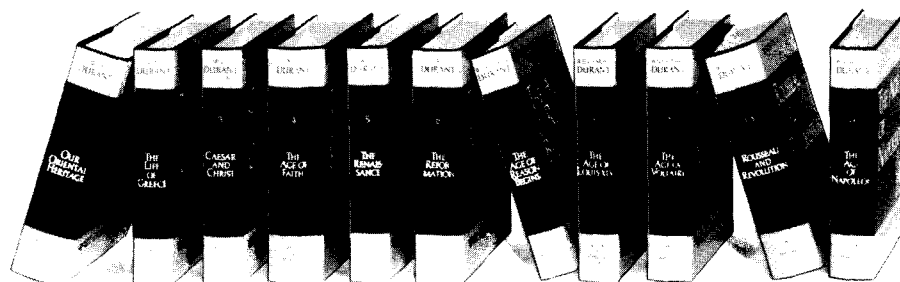


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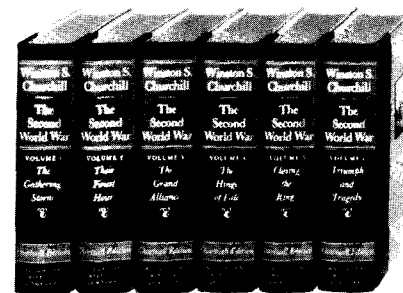


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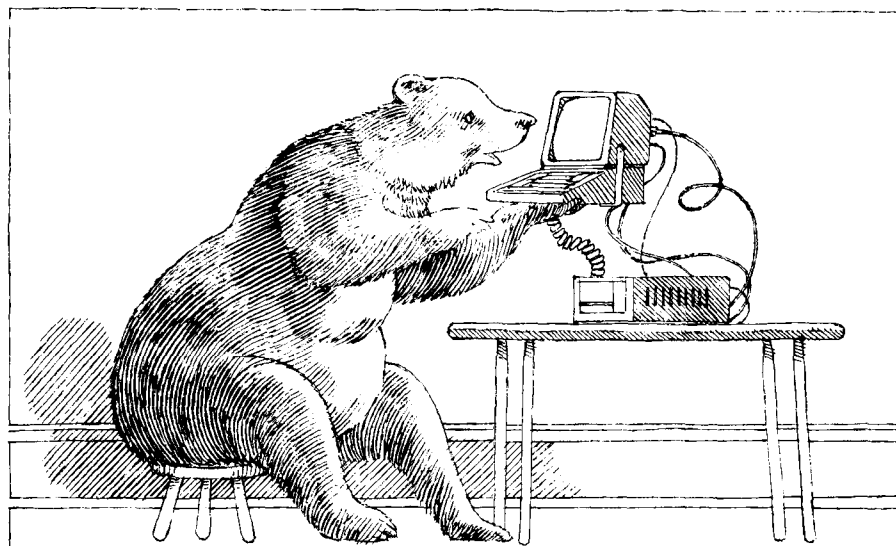
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counterparts in 1952; in nearly every region of the country today's young people are much more Republican. These young voters supported Reagan handsomely in 1980, and again in 1984. But they are not yet firmly entrenched in the Republican Party. Young people are considerably less anchored to parties than their parents. It takes a while—several elections—to convert patterns into enduring habits. Many Republicans believe that if they can hold the young voters in 1986, they will have built a substantial and long-lasting base. In contrast, if they lose them in 1986, a

great opportunity—especially given the size of the generation—will have been lost.

The Republican Party's position now is reinforced by its image as a winner, as the party on the move; visit any college campus these days, and contrast the positive, upbeat recruiting posters of the college Republicans with the defensive ads (if there are any ads at all) of the college Democrats. A good Republican year in 1986—defined, say, as holding on to the Senate—will reinforce that image; a bad year could bury it.

—Norman J. Ornstein



THE USSR ATARI BOLSHEVIKS

*Moscow's ambitious campaign
to "computerize" the Soviet economy
is off to a slow start*

PHYSICS AND Mathematics School Number 10, in the Siberian city of Novosibirsk, is one of the most prestigious secondary schools in the Soviet Union. When a dozen Elektronika 60 microcomputers were installed there recently, it became one of a very few Soviet high schools that can offer hands-on instruction in computer science. A nineteen-year-old teacher named Grigory was happy to show me his classroom during a trip I made to Novosibirsk not long ago.

It bore little resemblance to an American's idea of a computer-science classroom. The computers had no built-in display screens; instead, small black-

and-white television sets were being used. Grigory explained that the Elektronika Production Association, the manufacturer of the Elektronika 60, simply doesn't provide display screens. On the keyboards the ill-fitting metal casings bore the crude marks of hammers. Grigory explained that the keyboards had to be made by hand at a local radio factory; Elektronika doesn't make keyboards. Around each desk wound a bird's nest of electrical wiring, connecting the TVs and the keyboards to the processing units, and the processing units to one another. "We did the wires ourselves," Grigory said. Elektronika doesn't make computer cables.

It has been ten years since "the two Steves"—Wozniak and Jobs—soldered their first personal-computer (PC) circuit board in a California garage. Yet only now has the USSR begun manufacturing a few thousand PCs, feeble copies of the obsolete Apple I. The high-powered thirty-two-bit microchip—the building block for all of the West's computer-integrated factory automation systems—has not yet been seen

in the Eastern bloc. Because quality control in Soviet factories is poor, essential equipment such as floppy disks and printers must be imported from East Germany and even Bulgaria, a country whose technological backwardness is the stuff of jokes inside Russia. At automated factories in the West belonging to companies like Apple Computer and Data General, computers are making computers. In the USSR, Soviet researchers complain, almost no one is making computers.

Western analysts who monitor Soviet computer technology believe that the USSR has about 100,000 mainframes and minicomputers in place—a fraction of America's 1.3 million, though hardly a number to be ashamed of. However, the Soviets possess only a few thousand microcomputers and personal computers, compared with the 25 million that exist in the United States. The Soviets' quantitative inferiority is coupled with an ever-increasing qualitative lag. Seymour Goodman, a computer scientist at the University of Arizona and the leading U.S. authority on Soviet computer hardware, believes that Russia's technology trails America's by as much as fifteen years. "If the Russians want to remain militarily and economically competitive," Goodman says, "they have to come to grips with the computer problem."

General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev is trying. During one of the first Politburo meetings he chaired, Gorbachev inaugurated a campaign to "computerize" the Soviet economy. As a first step the Politburo endorsed a nationwide computer-literacy program that was intended to place one million computers in the USSR's 60,000 secondary schools by 1990, the last year of the current Five Year Plan. The Central Committee followed up with two detailed decrees, one calling for increased production of computers and factory robots, and the second stressing the urgency of the computer-literacy project. The school plan, according to one official, is meant to serve as a catalyst. "The schoolchildren who have been exposed to computers will be entering college in two years, and they will be clamoring for their own machines," this man explained. "Once computers start spreading through higher education, the production sector will be asking for them." Such, at least, is Moscow's hope.

That the Soviets suffer from a "computer gap" is due in large measure to a

decision made during the mid-1960s. Prior to that time the USSR had more or less managed to match the developments in computer science in the West. The Soviets have always been strong in mathematics, and mathematics has obvious applications in the computer sciences and in software design. Soviet mathematicians helped to pioneer the field of econometrics, the computer-intensive science of economic modeling. As long as computers tended to be custom-built affairs, available only in limited quantity, no significant computer gap existed between East and West.

Then, in the late 1960s, driven by market demand, the computer industry in the West took off. As computers became mass-produced, the pace of technological advance quickened. It is doubtful that the Soviets, hampered by a cumbersome, centrally planned economic system, could have kept abreast even if they had tried. But they did not try. Among Soviet computer scientists a power struggle erupted between Slavophiles and Westernizers. The Slavophiles, followers of the academician Sergei A. Lebedev, argued that regardless of what was happening in the West, the Soviet Union must continue developing its own lines of computers. The Westernizers, worried by the accelerated computer production in the United States, Europe, and Japan, lobbied for copying Western designs—and they prevailed. “They decided to go after IBM,” explains William K. McHenry, a management specialist at Georgetown University. That decision committed the Soviet Union to the path it is following still, that of copying, and therefore lagging behind, the West. “Copying IBM allowed them to take advantage of the huge amount of Western software, but it didn’t serve their purposes by supporting a homegrown industry,” McHenry observes. “They devoted all their resources to re-inventing the wheel.”

As a result, most of the Edinaya Sistyema (Unified System) mainframes made in Radio Industry Ministry factories in Minsk, Kiev, and Penza are copies of IBM’s 360 and 370 computers. Most minicomputers belong to the Appliance Industry Ministry’s Sistyema Malikh (Small System) family and are analogues of Hewlett-Packard and Digital Equipment minicomputers. Elektronika microcomputers use the architecture of Digital’s best-selling PDP-11 processor.

During a recent visit by American journalists to the Computer Center of Akademgorodok, where the Siberian Academy of Science has its headquarters, Anatoly S. Alexeyev, the director, explained that the “make or take” decision of the late 1960s still bedevils the computer industry. “We have no industrial base to make the necessary computers,” he added. Alexeyev and several of his colleagues blamed the computer lag both on the shortcomings of Soviet industry and on the country’s conservative leadership. “There are so many ministries involved, sending out cascades of measures and decrees—it’s inevitable that there are going to be problems,” Alexeyev said. “We really need some kind of central administration to take control of computer technology.” Currently responsibility for computer production is shared among at least four ministries and three powerful government committees.

THE USSR IS HARDLY a computer cripple. Soviet computers print out most train tickets and utility bills, and some airline tickets as well. Although the majority of Soviet computers are based on technology that is ten to fifteen years old in the West, many experts point out that the technology of the 1970s is nothing to ridicule. Among other things, that generation of hardware sent spaceships safely to the moon. Nonetheless, most Soviet and Western experts would agree that the USSR lacks a “computer consciousness.” Statistics compiled by McHenry indicate that only about 7.5 percent of the USSR’s 44,000 industrial enterprises possess computers; the vast majority of these machines are devoted to bookkeeping tasks. McHenry notes that the Soviet press often mentions “psychological barriers” hindering the spread of computers. Some plant managers have taken delivery of expensive computer systems and left them to rust in warehouses. “There’s definitely some fear of losing control,” McHenry says. “Managers don’t want to be ordered to send their financial data over to some institute for processing. They’d lose the chance to fudge plan numbers if they had to.”

The primary aim of Gorbachev’s computerization drive is to get the country thinking about—and with—computers. But the high school program, the centerpiece of the plan to integrate computers into the economy, has run into problems. Planners in Moscow quickly de-

termined that installing one million computers in Soviet high schools was simply unrealistic. They reduced the goal by 50 percent. Meanwhile, computer scientists in Novosibirsk, led by Andrei P. Ershov, have had to design a computer course that presupposes a nearly complete absence of hardware. Two textbooks have been written, one for the several dozen schools that actually possess PCs and one for all the rest. As another stopgap measure, Ershov and his colleagues have called on factories and institutes to give schoolchildren access to their mainframes during off-hours. One of the teachers who helped formulate the curriculum recalled the reaction of Anatoly Alexandrov, the president of the Academy of Sciences, when Alexandrov first read the proposed outline for the high school syllabus. “He sort of smiled and said, ‘Oh, I understand. It’ll be like teaching children how to ride a bicycle . . . only without the bicycles.’”

Despite the tub-thumping of Gorbachev and others, Ershov questions the Soviet leadership’s commitment to computerization. “We have yet to decide,” he says, “whether computerization is going to be a top priority here.” Like his colleague Alexeyev, Ershov dreams of a “computer superproject, coordinated at the Politburo level, to restructure the entire industry.” He speaks disparagingly of Soviet attempts thus far to produce a workable school PC.

In 1983 specialists from the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences began testing a small computer called the Agat (Agate), a functional copy of Apple’s first mass-produced computer, the Apple I. Two years later only a few thousand Agats had been produced. (A second prototype school computer, called the Timur, has never left the design bureau.) According to Ershov, Agats cannot be used in schools because they cost too much—roughly 4,000 rubles, or about \$5,000—and require floppy disks, which would have to be imported.

And, to paraphrase an advertising slogan, just because an Agat *looks* like an Apple doesn’t mean it *is* an Apple. Leo D. Bores, an eye surgeon in Arizona who also owns a medical software company, “test drove” the Agat during two visits to Moscow in 1983 and described his experiences for *Byte* magazine. Bores’s evaluation veers between diplomacy and bluntness: his “overall impressions . . . were favorable, considering the source, although I would not buy one. . . . It

wouldn't stand a chance in today's international market, even if they gave it away." In conclusion Bores relegated the Agat to "the category of the exotic."

Soviet officials say they will know by this spring whether the high school program can actually move forward by using the few homegrown PCs plus computer time borrowed from other institutions. If it can't, the Soviets may need to buy thousands of PCs from abroad—a prospect that has sent a covey of hopeful European, Japanese, and American salesmen to Moscow. Last summer the Soviets agreed to buy 10,000 Japanese-made Yamaha PCs. That decision surprised Western computer experts, because the Yamaha is a slow, flashy game computer, with a color screen and a music-synthesizing chip, that is rarely used in Japanese schools, or in schools anywhere else. Ershov says that the Yamaha will be spread around the country to attract attention. "We'd like to get them in two hundred classrooms around the country—maybe have one in each district capital—and organize expeditions for schoolchildren to come and see them. The main purpose is to get the children, and more especially the teachers, excited."

Of course, rather than spending precious foreign currency on modern hardware, Soviet officials would prefer to solve the computer problem the way they solved the truck problem. Soviet-made trucks broke down so frequently that they were considered a significant drag on the USSR's postwar economy. In the early 1970s, at the peak of détente, the Brezhnev regime called in American and European companies to build the Kama River truck plant, which now produces the high-quality Kamaz truck. The Kama River plant uses Western-made equipment to manufacture its own steel, plastic, wiring, and spare parts; it receives special treatment with regard to supplies of raw materials. However, while existing export regulations permit Western companies to sell some low-level computer systems to the USSR, there is a complete embargo on the sale of technology for manufacturing computers. "It's not even clear whether we can sell them a Macintosh," one U.S. businessman says. "The idea of building a plant to *make* Macs is totally out of the question."

With or without a factory, a sudden infusion of up-to-date hardware would not put an end to the USSR's computer woes. For instance, even if the country

had millions of PCs, they would never be able to "talk" to one another as they can in the United States—the quality of Soviet telephone lines is too poor to support data channels. There is also the matter of cost: Soviet officials admit that many families balk at paying 40 rubles, or about \$50, to buy hand-held calculators for their children to use in math class. That sum is one quarter of the average monthly salary in the USSR. An Agat computer, in comparison, costs the equivalent of twenty months' salary. Even the lower-priced Bwityovoy Kompyuter (Ordinary Computer)—a no-frills model too limited for use in the schools—costs several months' pay, and the customer gets a processing unit without a display screen or keyboard.

Despite the obstacles, there are signs of a grass-roots network of youthful Soviet computer buffs. Ershov smiled when I asked about Soviet "hackers"—programming hobbyists who cadge after-hours machine time at universities and research institutes. "Of course we have hackers—we call them *fanatiki*," he said. "We get plenty of calls from parents asking us why their children haven't come home for dinner."

One afternoon a Russian journalist friend invited me to visit a neighbor, Kolya, in Yasnovo, a high-rise suburb outside Moscow. Kolya, who is a computer programmer at an electronics institute, had just bought a Bwityovoy Kompyuter: would I like to see it? My friend showed me a press clipping from the newspaper *Scientific-Technical Revolution* trumpeting the sales debut of the USSR's first low-cost personal computer, produced by the Eksiton factory outside Moscow. (In the Soviet Union what's in the newspaper isn't always in the store. Kolya, we learned, had bought his Ordinary Computer from a black marketeer. As we spoke, his dealer was sitting out a brief jail sentence for misappropriation of state property.)

Poking our way past soggy diapers draped on indoor clotheslines, we assembled in Kolya's "office," where he had hooked up his computer module to a twenty-three-inch black-and-white television set. At first I was taken aback; the black, book-sized processing unit, linked to a small square keypad with only twenty-five keys, didn't *look* like a computer. "Is this a computer or a programmable calculator?" I asked. Kolya assured me that this was, indeed, a 500,000-instructions-per-second computer, capable of running sophisticated

programs. Without disk drives—Kolya had patched together his own memory board from chips scrounged at his lab—or the familiar typewriter keyboard, the assemblage looked more like a bungled television-repair job than a PC. But it worked.

Back in his apartment my host, Victor, mentioned how much a PC could help him in his magazine job. He knew he could come up with the \$700 list price for a Bwityovoy Kompyuter, but where could he buy a keyboard? A monitor? A printer? An ardent consumer of *samizdat* typescripts—most of them translations of books banned in the USSR—Victor was under no illusion that the peripheral equipment needed for word-processing would soon be available. "It's a seven-year sentence just for Xeroxing," he reminded me. "They"—he pointed at the ceiling—"aren't going to start giving away printing presses."

"THEY" HAVE ALSO yet to lay out their plans for monitoring the information explosion that computers could bring to Soviet society. In theory a nation founded on "scientific socialism" should be quick to embrace new technologies. But throughout the USSR information is "compartmentalized," and organizations treat most information, however mundane, as secret. Moreover, from the Kremlin's point of view no technology is ideologically innocent. Copying machines must be closely regulated because they threaten the state's publishing monopoly. The potential security implications of a computer revolution—fourteen-year-old Kolyas and Petyas tapping into Defense Ministry data bases—have little appeal for Soviet authorities. Some trade journals have begun urging the "collective use" of personal computers, believing that PCs should be employed only by officially recognized groups. Needless to say, this does some violence to the idea of a "personal" computer.

Against the dulling drone of ideological cant, a few voices are raised in opposition. Ershov has challenged the collectivist ethic, declaring that "work with computers must be mainly individual." Obviously, "computerization will cause changes," he says. "A society has to adapt to new technologies, even if that means changing the legal structure of the society."

When discussing computers with Ershov, a consummately Westernized Atari Bolshevik, it is easy to believe that, yes,

it *could* happen here. Ershov is a widely traveled, world-class computer scientist who can praise the innovative operating system of Apple's Macintosh PC ("It's a great, great machine") in professorial, unaccented English. Although he is in charge of a high-profile national program, Ershov has repeatedly turned down offers to transfer to Moscow from Novosibirsk, where he lives in a modest apartment that is a far cry from the palatial "cottages" occupied by his peers in Akademgorodok.

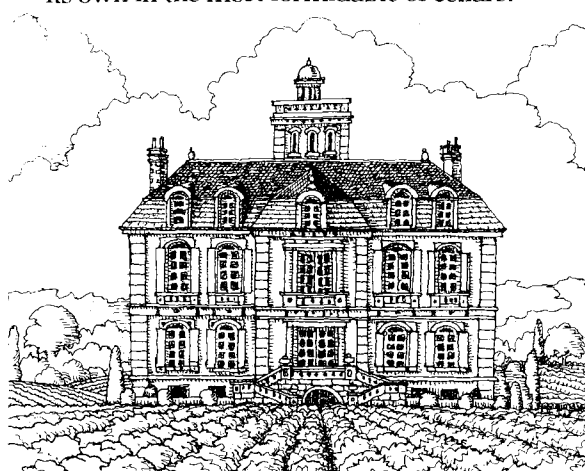
Another prominent Soviet *komp'yuter-chik* is Evgeny P. Velikhov. In 1983, in one of the first articles on personal computers published in the USSR, Velikhov recounted the story of Apple Computer's path from Palo Alto garage to multinational corporation. He strongly advocated spreading PCs throughout the Soviet Union. Computers, he wrote, "must be everywhere you have interested specialists: in institutes, schools, design bureaus, agricultural organizations, etc." Although Velikhov sits outside the "loop" of foreign-trade decisions, Western computer vendors often consult with him when visiting Moscow. The day before leaving on an extended foreign tour last fall, Velikhov cleared his calendar for a demonstration of Commodore's jazzy new Amiga personal computer, which boasts a luminous, full-color screen and plays tunes using a "musical digital interface."

Unlike the reclusive Ershov, Velikhov has clearly defined ambitions. At fifty-one he is already a vice-president of the Academy of Sciences and a senior adviser to Gorbachev. Velikhov, who began his career in the Soviet nuclear-weapons program, is very much a scientific politician, and his political brief is technology—specifically, computer technology. He is believed to be the leading candidate to succeed his mentor, the eighty-three-year-old Alexandrov, as president of the Academy of Sciences. Western observers believe that Velikhov's accession to the presidency would preserve the institution's hard-won independence from political control (Alexandrov has persistently refused to expel the dissident physicist Andrei Sakharov from the academy) and, of course, would provide additional top-level support for the computerization drive.

Gorbachev has promised that "deeds will follow words" in his administration, and some deeds are in the making. Ershov says that the Radio Industry Ministry has finally received the specifications

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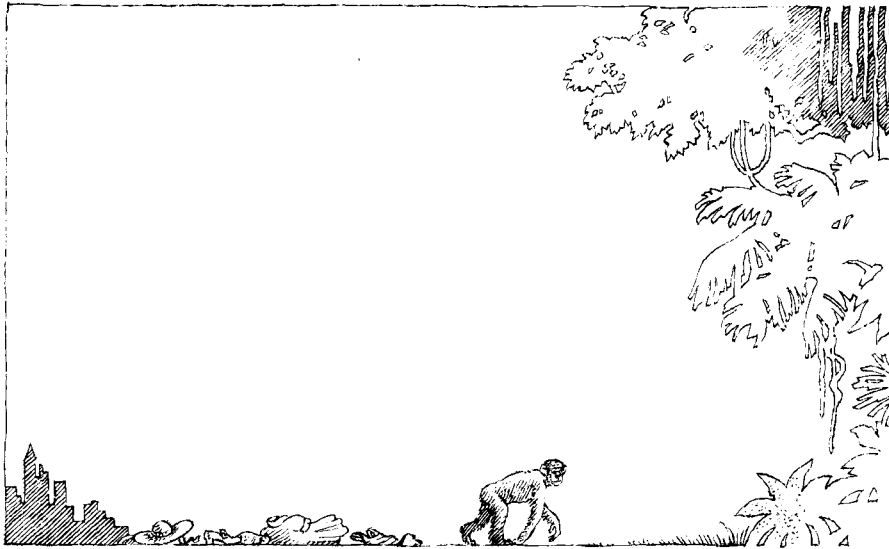
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for a new school computer that will soon go into production. And the longed-for computer "superministry" may be about to materialize. After years of debate the Soviets recently created superministries to oversee machine-building and agriculture. A computer superministry (with its own computer "czar," perhaps?) is probably not far behind.

But most observers remain doubtful about the Soviet Union's prospects. Although technological dirigisme is back in fashion, thanks largely to the success of Japan's Ministry of International

Trade and Industry, few of the West's breakthroughs in computer technology have sprung from government-sponsored research programs. The spread of computers in the West has been market-driven. It was for the most part unplanned. Can computerization in the Soviet Union simply be decreed? I put that question to an official at Gosplan, the USSR's powerful state planning commission. "This is how we do things," he replied, and politely changed the subject.

— Alex Beam



THE GAMBIA SIGNS IN THE WILDERNESS

*Once admired for her skill with
sign language, a laboratory-bred chimp
must now adapt to the jungle—or die*

IT WAS MORNING on Baboon Island, in The Gambia. The jungle erupted with sound as a wild profusion of birds, monkeys, and hippos celebrated the new day. Piercing the general cacophony were the distinctive screams of man's closest relative. Baboon Island, 170 miles upstream from the West African coast in the middle of the blood-warm, slow-moving Gambia River, is home to a colony of chimpanzees. As a motorboat wound its way up the river, the trees on the island's shore rustled with chimps that had come down to monitor its progress. By the time the boat veered in toward shore, the chimps

had gathered on a fallen tree that juts out into the river. A young, brown-haired woman wearing ragged jungle gear guided the boat toward the tree and then began to throw ashore stacks of succulent netto-seed pods that were piled in the front of the boat. She had brought the netto pods as a distraction so that she might get a visitor ashore a little farther upstream. Ordinarily, the chimps subsist on the leaves, fruits, and nuts produced by the island's flora. The chimps scrambled for the pods, but, adhering strictly to the dominance hierarchy of the troop, deferred to a tall, thin female chimp who quietly and with some dignity gathered pods for herself.

This was Lucy. Though her appearance and behavior make her all but indistinguishable from other wild chimps, Lucy was born twenty years ago in the United States, which puts her roughly halfway through the normal lifespan for chimps. Until she was eleven, she was raised as part of a human family in an affluent neighborhood in Norman, Oklahoma. She did not meet another chimp until she was nine. Twelve years ago Lucy achieved some celebrity for her

role in experiments exploring the use of American Sign Language by chimpanzees. But since 1977 she has been weaned gradually from everything she learned about human civilization during the first part of her life and has been taught the ways of wild chimpanzees. Lucy is the only chimp born and reared in America ever to have been reintroduced to the wild, though all the other chimps on the island have also spent some time in captivity. Their teacher and protector during their apprenticeship as chimps in the wild has been Janis Carter, the woman with the netto pods. Carter first met Lucy in 1976, when Carter was hired to help take care of the chimp back in the United States. A year later she and the chimp began their journey to Baboon Island. Since then their lives have been closely linked.

Some thirty chimps participated in the language experiments of the 1970s. In the years since, these chimps have fulfilled various destinies. Washoe, the original sign-language-using chimp, is still with Dr. Roger Fouts, who has worked with her since the late 1960s, when he was a graduate student. Two other chimps, named Nim Chimpsky and Ally, became the center of a cause célèbre when they were sold for medical research. Some veterans of these experiments were used in batch-testing of hepatitis vaccines, and the remainder live out their days in other laboratories, game parks, and zoos. All of the chimps, however, are imperiled by a growing surplus of adult chimps in the United States, which increases pressures to use these animals in "terminal" research.

Against this backdrop Lucy provides a fragile symbol of hope for the survival of an endangered species and for an alternative to the dreary, precarious life of the zoo or laboratory chimp. Though Janis Carter has taught Lucy to be a wild chimp, she has not yet found a permanent home for Lucy and her troop. And Carter believes that her charges could not survive the politics of African wildlife, even if they could survive life in the jungle on their own. That is the conundrum of Lucy's new life in The Gambia.

Before her trip to the wild, at the age of eleven, Lucy's experience of the jungle was confined to pictures in magazines that she would leaf through at her house in Norman, Oklahoma. At the age of two days Lucy was given to Maurice and Jane Temerlin to raise. Maurice Temerlin is a psychologist, and Lucy was to be the subject of an experiment to deter-

mine how a chimp raised in an "enriched," human environment would develop. Later, because pioneering studies showed that chimpanzees had the capacity to learn and communicate with human beings through the sign language of the deaf, the Temerlins hoped that they might actually have two-way communication with Lucy. It's one thing to tell an animal to get your slippers and have it respond appropriately; it's quite another to have the animal use a human language to tell you that it has hurt its knee or that it is feeling sad.

The language experiments with apes have provoked a great deal of controversy over the years. Critics have raised doubts about whether the chimps who used sign language were actually demonstrating an understanding of the language or were in fact dumbly responding to cues given by human beings in the hope of getting some reward. Proponents of this experimentation deflect the criticisms on several grounds. Twenty years after Washoe first made the sign *more*, the debate is still unresolved and most of the participants in it are wearied, if not embittered. Moreover, science continues to lack a serviceable definition of language against which to judge these experiments: whether or not what the apes are doing constitutes "language" still seems to be in the eye of the beholder.

Fouts, a comparative psychologist affiliated with the University of Oklahoma, was in charge of Lucy's language training, which began when she was five years old. Although this was a relatively late start, Lucy acquired about 130 words in the course of the various experiments Fouts ran to study her language use. He was less interested in teaching Lucy an enormous vocabulary than he was in determining the ways she used the signs he taught her. For instance, in one landmark study he asked Lucy to describe objects for which she had no words. Presented with a radish, Lucy described the object as a "cry hurt food." A watermelon was a "drink fruit."

As a member of an upper-middle-class household, Lucy had lots of toys and a rich array of games and people to amuse herself with. She would pretend to swallow objects while looking in a mirror, and then sign *swallow* to herself as she did so. She loved to play chase-and-tickle games. Indeed, one of her most frequent statements was "Roger tickle Lucy." One day, while visiting, I suggested that Roger say "Lucy tickle Rog-

er," to see how she would respond. After looking at him incredulously once, and correcting him once, Lucy grasped the difference and rushed to tickle Roger.

When Lucy was nine, the family acquired an infant chimp named Marianne as a companion for her. The next year they hired Janis Carter to help take care of both chimps. Carter was then twenty-six. The year before, she had graduated from the University of Tennessee with a degree in psychology. She had come to the University of Oklahoma to help with the sign-language studies, and to work with primates. She was the daughter of an Air Force officer and had grown up living the life of a military brat.

By the time Lucy was eleven, the Temerlins had decided that they could not keep either chimp much longer. Chimps are vastly stronger than human beings, and the Temerlins' house and furnishings offered about the same resistance to Lucy that a house of paper and balsa wood might offer to an exuberant human adolescent. After eleven years of constant attention to Lucy, the Temerlins wanted to live a normal life again.

However, although the Temerlins felt that they could no longer keep Lucy, neither could they consign her to a life in a zoo or a lab. Through a visiting primatologist the Temerlins heard of rehabilitation work being done in Senegal and The Gambia by Stella Brewer, the daughter of Eddie Brewer, a white ex-colonial who is the director of wildlife in The Gambia. The Brewers had been trying with uncertain results to re-introduce captive chimps to the wild. Stella Brewer was at first unreceptive to the idea of taking Lucy on. At eleven and a half, Lucy was full grown, and Stella had no prior experience with her that might have given her dominance over Lucy. (Years later Janis Carter turned down a proposal to rehabilitate Washoe for similar reasons.) Moreover, Lucy had no memories of the wild which might be tapped during rehabilitation. The idea of rehabilitation was not universally applauded in the United States. A number of scientists thought that to expose a sheltered chimp like Lucy to the hazards of the wild was ill advised and perhaps cruel. Nevertheless, the Temerlins felt that even if the attempt failed, Lucy would have had the chance both to be free and to live life as a chimp, a possibility that would be forever out of reach should she be sent to a lab or a zoo.

Stella Brewer finally agreed to accept Lucy after Carter offered to stay on for a

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few months to ease the transition to life in Africa. The Temerlins, Carter, Lucy, and Marianne left for Africa in September of 1977. When they left, it was hard to say who was less well equipped for life in the wild—Lucy, the fastidious, toilet-trained chimpanzee princess, or Janis Carter, the psychology graduate student who did not even like camping out in the United States. Carter anticipated staying a few months and then returning to finish her degree. Today, more than eight years later, she is still there.

I went over to visit Carter and Lucy in July of 1982. Earlier that year I had begun to hear stories about a diaspora of the sign-language-using apes, and I decided to track down some of the chimps I had written about ten years earlier in a book titled *Apes, Men, and Language*. I was particularly interested in seeing Lucy, knowing what had happened to some of her peers. I had met Lucy in Oklahoma on several occasions when the Temerlins and Roger Fouts were the dominant figures in her life, acculturating her to human mores. Now the dominant figure in her life was Carter, who had spent five years trying to replace the human values and dependencies Lucy had acquired with the skills necessary for life as a wild chimpanzee.

BABOON ISLAND is an extraordinary pocket of tranquillity and natural order in one of Africa's most crowded nations. It is also an extraordinary pocket of pestilence. This may explain why it has not yet felt the pressures for development that characterize the rest of the country and why, in all likelihood, it is the country's only national park: no one wants it.

To get there necessitated a drive of several hours from Banjul, the capital of The Gambia, and then a five-mile ride in a motorboat that Carter keeps to get back and forth from the island to the mainland. As we rode upriver, I was impressed by the great beauty of the setting. Hippos romped on the mudbanks, along with goliath herons, sacred ibis, egrets, and other wading birds. In the trees hanging over the broad river a couple of fish eagles called to each other. The chimps shared Baboon Island with vervet monkeys, at least one leopard, hyenas, a variety of snakes and birds, and, of course, baboons. Colobus monkeys romped through the trees, while patas monkeys kept to the ground. All of this made for the riot of sound I heard as

the jungle woke up that morning. The only non-natural sounds were the distant chug of the river steamer that winds its way upriver once a week and the buzz of Carter's outboard, a sound the chimps recognize.

Lucy and the eight other chimps that Carter has rehabilitated came down to the edge of the river to greet her and to size me up. This was a tense moment, because these former captives had lost much of their awe of human beings. They regarded Carter, however, as a member of the troop, and if they had perceived me as a threat, Carter said, they would have attacked me without hesitation. I sat quietly as Carter tossed the netto pods to the shore. While the chimps screamed and sorted out the spoils, Carter and I motored over to a jetty about fifty feet away. We tied up the boat, and then I ran down the jetty into a cage that Carter had used as her home for the previous two years. Carter joined me, moving more leisurely.

As Carter and I talked in her cage, I made it a point to speak softly and move calmly. The chimps, who had not seen Carter for about a week, arrayed themselves around the cage for a moment and then began to drift off—all except Lucy. Lucy stationed herself on the remains of a platform that Carter had built in a tree about forty feet away and stared and stared at me. She did not approach the cage, though she ordinarily would when Carter brought a visitor to the island, nor did she move off to join the others. Both Carter and I thought that Lucy was trying to place me, the first person from her old life to visit her in Africa.

Lucy, I thought, looked wonderful. She was thin but clearly very healthy. As the number-one chimp in the group, she had a calm, detached comportment that reflected her authority. Perhaps most important, she was unfettered and in the jungle. I desperately wanted to sign to her, but one of the ground rules covering my visit was that Lucy was to be signed to only if she herself initiated signing.

Janis Carter had become quite adept at the outdoor life. One of her chores was to teach the chimps to "be wild," and to do that she had to give them an example. Sometimes this involved doing things to which she had a natural disinclination. Carter explained that she would learn from the wilder chimps and then teach the more middle-class ones. For instance, she learned about eating safari ants from Dash, the eldest male chimp in her group, before the group

came to the island. Wild chimps gather safari ants on the end of a stick and then eat them, something Carter thought the other chimps would have to learn how to do.

"I probably never would have tried eating ants if Dash hadn't done it first," she said. Another chimp, named Lily, would not eat the ants. Carter's policy was not to intervene unless she thought it necessary, and so she waited until she was convinced that Lily would not eat ants unless Carter did it first. Carter began by practicing gathering the ants without the chimps around. "Then one day it was like, 'Today has got to be the day you do it.' . . . I was careful to make sure I only had a few [ants on the end of a stick], and then I was careful to make sure I placed the stick in my teeth and not in my jaw so that I would be able to smash them immediately. I was attacked by safari ants in my tree house in Abuko [a reserve elsewhere in The Gambia], and I have more respect for them than for any other thing around here. Thank God we don't have that kind of ant on the island."

In order to continue her work with Lucy and the other chimps, Carter has had to scramble for funds and muster political support for her project. The Temerlins paid her initial expenses and have given her a small stipend through the years. She gets some logistical support from the underfinanced Wildlife Department in The Gambia. From time to time various zoos, wildlife organizations, and animal-protection organizations have raised money to help her continue her work, and she has written articles, sold photographs, and given talks to make money, as well.

She has also had to maneuver through the politics of an African nation in which almost every transaction requires intimate knowledge of the shifting alliances among and personalities of those in power. The government tolerates Carter's presence on Baboon Island in no small measure because of the attention she has brought to The Gambia. She is not lionized, though, and she lives in perpetual insecurity about whether her visa will be renewed or her support will be terminated.

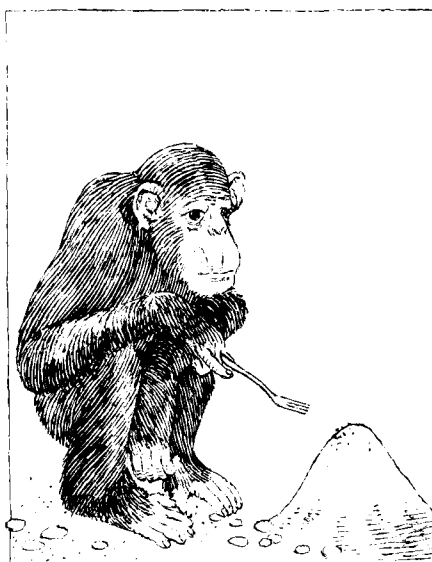
Though Janis Carter originally became involved with chimps through Roger Fouts's sign-language work, her present attitude toward signing is shaped by what she sees as her major chore, which is to break Lucy's ties to humans and reinforce her chimp-ness.

For their first year and a half in Africa, Carter, Lucy, and Marianne lived at the Abuko Reserve, just outside Banjul. Almost from the time of their arrival it was clear that Lucy and Marianne were never going to be integrated into Stella Brewer's chimp group in Senegal. Lucy was visibly out of sorts, and this, in combination with a lack of provision for Lucy's future, caused Carter to decide to stay on. At first Carter brought the wilds to Lucy rather than Lucy to the wilds. The situation was not a happy one: Lucy spent her first eighteen months in Africa in a cage. "Basically, Lucy just hung on at Abuko," Carter told me. "The changes really happened for her once she moved to Baboon Island." Marianne, who was less cosmopolitan than Lucy, adapted more readily to the natural environment.

Lucy spent her time in a cage because everybody knew that if she got out of the cage, no one could get her back into it. Although she could be intimidated by other chimps, she could not be intimidated by human beings. Once a man threatened her with a rake and Lucy simply took the rake and broke it. No one other than Carter could venture inside the cage to clean it, so when Carter was away Lucy would live in absolute squalor. Carter recalled that Lucy was a pretty pathetic sight back then. She got painfully thin and lost most of her hair. "I would give her netto and she would throw it away," Carter recalled. To all appearances the effort was a dismal failure. Carter's health was suffering as well. The Temerlins were concerned about her welfare and encouraged her to come home. Feeling the financial burden, they also greatly reduced her support, which left her in desperate financial circumstances. Still she stayed on.

"Lucy came to the island in May, 1979, and it was a year before she really started interacting with other chimps. I can remember the next March thinking that maybe I had made a mistake in doing this." At about that time the chimps tore the back of Carter's cage down. This incident proved to be the turning point in Lucy and Carter's relationship. "I was so mad at the ungratefulness, I remember thinking to hell with them, they're not going to have any more food, they can either make it or not make it. I just cut off all the food.

"Lucy got pathetically thin. She would just sit there and sign all the time. 'Food . . . drink . . . Jan come out . . . Lucy's hurt.' She would whine and start



pulling her hair out. I couldn't ignore it, and what I finally had to do was stop her from having visual contact with me. I made her go back and sit behind the cage. I'd say, 'I don't want to see you.' So she would go back around the corner there, back where she could barely see me. Then she would slowly move up until she was in view. This went on for six days. Finally I decided I had to go out and help her be miserable, so I would go out with the group. She still wouldn't go away from the cage. It got to the point where I thought she might not have the physical strength to go on, and I started going shorter distances.

"Then one day she just broke. I was at my absolute wits' end. I didn't think she was going to eat a leaf, I didn't think she was going to do anything, and we had fight after fight after fight. We fell asleep on the ground next to each other—we weren't having contact with each other—and when I woke up it was as though she had decided during her nap that she was going to start trying. She sat up and picked a leaf within arm's reach and handed it to me to eat. I ate some of it and then shared it with her. After that she started trying. I don't know how much longer she could have gone, or myself, either. I was at my absolute limit."

One casualty of this three-month traumatic period was Lucy's functional use of sign language. Carter realized that using sign language with Lucy set up a special bond between them that excluded the other chimps. Carter has said, "I don't see that using sign language has anything to do with being a wild chimp. The sign language was just too strong a tie. It meant that I was spe-

cial over the others, and that Lucy thought that we were a team. I'm not going to be with Lucy forever, and I wanted to know that she was prepared for the day when I was gone."

Carter reported that Lucy still regularly uses more than twenty signs when she is around Carter. But Lucy must marvel that sign language, which everybody made such a fuss about when she was young, only rarely produces any response in Carter.

Lucy retains other legacies of her former life. Although she eats leaves and fruits as the other chimps do, she steadfastly refuses to hunt for arboreal ants or weaver ants. Nor does she trust herself to nests built in the leafy parts of branches. Lucy prefers to settle herself in the crook of a sturdy branch, close to the trunk of the tree.

Lucy continues to be a good friend of Carter's even though Carter has distanced herself from Lucy—a fact that still causes Carter some anguish. Once when Carter was very sick, she left the cage to vomit. While she huddled on the ground naked and trembling, Dash grabbed her hair, as a playful gesture. The scene became ominous when the chimp, frightened of his own boldness, started biting. Carter said that she doesn't remember whether she called Lucy but in any event Lucy ran up, grabbed the back of Dash's neck with her teeth, and threw him screaming away from Carter.

On another occasion Carter did call Lucy. Returning to the island one night after dark, she saw a snake, a green mamba, threaded through the branches on top of the entranceway to the cage. She was petrified. Not knowing what else to do, she called Lucy. Lucy, who must have been nesting quite far away, showed up after about twenty minutes. She took Carter's hand, and together they walked into the cage. Once inside, Carter threw creosote at the snake and it left. (The next morning Carter heard Lucy's alarm barks and tore through the bush to get to Lucy, but when she got there she found nothing to fear. Lucy may have been testing, to reassure herself that Carter would do for Lucy what Lucy had done for Carter.)

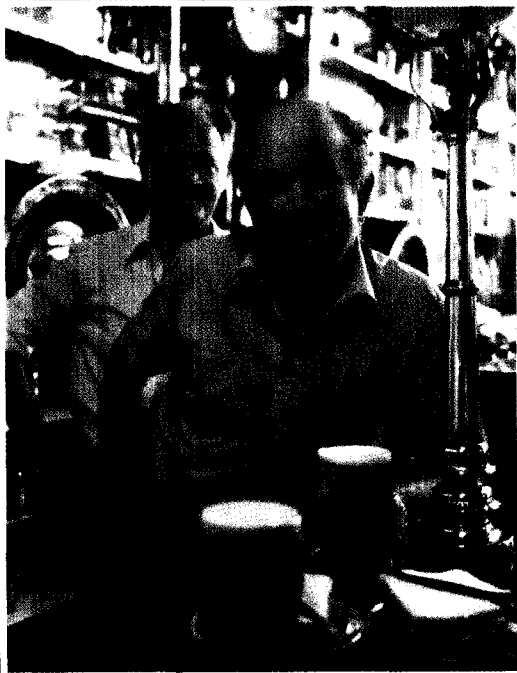
ON MY SECOND visit to Baboon Island, I saw for myself that the bond between Carter and Lucy was still strong in Lucy's mind, even if she had accepted that her life was to be among chimpanzees. As she had the previous

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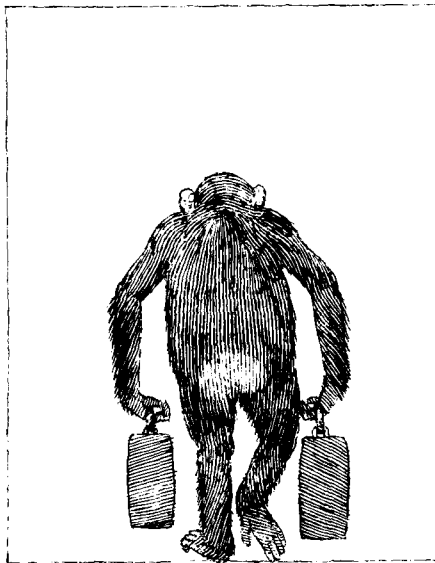
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day, Lucy took up a position about forty feet from the cage and stared. I had been obedient about not signing unless signed to, but finally curiosity got the better of Carter. She wanted to know what Lucy made of my visit. Carter signed "Who he?" several times to Lucy. In response Lucy signed "Roger" once or twice, but much more persistently she signed "Lucy Janis, Lucy Janis, Lucy Janis." Lucy may have thought that I was there to take her back, or to replace Carter, or in some way to come between them. Later she and the other chimps made it quite plain that they did not want any such thing to happen. Carter told me that for a long time after my visit the chimps would not let anyone else come on the island and that they made it almost impossible for her to leave.

The years that Carter and Lucy spent together created a bond that made it as hard for Carter to let go of Lucy as it was for Lucy to let go of Carter. "It's a little like seeing your daughter go off to college," she says. She also had strong bonds with the other chimps—particularly Dash, the young male that threatened her—and she was apprehensive about the moment when she would have to break her ties to the chimps totally. This moment has come. Because of the addition of new chimps, it is no longer safe for her to visit the island.

Carter and Eddie Brewer, the director of wildlife, have had an uneasy relationship over the years. They appear to have fundamentally different ideas about what type of program might best serve the needs of the chimpanzees. Brewer does not worry about a future in which the chimps are partially dependent upon food drops. Carter, though, is perhaps unrealistic in her determination that her chimp troop should have a truly wild life. In this disagreement it is Brewer who has the power to enforce his ideas.

For one thing, Brewer keeps adding other formerly captive chimps to the western end of the island, which is separated from Carter's colony by a swamp. When I visited Baboon Island, it housed a total of twenty-two—far more than the carrying capacity of the island (which is roughly estimated to be seven chimps). In addition, a dam has been proposed for downstream. Its construction would spell the end of Baboon Island. Finally, pressures to use Baboon Island for other or additional purposes might become too powerful for the government to resist.



Janis Carter feels these threats acutely, because any of them would nullify the efforts of a major part of her life. She hates the idea that the chimps might end up in an elaborate zoo. She has long wanted to move the chimps to a more primitive refuge. But so far she has not found one, and the possibilities that remain become more limited with each passing year.

Although Lucy and Carter's eight other chimps live a life that is less restrained than that of any captive chimp, the sad probability is that these and other chimps—even those now wild—will always be hostage to the whims of man. However, Carter still retains the faint hope that someday Lucy will be able to vanish into the jungle so that neither Carter nor anyone else will know where she is. Then Lucy might be said to be free.

A YEAR AFTER MY visit Lucy became Avery ill. James Mahoney, a chimp specialist at LEMSIP, a medical laboratory in Sterling Forest, New York, where some of the other sign-language-using chimps have been sent, flew over to examine her and the other chimps, and to see whether Carter's approach is a viable alternative to the grim destiny facing chimps in laboratories in the United States. When Mahoney saw Lucy, she was extremely thin and weak. He diagnosed her illness as chronic anemia, possibly brought on by hookworm. Because the chimps are on a somewhat confining island, they tend to follow regular paths through the bush, and this increases the likelihood of hookworm. Mahoney believed that without treatment Lucy would have died in a matter of weeks.

The treatment consisted of two transfusions and a dietary supplement.

After six days in captivity, Mahoney says, Lucy began to revert to her former dependent state. The health crisis threw Carter into a profound depression about whether Lucy and the other chimps might ever be free.

In the past year plans to dam the Gambia River have proceeded. The dam would form a barrier preventing salinity from moving as far upriver as it does now and would thus increase the acreage available for rice production. In a country so densely populated and so poor, it is hard to argue the case of non-native chimps over native Gambians, particularly when Kuwaiti money may be available to build the dam.

Jim Mahoney came back from his trip impressed with the efforts that Carter has put into habituating her charges to the wild but daunted by the prospects for doing what she has done for more than an extremely limited number of chimps. Mahoney was motivated to visit Carter by his fear that the burgeoning surplus of adult chimps in the United States would increase pressures to use the animals in medical research. Already chimps are being used in a study of AIDS at a primate facility in Texas.

Mahoney thinks that what Carter is doing could be done on a larger scale if people took care to find the right animals to rehabilitate (wild-born chimps, for instance). Lucy, Mahoney thinks, was not the right chimp to try to rehabilitate, because of her extreme identification with people. However, for a few years Lucy has lived the life of a chimp in the wild—something only Marianne among the 1,650 other American chimps has experienced.

Lucy has lived at the sufferance of the people around her, and her life to a degree reflects the ethos of her time. She was initiated into the mysteries of that indefinable thing called language, which we use to separate ourselves from the rest of creation. But then her human guardians decided that she should be a chimp. She found herself stripped of her privileges and discouraged from using the system of communication that she had spent the better part of her youth learning. At different times in her life human beings have been parents, mentors, friends, jailers, rulers, judges, and gods. She now waits, perhaps wondering what she really is, and what our bizarre, moody species has in store for her.

—Eugene Linden

EARLY ADMISSIONS

BY JAMES GORMAN

January 3

So excited! Frances and I were up all night going over the course catalogue with the candid photographs of students at water table and nap, and bundled up like space travelers in their winter clothes. To think that 85 percent of those chubby little faces will one day go on to attend Harvard and amass large personal fortunes. Briar Patch! What a nursery school!

January 4

Decided to have a child. Before we found Briar Patch, it was hard to make the leap. The problems of an uncertain world seemed insurmountable: deficit spending, war, poverty, how to work a collapsible stroller.

March 7

Frances isn't pregnant yet. The deadline for early admissions is creeping closer, and we are at the mercy of a biological process evolved for hunters and gatherers, who don't even go to nursery school. Yesterday I called the Consumer Protection Agency. They were no help. We will, however, be getting some pamphlets on cribs in the mail.

March 8

Still nothing.

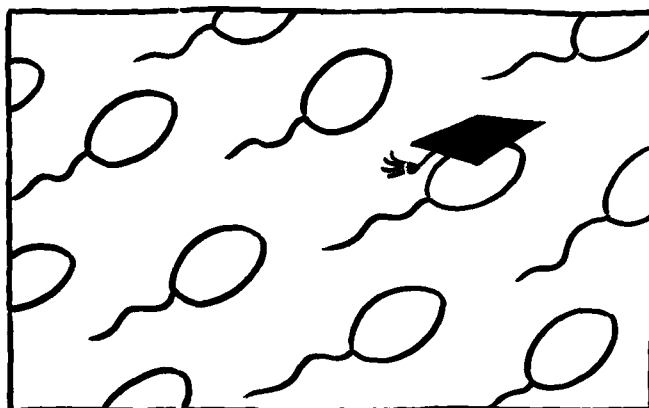
March 9

Pregnant! It's such a relief. To avoid any more indecision and anxiety we're naming him Billy, whether he's a girl or a boy. I love being a father. Today, when we got the results of the pregnancy test, I began math instruction, using the Chisanbop method — drumming my fingers on Frances's tummy. I am sure I sensed a twinge of recognition when I did $2 + 2$. We're going to start piping in Vivaldi with earphones, once we get a compact-disc system. I want Billy to start life in a digital, not an analog, environment.

May 14

A frightening period, gestation. At Briar Patch they call it C through 9. We went to a meeting for prospective par-

ents to hear the latest on prenatal care and became even more frightened. The admissions director didn't mention vitamins. She talked about literature and art. New research shows that leitmotifs of light and dark, eternal conflicts (for example, love or duty, stocks or bonds), and good rhymes can all pass the placental barrier. I wanted to ask about movies. Frances and I had been to see *Road Warrior* before we knew she was pregnant. At the time it was just a lark, but now I'm worried. I want a violinist or an investment banker for a child, not Mad Max. However, Frances suggested to me, somewhat forcefully, that B.P.



might be against anxious parents, as well as those who went to see *Road Warrior*. I kept quiet.

June 19

So many decisions. What should Frances read? I thought Dickens would be good—there are a lot of children in his books—but Frances doesn't want Billy exposed to orphans and gruel. She wanted to read *Ulysses*. I admired her for it, but I had to say that I thought Billy should get some regular writing first. We settled on *The Little Engine That Could* and Samuelson's *Economics*. In art we are going for the Masters and the Impressionists. Not that there's anything wrong with modern art per se, but to a child Billy's age, no matter how precocious, there can't be any perceptible difference between Roy Lichtenstein and an actual comic book.

August 23

No more music. We're playing language tapes now. French, Russian,

Thousand Islands (Polynesian, I guess I should call it), Italian, Swedish, Japanese. I figure that even at Briar Patch a three-month-old with a second language has got to stand out. Of course, with such a wide choice we don't really know what his primary language will be. But that's okay. We talked it over and decided that Billy's interests come first. We would prefer that he speak English, but if he wants to start with some other language, even though we may not understand him we'll support him all the way.

September 25

Awful night! We (actually I) had a new thought: What if our choice is not between a solo violinist and a partner in Lazard Freres? What if it isn't *our* choice at all? What if Billy rejects everything we stand for—IQ tests, educational toys, those little backpacks for books? What if he likes Smurfs? What if when he grows up he won't take the GRE, the LSAT, or the MCAT? My deepest fear, which I dare not mention to Frances, is that Billy will be accepted at Briar Patch but refuse to go.

October 12

We've been thinking about it, and it seems pretty clear—childbirth, with or without Lamaze, is an intellectual wasteland. So we're going to try some modifications. I will coach not only Frances but a whole team. I have drafted some friends—musicians, poets, thinkers—for music and conversation during the birth. My hope is that with proper breathing and somebody sophisticated at third base, we can provide Billy with not only birth but advanced placement.

November 30

I was never so upset in my life. They were supposed to talk about Dostoevsky, Mozart, and Wittgenstein. All they could do was go on and on about the miracle of life. It was the conversation, not the contractions, that finally made Frances demand a pain-killer. When Billy eventually emerged, inexplicably a girl at seven pounds, three

ounces, she was confronted with a crowd of people weeping, cheering, shouting, and kissing—not a whisper of wit or repartee. As soon as she saw what was going on, she screamed.

She was beautiful—in a way—but she certainly didn't look ready for the Apgar tests, so I asked for an extension. Denied. She rose to the challenge. Even though she had just been born, she scored in the ninety-fifth percentile—cum laude in the Moro reflex.

February 16

Wonderful child, waves her arms and smiles. Highly intelligent. True, she has no interest in her computer, but we're applying for early admission anyway. My hope is that children are like wines: you tell their potential from the bouquet. I would say Billy is big, robust, intense, and clever, with a hint of talcum.

March 5

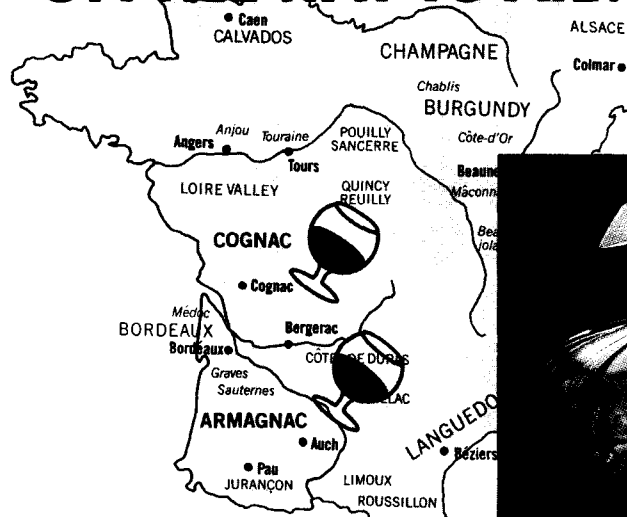
I admit we were anxious about the interview. Billy spoke Japanese (or maybe Swedish), but did the interviewer? Billy was a great fan of Bach—would they play it? We entered a small, sparsely furnished room for what B.P. calls a chat. I pointed out the Japanese words, played Bach on a cassette recorder, and counted out loud to show Billy listening. When the interviewer put out a finger for Billy to grab, and cooed—to no response—I said “No, the little finger, *not* the index. Gurgle, don't coo.” We were asked to leave the room.

We had to watch the rest through a tiny window. It could barely fit both our faces. Billy reached for the rattle (a good move) but did not smile at the mirror (a big mistake). She spoke no more Japanese, began to drool, and refused to laugh when the interviewer tickled her. Afterward, neither Billy nor the interviewer would say how it went. All the interviewer would say was that Billy was “a lovely little girl.” All well and good, and true, but the question remains: How is loveliness weighted in the admissions process?

April 15

She's in! The letter arrived today, with dress code and reading list. I jumped around and waved it at Billy. She was as cool as could be. While Frances was getting the books, I called Harvard. The admissions officer said that it's a bit early for a formal interview, but if we want to come up and take a look around, we're welcome. □

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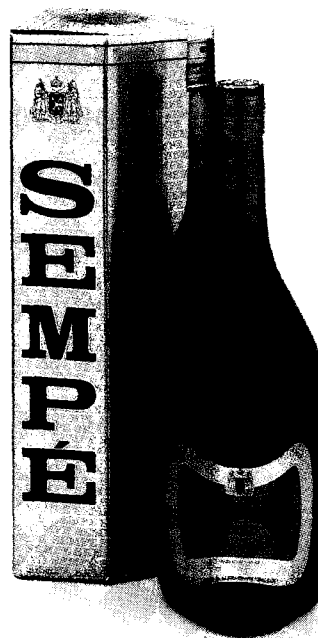


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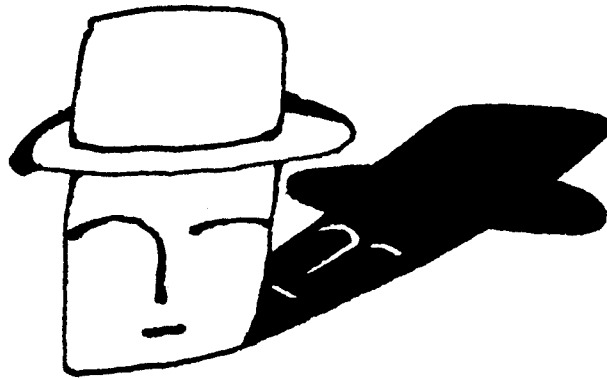
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The New Accord



WHAT CAN BECOME OF SOUTH AFRICA?

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN



On South African television recently, Atlantic contributing editor Conor Cruise O'Brien put forward a scenario about the future of the country which drew this response from a former high South African diplomat: "That thing is my nightmare. . . ." The "nightmare" is joint U.S.-Soviet military intervention to depose the apartheid regime. This shocking result, O'Brien writes, is where the political dynamics generated by the "incipient civil war" in South Africa may be leading. The South Africa that O'Brien evokes for us here is at once grimmer and more ambiguous than the place depicted on our TV screens—a country in which the cause of justice is championed by "a political movement whose sanction, symbol, and signature is the burning alive of people in the street."

“WHEN IS A BLACK PRESIDENT GOING TO RULE South Africa?” The question was put to State President P. W. Botha at a rally in Springs, Transvaal Province, in one of the critical by-election campaigns of late last year. The questioner appeared to be a supporter of one of the two parties to the right of Botha's National Party—parties then gaining ground at its expense—and the point was that the policies of Botha's government might open the way to the coming of black power.

President Botha's reply was: “If we respect minority rights, we won't have black majority rule.”

“Minority rights,” together with “mutual respect,” “participation without dominion,” “co-operative coexistence,” and “joint responsibility,” is Bothaspeak for what used to be called apartheid. The official language, used in Botha's 1983 constitution, is “the self-determination of population groups and peoples” (*selfbeskikking van bevolkingsgroepe en volke*). But it appears from all this lexical fumbling that the regime has not yet been able to find a new designation for apartheid which satisfies even itself.

The term *apartheid* (“separateness,” often anglicized as “separate development”) is just fifty years old. It belongs

by now in the embarrassing category of discredited euphemisms and is far more often heard from the lips of those who denounce it than of those who invented it. Some of the more “enlightened,” or *verligte*, Nationalists—basically those who are most concerned with trying to make a relatively favorable impact on international public opinion—have been saying for nearly ten years now that apartheid is dead, or dying. This is an acceptable official position. Dr. Piet Koornhof, who told the National Press Club in Washington in 1979 that apartheid was dying, was minister of cooperation and development. “Cooperation and development” is in fact another euphemism for apartheid, and Dr. Koornhof was chief administrator of what he said was dying. President Botha, personally, doesn't go so far verbally as Koornhof has done; Botha has spoken of “outgrowing apartheid in the discriminatory and negative sense.”

The term *apartheid* is out of favor, but the main structures—such as segregated residence—set up in the name of that concept are still in place. The concept is that of the separate development of the different peoples of South Africa, according to legal categories defined exclusively by whites, under political institutions established exclusively

by whites, and within an overall system controlled exclusively by whites. There is no apparent disposition on the part of a majority of whites to change those realities of power. The argument that most interests most whites is over how best to protect those realities: whether by going down P. W. Botha's road of limited reform (that is, by removing irritations associated with apartheid but not those essential to its maintenance) or by digging in and telling the blacks and the outside world to go to hell.

The "mini-general election"—five simultaneous by-elections at the end of October—showed the second school of thought as gaining, but not gaining very fast. The Nationalists have been losing Afrikaner votes to the parties on the right: the Conservative Party and the Herstigte Nasionale Party (which won a seat from the National Party in October). But these losses have been partly made good by a drift of English-speaking whites to the Nationalists, which enabled the Nationalists to hold four seats out of the five contested in the by-elections. Botha has had some success in projecting himself as not just the leader of the Afrikaner *volk* but the leader of "South Africa," meaning all the whites, including those whom Afrikaners used to call *Neef Brit*, "Cousin Brit."

This need to attract Anglophones may have something to do with the disfavor into which the purely Afrikaans euphemism *apartheid* has fallen and the tendency to replace it with woozier formulas—like those quoted above—mostly drawn from the richer rhetorical resources of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.

Neef Brit has been welcomed and wooed at Nationalist election meetings for years past, although (or because) all these elections have resulted in a strengthening of the Afrikaner monopoly of power in Parliament, as well as in the civil service, the army, and the police. Nationalist platform orators—almost invariably Afrikaner—are careful to alternate paragraphs of Afrikaans with paragraphs of English. Even the warm-up music for the National Party rallies includes not only old Afrikaans favorites but British tunes as well, slightly refracted through dim memories of Afrikaner schoolrooms. Thus the first three items on the musical program for Botha's election rally at Springs ran:

- (1) She'll be coming around the mountain when she comes
- (2) My Bonnie lies over the ocean
- (3) Daizy, Daizy, give me your anser do

Daizy (sic), Daizy (sic), give me your anser (sic) do. Nobody seemed to notice anomalies. There were obviously very few born English-speakers present, and any who were would be so fully committed to the politics of Afrikanerdom as to be past worrying about how to spell Daisy.

As you can sense, the atmosphere of a modern National Party rally is significantly different from what is presumably imagined by those who call the South African Nationalists Fascists and Nazis. At Nationalist rallies there is (so far) nothing reminiscent of the Fascist or Nazi *style*: no dramatic light-and-sound effects, no military precision or

paramilitary presence, no apparatus for inducing hysteria, and no manifestations of hysteria. At Springs, I was reminded not of Nuremberg but of a meeting of the Parti Québécois at Rivière-du-Loup (except that the Québécois would never have sung "Daizy"). These were middle-class (or upper-working-class) people from the same province, related to one another, speaking the same language, practicing the same religion, familiar with the same history books, worried about the same things. They were stolid, undemonstrative people, a bit puzzled and a bit nostalgic. Most of them seemed to like P. W. Botha, without being wild about him. A few right-wingers in the audience didn't like him much but weren't wildly against him either. Any fanaticism that may have been present was not lying around on the surface.

Too much, of course, can be made of that impression of normality. This was an all-white meeting in an electoral district most of whose inhabitants are black and consequently disenfranchised for all elections on which power in South Africa depends. The only black person in sight was an American cameraman. If South African blacks had gained admission to that meeting, even without heckling the stolidity level would have dropped dramatically. So also in Northern Ireland: Orange rallies are generally stolid, casual, and good-humored, but the detected presence of a Catholic, presumed hostile, can evoke some latent hysteria and violence; I speak from experience. (The Orange/Afrikaner comparison is quite a fertile one, provided it is not being used just for the stigmatization, or demonization, of one community or the other, or both.)

Similarly, if movie footage of South African police bashing black youths had been shown in that hall, it would have elicited sounds of approval, not disapproval. There is an organic connection between such orderly and peaceable gatherings as those election meetings and the episodes of violent repression required for the maintenance of apartheid (alias "minority rights" and so forth).

The connection should be noted, but preferably without too simple an assumption of moral superiority over those respectable-seeming people who sustain all those brutal, *sjambok*-wielding, buckshot-firing policemen we have seen on television. For there is a scarcely less intimate connection between the international agitation against the apartheid state—the pressures for disinvestment and sanctions—and the internal violence applied against the servants and suspected servants of that state.

THE GREATEST VICTORY IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST apartheid, so far, has been the replacement of white indirect rule in the black urban ghettos by the rule of those who are known as "the children." The children are those who attend school, when they choose to do so. Some of them are as old as twenty-four; most of them are teenagers; pre-teens, down to eight or so, play supportive enforcement roles. It is the children—in this context the militants among them—who have made life

impossible, often literally, for the agents of white power in black townships. It is the children who enforce the boycotts, whether of schools or of white shops. It is the children who discipline those who are seen to step out of line.

The children see themselves as the pacemakers of the revolution, and, like other revolutionaries, they make use of terror. But the guillotine was merciful compared with the children's chosen method of execution: burning alive, with a gasoline-filled rubber tire, "the necklace," around one's neck. The children humorously refer to each such case as a "Kentucky," after Kentucky Fried Chicken. A Kentucky and its necklace do not represent spontaneous outbreaks of popular rage. They are a standard ritualized penalty applied to black men and women designated as informers or collaborators.

On a university campus one bright afternoon in the South African spring I discussed the children and their works with an elderly black theologian, a clergyman resident in one of the townships—as the segregated urban locations for blacks are known. For obvious reasons, connected with the laws of South Africa, I don't identify this source; let us call him Ezra. I found Ezra in his study, reading a work by a mid-Victorian Methodist missionary. Ezra was chuckling, and read out the passage that tickled him. It was one of those "mysterious Africa" bits, a purple patch about the almost infinite depths of the black man's inherent incapacity to comprehend anything whatever. "He's talking about *my grandfather!*" Ezra cried with delight.

Ezra has been a member of the African National Congress since the early days—long before the ANC was banned, in 1960—and is still a firm supporter, and therefore committed, at least in theory, to aiding the armed struggle, ordered by the ANC, against apartheid. He doesn't like the Marxist tendencies of some of the present ANC leadership but doesn't take them too seriously. "I don't fear an African who, while he is fighting, utters voluminous words of Marxism," he says.

I asked Ezra a question about the state of the Church in the townships today. Very satisfactory, Ezra thought. The churches were always full on Sundays. "The ministers are with the people definitely. In a tremendous way. Ministers were among the first detained—especially Methodist ministers. The black side of the Church is tremendously radicalized." Ezra went on to talk about the police, who cause most of the violence, he said, especially by their attacks on funeral crowds as they disperse. "You get disgusted by such clumsy forcefulness." The pulpits of the townships, it is clear, condemn all that.

I asked whether the parish clergy also condemned what I called "examples of popular violence." The wording was mealy-mouthed, because the question was fraught. Somehow it seems difficult to ask a Christian clergyman who is also a supporter of the ANC exactly what he has to say about the children and their necklace. The ANC's position on this matter is equivocal. According to a source generally sympathetic to the ANC, Roger Omond's recent

Apartheid Handbook, "[The ANC's] leaders say that it attacks military and security targets, and tries to avoid civilian deaths, but that it is impossible for civilians to be completely unaffected by an armed struggle." It is certainly impossible to be completely unaffected by being burned to death.

Ezra did not care for my question, put though it was with almost Proustian delicacy. At first he tried to brush it aside. "There are generally not incidents on Sunday," he informed me.

How about Saturday? I wanted to know. Suppose an "incident of popular violence" happened in a certain parish on a Saturday night. Would the parish clergyman take that as a theme for his Sunday sermon?

"No," Ezra said. "He would fear for himself." Similarly, if a clergyman were asked to allow his church to be used for a political meeting, he could not refuse, in such circumstances. "They are really in sympathy. . . . It is a ministry to a very angry people."

True, there was the case of Bishop Tutu. The Bishop had not only condemned violence—whether popular or police—but had actually successfully interposed his person, at a funeral, between some children and their intended victim. But this transaction, Ezra seemed to think, had done little to enhance the brave Bishop's popularity among the young in the townships. Ezra had watched the scene on television. There were some children in the audience and they "jumped up and down with rage" at the Bishop's intervention. Ezra himself clearly thought that the Bishop had made a mistake in antagonizing the children in this way. Yet Ezra seemed to have his own reservations, very mildly expressed, about the temper of the young. Older people were "a bit more irenic than the young ones," as he put it. "You sober down. The children don't know how change works. . . . They are very optimistic." The thought of what all that childish optimism might entail seemed to depress his spirit, for he added: "I can't visualize what is going to happen. . . . I don't see much that is good in the future."

In another region of South Africa, more deeply stricken than Ezra's home territory by what white South Africa calls the unrest, I got a slightly different perspective on a world run by children. My informants were a middle-aged businessman, Bob, and a young clergyman, Mark. Both lived in the local township. Both were resolute supporters of the ANC and prominent members of the United Democratic Front (UDF), the umbrella group of organizations following the ANC's political line. Mark had recently been detained. These men were more political than Ezra, and also more closely involved with what was going on politically. Mark was highly articulate, obviously used to dealing with liberal sympathizers, and good at this kind of party work. I found Bob more illuminating, probably because his English was not quite good enough to conceal the complexities and contradictions of his actual thoughts and feelings.

Both were concerned about what was happening in their township and about the tendency for criminals to take over

from the political. This would get worse, they both thought, as long as the government continued to refuse freedom of political organization. Nelson Mandela and other prisoners and detainees would have to be released unconditionally, and the ANC exiles allowed to return, also unconditionally, before the growth of anarchy in the townships could be checked. The Progressive MP for the area, who had brought us together, thought that was reasonable, and so did I. Reasonable, and therefore probably remote.

Both Bob and Mark spoke like men who have a lot more to lose than their chains and who thought they might be on the way to losing it. They supported the call for the withdrawal of the troops and riot police from the townships. But for ordinary policing, as was known in the townships before the Emergency (declared in July, 1985), they seemed to feel a certain ambivalent nostalgia. Mark said, "People did retain a fair amount of faith in the police. If my house is burgled, for example. But now there's a tendency to say, 'Get rid of them all.' But some say, 'Let them stay and operate as police'" (that is, not politically).

"Rev. is right," Bob said, but corrected him slightly: "Everybody respected the police before the riot police. But now there's no difference." Bob is a big, stout man with a lot on his mind. Suddenly, out of the blue, he said, "That type, now, of that little youngster. . . ." Instead of finishing the sentence, he related an incident:

"On Friday night"—we were meeting on Tuesday—"six thugs armed with pangas attacked an Indian home, beat the husband, and repeatedly raped his wife, who later died."

Then, after some thought, Bob added a political gloss. In this urban area the Indian housing estate is "a buffer zone" between the black and the white areas. So one had to "get rid of the buffer zone, to get at the whites," he said. "These youngsters, just seeing the white face, they attack."

Bob's remarks lacked logical connection, and were therefore convincing, in the context. The six were seen in the first place as "thugs": criminals, not comrades. But they were also seen as agents of a political-racial purpose: breaking up a buffer zone and clearing the way for the revolutionary attack on the white area, the heartland of apartheid. The dividing line between criminality and politics may be clear in theory and rhetoric; in practice, and emotionally, it is liable to get blurred.

Rhetoric and reality also tend to drift apart where Indians are involved. According to ANC-UDF rhetoric—as engaged in certainly by Mark, and probably also by Bob in formal party contexts—Indians are fellow blacks. In practice, it would seem, this is not exactly so. The youngsters of whom it was said, "seeing the white face, they attack" were in fact, on this occasion, seeing Indian faces and attacking Indian people.

The children, it is plain, have a grip on the imagination of their elders. And it is not just through fear that this grip is maintained; admiration enters into it too. The elders are

a bit ashamed of their own past submissiveness to things like the pass laws and are proportionately proud of their children's bravery in defying apartheid. The system is loathed—and not just by the highly politicized—and no less so for being rebaptized "minority rights" or "self-determination." The system's black agents have been correspondingly hated, and the children are admired for taking on those agents, even though the frightfulness of the children's favored penalty may be quietly deprecated by some of the elders.

Yet the children with the necklace are only some of the children. "These youngsters, seeing the white face, they attack" is not, or not yet, true of most of the youngsters. I was able to find that out for myself—not altogether voluntarily—one Sunday morning, on my way to hear Bishop Tutu conduct a religious service at St. Matthew's Church, Embeni, Soweto.

I WENT TO SOWETO BECAUSE IT WAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO see Bishop Tutu—whom I know already in the white context—at work among his black parishioners. Entering Soweto in a taxi that morning, I felt a bit nervous, and not only because of Bob's dramatic generalization. There were other reasons, both political and personal. Politically, it looked like being a rough weekend. On the previous Friday the political activist Benjamin Moloise, convicted on a murder charge, had been hanged in Pretoria Central Prison after two years' imprisonment, despite a general expectation that his sentence would be commuted. A commemorative service was held in Johannesburg—not Soweto—later that morning. As the mourners left the service, having been addressed by Winnie Mandela and others, a resident in a neighboring white apartment block dropped a flowerpot from an upper window into the middle of the mourning crowd. This precipitated a riot—the first black riot in downtown Johannesburg, legally a white area. There were riot pictures in the Johannesburg *Business Day* the following morning. These aroused a lot more attention among the paper's white readers than the usual riot pictures. The usual riot pictures were taken in Soweto (when they could still legally be taken there) and showed either "white on black" (white policemen bashing black demonstrators, or at any rate blacks of some description) or "black on black" (black militants lynching black collaborators, or at any rate blacks of some description). For most white people, who never go near places like Soweto, all that seems almost as remote as it does to people looking at these same Soweto pictures in New York or London. But the pictures that appeared in *Business Day* on the morning of Saturday, October 19, were taken not in Soweto but in downtown Johannesburg, and they belonged to a hitherto quite rare category of picture—"black on white." They showed black demonstrators shoving white people around—not shoving them all that drastically, and nothing remotely comparable to some of the horrors of black on black, but they were still more startling and more ominous



than anything shown before, since those shoved were whites, those shoving were blacks, and this was Johannesburg, 1985.

Business Day is a pretty dull newspaper, but it made compulsive reading that morning.

Black on white is still rare among politically motivated happenings, but it is not so rare in what you might call the private sector. On the afternoon of that same Saturday, I myself became a small statistic of black on white in the field of urban crime. It was a warm afternoon, and I was taking a walk in the neighborhood of the Carlton Hotel, where I was staying. There were not many people around—shops and offices close at one o'clock on Satur-

day—and most of those who were around were black. Suddenly, quietly, and quite gently, one of these grasped my arms from behind. Another appeared in front of me, very close. From a distance he might have seemed to be asking for a light. In fact he had a knife with a four-inch blade pointed at my throat. A third man frisked me expertly and removed all my valuables, but left me my passport and notebook. Then they made off, without physically molesting me in any way. They were not children but middle-aged men, and from their age and relative restraint you might infer that they were non-political: “ordinary decent criminals,” as they say in Northern Ireland.

So what? the reader may reasonably ask. A person can be

mugged in any modern city. I know this. In fact, the last time I had been mugged—almost exactly twenty years before—was in Manhattan, at Morningside Park. Although that event occurred during a break in a Socialist Scholars' Conference at Columbia, it had no political significance and did not portend the imminent eclipse of the United States Constitution or the collapse of the capitalist system. Nor would the corresponding happening in Johannesburg justify conclusions about the impending collapse of law and order in South Africa, although it does suggest that the forces of law and order may be stretched thin by the combined impact of escalating political unrest and escalating ordinary crime, both drawing on the same huge and expanding pool of black unemployed. (With an additional 350,000 seeking work each year, South Africa's director general of manpower, Dr. Piet van der Merwe, expects unemployment to have more than doubled in ten years: from 10.6 percent of the labor force in 1977 to 21.9 percent in 1987.) I mention the mugging not because of any such wider implications but mainly because of the slight subjective jolt that such a happening imparts to the perspective from which the writer so affected views the phenomena about which he is writing. If you have recently had a knife held at your personal and non-metaphorical throat even for fifteen seconds, you are unlikely to be able to write about violence with the same degree of composure and fluent capacity for abstract generalization on the subject as you could attain had you not been obliged to concentrate, intensely if briefly, on the blade of that knife. The middle-aged men whose acquaintance I made that afternoon in von Brandis Street, Johannesburg, were altogether silent for the whole period of our life together, but if you listen carefully during the discussion of violence which inevitably pervades this essay, you may occasionally be able to detect the faint sound of their breathing.

NO, READER, I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THAT I WAS about to proceed to St. Matthew's Church, Embeni, Soweto, there to witness Bishop Desmond Tutu conduct an Anglican service. The sequence of events, both macro and micro, runs as follows:

Friday morning. A black man is hanged in Pretoria, and mourned in Johannesburg, mainly by blacks. A white hand drops a flowerpot, from a height, onto the mourners. The mourners riot.

Saturday. Black-on-white pictures in the paper. I get mugged (coincidentally).

Sunday. To Embeni, Soweto, to witness Bishop Tutu, and so forth. But before I go on to Embeni, please allow me yet another digression. It is through such digressions, I think, that I can best share with you a personal experience of South Africa.

Brief digression on having been mugged as a topic of conversation in white liberal circles in today's South Africa.

First of all, it isn't a topic of conversation. "I have been mugged" is a conversation-stopper, and a veritable bazoo-

ka among conversation-stoppers. I found that out at a party in Johannesburg's northern suburbs on the evening of my little mishap.

The presence of a mugging victim, I found, is a great begetter of pregnant silences, the pregnancies being strictly of the unwanted variety, to judge from the expressions of those so affected. That much is a matter of observation. Why it should be so can only be guessed. My own guess is based on placing myself in the shoes of those concerned. This I do without much difficulty, because I am a white liberal myself (subspecies *Homo Candidus Liberalis Pessimisticus*) and I have lived in Africa (Central and West, not South). So I hear their underground train of thought as rumbling along the following lines:

By blacks, of course, though of course he doesn't say so. He would say so if they were white. But whites have other ways of robbing people, with less risk. And what can a black do, if he's out of work and has no one to help him, except rob, whatever the risk? There's no social welfare, and millions of blacks are unemployed.

So how can you tell the muggee how frightfully sorry you feel about his trouble? The muggers are far more deserving of sympathy than he is. He can stop his credit cards and traveler's checks and be very little the worse for his experience. They continue their desperate, hand-to-mouth existence until they get caught and go to jail.

Yet the muggee's hard-luck story is hard to take for some other and quite different reasons. We ourselves are potential muggees, and worse than muggees, and we shall remain here, at high risk, long after this character has gone back from whence he came. And we ourselves hardly deserve more sympathy, even from ourselves, than we could legitimately offer this hard-luck man—perhaps even less. We, too, are affluent, within a system we oppose and despise, so we are also—at least to some extent—legitimate targets, not only of the violence of the black unemployed but also of the revolutionary political enemies of apartheid. Ideologically, we have to be on the side of those who pose a threat to our lives and property; existentially, we are unable to be on that side. Also, we are unable to change the color of our skins, a matter that ought not to be of the slightest importance but that the white community over many generations has made into the touchstone of everything, the be-all and the end-all: a be-all that looks more and more like an end-all.

We have had to contemplate that desolate range of subject matter for quite a long time, and we never much like being gratuitously reminded of it. So I'm afraid our accident-prone friend would do well to pass on, without undue delay, to some other topic of conversation.

The words are imagined, but the predicament reflected in them is real. Like other predicaments—the Irish one, for example—it is fraught with ironies. In noting the ironies, in attributed language, it is very much not my intention to satirize those who are caught in the predicament, which is probably the grimmest that any liberals have ever been caught in. These South Africans are coping with it, in many cases with admirable courage, resourcefulness, and cheerfulness combined with intellectual rigor. I am think-

ing in particular of South African scholars and writers who over many years have combated apartheid by all the means appropriate to their functions.

It is a crowning irony that while the apartheid regime is punishing the journalists in their function, by elaborate and expanding censorship provisions, some of the dottier foreign enthusiasts of anti-apartheid are trying to inflict precisely symmetrical damage on South Africa's academic community. Thus a group of Irish lawyers, with Mr. Sean MacBride, the Nobel and Lenin International Prize for Peace-winning former director of Amnesty International, as its most eminent member, recently urged an academic boycott of South Africa. The institutions that would be worst hit if this disgusting proposal were acted on are those—like the University of Cape Town—that are totally desegregated and are major sources of accurate information about the workings of apartheid and agents of exposure of attempts to camouflage apartheid. The zealots of apartheid will be absolutely delighted if this scheme of the zealots of anti-apartheid ever catches on. The fact is that both lots of know-nothings hate liberalism and associated manifestations of disinterested intellectual activity.

After writing the paragraph above I learned that the South African scholars invited to the World Congress of Archaeology in Southampton next year have had their invitations withdrawn by the organizers.

END OF DIGRESSION AND ON TO EMBENI. WHEN I ORDERED a taxi, giving that destination, on the Sunday morning, the hotel porter told me that I should get a police escort. But somehow I didn't feel I would be all that welcome in Bishop Tutu's congregation if I turned up supported by a Casspir armored personnel carrier—full of South African police. In any case, such support would be likely to attract a lot more trouble along the way than it might avert. That was my hunch, and it turned out to be right. So no police.

My taxi driver rated as "coloured" (mixed-race) in terms of the basic document of apartheid, the Population Registration Act of 1950, so he wasn't a resident of Soweto (by virtue of the Group Areas Act of the same year). He told me he knew the way to St. Matthew's, Embeni, but actually he didn't; he just knew the way to Soweto, a sprawling city of small houses, encompassing more than a million and a half people. Once in Soweto, he had to ask the way, and this he did about twenty times. The first few times, I sweated a bit. I have driven with Protestants through Catholic South Armagh, and with Jews in the vicinity of Hebron, and felt a bit nervous each time, but I felt more nervous this time remembering Bob's dictum "seeing the white face, they attack" (and a white face is a lot more conspicuous in Soweto than, say, a Protestant face in South Armagh). They all saw the white face, but there was no attack. Among the first people consulted by my driver was a group of young males: children. They showed no signs of color prejudice but gave directions in a friendly way. The

same was true of all the people we talked to in other areas of Soweto. It was rather different from what you might think Soweto is like, and different also from what Soweto actually *is* like under other conditions—for example, at a funeral and in the presence of the police. Considering the high proportion of politicized militants among the youth of Soweto, it is improbable that there were not some of these among the people consulted by my taxi driver. My guess is that any militant children who took note of my presence considered that the only kind of white person fool enough to ride around Soweto in a taxi looking for directions would be a foreign sympathizer with "the cause of the people"—that is, the ANC.

In any case, violent hatred of all whites as such is not a general condition among the people of Soweto. That much I can claim to have established experimentally, with the aid of my consultative taxi driver. Black leaders claim that their people hate apartheid without hating whites. That claim may seem improbable, but my experience is certainly a small piece of evidence in its favor.

St. Matthew's, Embeni, is an unfinished church, only half roofed over, but entirely usable on such a bright, warm, South African spring morning. The church was crowded, for the most part with smartly dressed men, women, and children, including choristers in brightly colored gowns and boys in blazers. All eyes, all the time, were on Bishop Tutu. My notes taken in the church read:

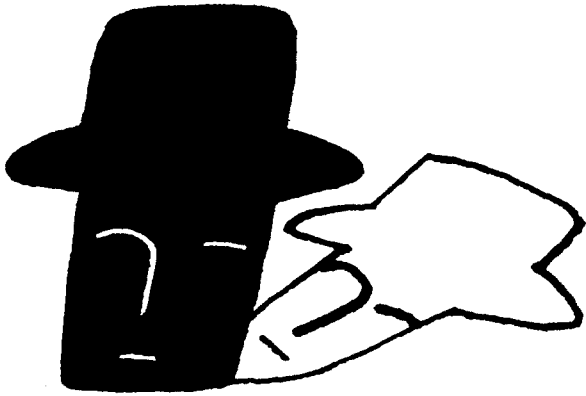
Tutu baptizing: firm plunger of struggling lambs; [not babies but] big kids. Tutu preaching in Xhosa; simultaneously translated into Tswana. Great facial mobility and range of gestures. Clutching lectern with both hands, then reaching out and seeming to snatch things out of the air. Dead-pan, with wide-open eyes, for jokes. Laughter, applause. Then he relaxes, smiles. Affection, approval, amusement, confidence of congregation/audience. A "good turn" and spiritual solace, all in one. Then a few words in English. Change of persona: no comic effects; grave, academic tone. Limited range of gesture now, using left hand. [He said]

"God looks down on South Africa and weeps when he sees how some of his children are treating his other children. . . . Christ's religion [is] a religion of the poor, the marginalized, the ghetto people. . . . But the others, whom we disagree with, are not to be killed."

After that, my concluding note reads simply, "Dances high-life in full Episcopal regalia."

There is a danger of that sounding funny. It wasn't funny at all; it was profoundly moving, and precisely appropriate. Only once before had I seen a sight that moved me in the same way. (There is a danger of this comparison sounding funny too, but I intend it in the most reverent appreciation.) Twenty years ago I watched a ground hornbill, in a clearing in the bush in northern Ghana, dancing all by himself a solemn and triumphant dance, as if celebrating the Creation.

Even so, in the half-roofed Church of St. Matthew in Embeni, Soweto, did Desmond Tutu dance before his Lord.



IN WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN UP TO NOW, I HAVE FOLLOWED a train of personal experience, and one that was far from newsworthy. In so doing, I hoped to supplement the impressions of South Africa that you may get from the media, especially television. Daily life in South Africa at present is not so charged with hatred and violence as the selected images on the screen suggest. There is no deliberate distortion; it is in the nature of news coverage to reflect not daily life but what is startling, alarming, shocking. There are a lot of such things in South Africa, but not everything is like that. As that veteran enemy of apartheid Alan Paton said to me in Durban, "[The foreign media] seem to see nothing in South Africa but white wickedness and black suffering. Those things are there, but they're not everything."

No. Those Afrikaners in Springs were not like Nazis; those blacks at Embeni were not exclusively preoccupied with suffering or hating. Correction is needed, but there is a danger of overdoing the correction. To convey a reassuring message would be much more misleading than the television coverage is.

Television cannot reflect the routine of daily life, but the violence shown episodically on the screen pervades daily life, mostly in latent form, and governs the contexts in which daily life is lived. Those stolid Afrikaners are behind their police, in every sense, and all the talk of police brutality leaves them at best unmoved. That relaxed and joyous congregation at St. Matthew's may see the children as their champions, though the champions are also scary. Bishop Tutu's warnings against violence seem to be taken as appropriate, coming from him, more than as binding on those addressed. I was reminded of Pope John Paul II in Ireland condemning political violence. Everybody, including IRA supporters, thought the Pope was a lovely man, but support for the IRA and its armed struggle was not in any degree diminished.

Afrikaners, for their part, are cynical about the Bishop's condemnation of violence, as veiled collusion. Across the gulf that separates the ruling Afrikaners from the rebellious blacks, even such conciliatory sounds as are wafted to the other side bear sinister connotations. At a Supreme Court session in Pretoria, I heard a judge refer sardonically to a priest who was supposed to have told his congregation,

"I don't know how long you can be held back from burning vehicles." Clearly, the judge heard that priest as actually inciting to violence, egging the congregation on, in coded language. Across such a chasm constructive dialogue appears unattainable.

If the televised images and printed reports convey to you that South Africa is already in a state of civil war, then that impression is exaggerated. But if they convey to you that South Africa is drifting, at an accelerating rate, toward civil war, then that impression is, in my belief, correct.

What can be the outcome of this incipient civil war? That remains a difficult question.

In my visits to various South African cities—Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, East London, Durban, Johannesburg—I put to a number of well-informed people the following three propositions:

The maintenance of the status quo is impossible.

Reforms acceptable both to the white electorate and to politicized blacks are impossible.

Revolution is impossible.

The first of those three propositions needs no discussion here, since nobody disputes it. To the second proposition most of my informants replied, in substance: "Maybe not impossible. We must continue to hope that reform is not impossible. But it will be extremely difficult, certainly."

As regards the third proposition, most informants, black and white, thought that if reforms acceptable to most politicized blacks continued to be denied by the white electorate, revolution would become inevitable, but in the fairly long term. Hardly anyone considers revolution possible in the here and now—within the next five years or ten years; even the ANC is said to put the remaining life of the apartheid regime at no less than ten years.

I should now like to consider the forces making for acceptance of major change, those working for resistance to change, and how the resistance might be overcome.

THE ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THE FEASIBILITY OF major reform, as I understand it, runs more or less as follows:

Already a sizable portion of the white electorate is in favor of major reform. That support is likely to grow, as white South Africa begins to understand the magnitude of the external pressures on it, of which the fall in the value of the rand—from fifty-four cents in July of 1985 to thirty-six cents in October of 1985—is the most telling symbol and most painful symptom for the white population generally. The business community is enthusiastically in favor of sweeping reforms.

It certainly is. If Marx were right and capitalists were the real controllers of the political systems of societies with capitalist economies, then Nelson Mandela would now be ensconced in Pretoria as state president, with Oliver Tambo, the ANC leader, as his minister for defense.

I talked in Port Elizabeth, in the Eastern Cape Province, with the secretary of the local Chamber of Com-

merce. Port Elizabeth's commerce was brought very nearly to a standstill by the almost-hundred-percent-effective black boycott of white business in the city. The secretary, representing a business community on the verge of desperation, sounded rather like a spokesman for the ANC, although he had earlier supported the Nationalist Party. I was reminded of Herman Melville's story "Benito Cereno," in which, as you will recall, the man who is apparently master of a slave ship is in reality the captive spokesman for the slaves, who have successfully rebelled.

The business leaders who went to talk with the ANC leadership in Lusaka in September are already in a sort of "Benito Cereno" condition in relation to the future—prisoners by anticipation of a slave rebellion of whose inevitable success they have begun to be convinced.

Also, the case for radical change is now vigorously and skillfully presented in Parliament by the small but compact and effective Progressive Federal Party, led by F. van Zyl Slabbert. (I should say that I am using *Parliament* here to mean what everyone still thinks of as the *real* Parliament—the white one. But strictly speaking, since the enactment of P. W. Botha's 1983 constitution, Parliament consists of three houses—the House of Assembly [white], the House of Representatives [coloured], and the House of Delegates [Indian]. The institutions of revamped apartheid are confusing, like its vocabulary, and for the same reasons. Although the House of Representatives and the House of Delegates are generally considered as facades masking the continued white monopoly of real power, and although fewer than 20 percent of the eligible coloured and Indian voters bothered [or dared] to vote in the elections for their respective houses, it was the provision of these concessions to the coloured and Indian communities, while failing to offer *even* a façade to the black majority, that enraged blacks generally and precipitated the present wave of unrest, beginning in late 1983.)

For years after the National Party came to power in 1948—a power that it has maintained unbroken since then—the demoralized opposition, the United Party, offered no serious challenge to apartheid. That challenge came, indeed, and incisively, but from just one member of Parliament, Helen Suzman. Now the old United Party, rebaptized the New Republic Party, is in terminal decline, as was manifest in the mini-election of last October. Its parliamentary place has been taken by the Progressive Federal Party, "the Progs." Helen Suzman is still going strong, and is as astringently alert as ever, but she is now a member of a PFP group with twenty-seven seats in the House of Assembly. That is still a small minority—twenty-seven out of 178—but it does represent a significant rise in the level of rejection of apartheid in a section of the white community.

The quality of this opposition is exceptionally high. Dr. Slabbert is an attractive and inspiring leader, forty-five years old, energetic, highly intelligent, humorous, and entirely un pompous. In style he is rather like Pierre Trudeau. He was an academic, and he is quite startlingly can-

did for a politician, but he seems well able to live down those handicaps.

I talked with Progs in different parts of the country. I was struck by the strength of the respect and affection that Dr. Slabbert inspires in his following. I didn't hear a single sour note, and this is rare, in my experience, when one talks in private with party members anywhere about their leader.

I heard Dr. Slabbert address a rally in Cape Town on the eve of the mini-election. It was a large and enthusiastic gathering, very different from the turnout for State President Botha at Springs (although the difference was not reflected in the election results). The leader outlined the present demands of the PFP:

1. Dismantle apartheid completely.
2. Release political prisoners and all who are detained without trial.
3. End the state of emergency, and allow freedom of organization.
4. Call a national convention to determine the new, nonracial, democratic constitution for South Africa.

These demands correspond fairly closely to the current demands of the ANC-UDF leadership, and Dr. Slabbert, like the business leaders, has visited the ANC leadership in Lusaka.

The business leaders and the Progs are mostly drawn from the English-speaking community (although Dr. Slabbert himself is an Afrikaner). The English-speaking community—about 40 percent of the white population—has, however, been excluded from power since 1948 by the representatives of the Afrikaner community, the majority community within the all-white electorate for the House of Assembly. There can be no progress in the direction of radical change—by constitutional means—unless there is first a significant change in Afrikaner attitudes. What signs are there of such a change?

Well, there are *some* signs. Afrikanerdom is no longer such a monolith as it appeared, say, in the first decade after 1948.

It is not only representatives of English-speakers who have taken—or at any rate tried to take—the road to Lusaka. Students at Stellenbosch, the oldest and most distinguished Afrikaner university, announced their intention of traveling to Lusaka to talk with the ANC. The Botha government withdrew the students' passports, a step that, interestingly enough, it did not take in the case of the business leaders; apparently such conduct may be grudgingly accepted on the part of *Neef Brit* but may not be tolerated where children of the *volk* are concerned. Nonetheless, opinion at Stellenbosch, both student and faculty, supported the students and their right to travel. I myself found that one can spend an agreeable day on that beautiful campus at Stellenbosch, and have many instructive conversations, without ever meeting anyone who appears to support the National Party. And it's not only Stellenbosch. What some people call the Afrikaner thaw has also

reached the Dutch Reformed Church, the central spiritual institution of Afrikanerdom, whose blessings in the past legitimized and sustained apartheid. Dr. Beyers Naudé, the most eminent pioneer of anti-apartheid within the DRC, was deprived of his ministry in 1963 and remains an outcast from Afrikanerdom (greatly to the benefit of his reputation in the outside world). Last October, Dr. Nico Smith and other DRC clergymen followed the example of the business leaders, of Dr. Slabbert, and of the Stellenbosch students by announcing their intention of traveling to Lusaka to meet the ANC leaders.

When this announcement came, it caused shock waves throughout South Africa. It seemed to some that a breach had appeared in the ideological citadel of Afrikanerdom.

There have also been signs of change within the medical and legal professions, change that could not have occurred without the consent of the (mainly) Afrikaner members. In October of 1985 the South African Medical Council struck off its rolls one of the police doctors implicated in the death in September, 1977, of the Black Consciousness leader Steve Biko, from injuries received while in police custody. And in December, before the Supreme Court, the state was obliged to withdraw the charges of treason that it had brought against a number of prominent members of the UDF. There have been several other signs of professional unease at some of the practices and demands of the apartheid state.

Afrikaner writers and intellectuals have also turned against apartheid, rejecting it not in the Botha sense but really and fundamentally. Afrikaans writing—some of it now translated into English—is full of a sense of foreboding and evil. I talked in Cape Town with J. M. Coetzee, the author of a number of novels, including *Life and Times of Michael K*, which I had just read. *Michael K*, like several other impressive Afrikaner novels and stories, is set in a desolate, ruined South Africa, felt as the South Africa of the future if the country's rulers persevere on their present course. "I used to wonder," Coetzee told me, "why it couldn't become Brazil." He has stopped wondering about that, but by even wondering about it he had already broken, as others like him have done, with the traditions of his people and the governing ideology of the state. He is a thin, controlled, matter-of-fact man; you might take him for an accountant. But his view of the facts and figures tallies with his artistic vision: "When things begin to break down, people should start starving pretty soon. Whites live in pockets. They can be cut off. One single highway leading into Cape Town . . ."

(And, indeed, along that highway you already get a whiff of incipient siege. On my last day in Cape Town my friend and host, David Welsh, drove me out that way to the airport. David is a well-known political scientist and the co-author with Dr. Slabbert of *South Africa's Options: Strategies for Sharing Power*. As we got into the car, David handed me a cushion. This was in case people threw stones at the car. Stoning cars, along this and some other highways, has become perhaps the most prevalent form of

black-on-white activity—or more likely, this being the Cape, coloured-on-white. Coloured militants seem to be more hostile to whites as such than black militants are. A white University of Cape Town student told me, "It's mainly the coloured people who call you whitey." As it happened, there were no stones that morning. But the Casspirs of the South African police could be seen occasionally, strung out along that "single highway.")

Academics, churchmen, writers, doctors, lawyers . . . It is clear that a significant number of Afrikaner intellectuals are at least beginning to desert apartheid. And this must cause some concern to the regime. An ideology needs intellectuals to impart it, by writing and teaching. And intellectuals who can do this properly need themselves to believe in the ideology they try to impart. True, intellectuals can always be hired to say and write the proper things. But intellectual mercenaries seldom carry conviction. So the ideology of apartheid is in trouble.

The modern tendency for intellectuals to desert apartheid is a little ironic, since apartheid is largely the creation of intellectuals. Intellectuals, mainly teachers and *predikants* (Calvinist clergymen), were the originators and disseminators of Afrikaner nationalism, the politico-cultural movement that eventually produced the doctrine and system of apartheid, and it was also intellectuals who shaped and refined that doctrine and system.

To understand the present predicament of Afrikanerdom, and the significance within that predicament of the (partial) defection of Afrikaner intellectuals, we must here consider briefly the history of Afrikaner nationalism within the general history of South Africa.

THE AFRIKANERS ARE THE OLDEST WHITE COMMUNITY in South Africa. They are descended from Dutch people who settled in, and spread out from, the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, after a fort and a vegetable garden had been established there, for the Dutch East India Company, by Jan van Riebeeck, in 1652. For nearly a century and a half these Dutch-speaking people—absorbing a number of Huguenot émigrés from France—were the only white inhabitants of South Africa, which they came to regard as their country. Their language evolved away from the original Dutch—similar to the evolution of Canadian French away from metropolitan French—to what is now Afrikaans. Their attitudes toward the native peoples they encountered in South Africa were similar to those of English-speaking settlers in North America toward the natives of that continent, during the same period. Many Afrikaners also owned slaves.

As a result of the French revolutionary wars, the Netherlands lost control of South Africa. By the peace treaties that closed the Napoleonic wars, victorious Britain's rule over South Africa was internationally recognized. Emigration to South Africa from the British Isles was encouraged.

Friction soon developed between the new rulers and their Afrikaans-speaking subjects. British policy toward

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the natives was influenced in the early nineteenth century by English-speaking missionaries, as well as by Whig Enlightenment philanthropy. Afrikaners resented these novel ideas and also resented the new British settlers. In 1834 the Parliament of the United Kingdom declared slavery abolished throughout the British Empire. And by 1838 the new anti-slavery laws came into force in South Africa (then consisting of what is now the Cape Province).

Many Afrikaner farmers decided to get away from the British and their meddlesome innovations, and the Great Trek began. Thousands of Afrikaners—or Boers, as they were then known—set out in their ox wagons with their families, their arms, and their black (“Hottentot”) servants for the north, well beyond the then existing zone of white settlement. After many vicissitudes (and historic clashes with the Zulus, to be considered below) the Afrikaner emigrants established two internally autonomous Afrikaans-speaking republics of their own—the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—under British “suzerainty.”

Suzerainty seems originally to have meant little more than a warning from Britain to foreign powers to keep out of the Boer republics. However, everything changed in the mid-1880s, with the discovery of gold in large quantities on the Witwatersrand, where Johannesburg now is (“The city with the heart of gold,” as a 1985 poster has it). Foreign immigrants—“Uitlanders”—arrived, and British governments promptly took on an active role as protectors of the Uitlanders. By the 1890s, the heyday of jingo imperialism, concern for the Uitlanders had become merely a pretext for escalating British demands, whose eventual rejection would be the *casus* for a war of annexation of the Afrikaner republics and their wealth—a war that was expected to be brief. It wasn’t. The resistance of the Afrikaners proved unexpectedly stiff, and the Anglo-Boer war went on for three years (1899–1902). The last phase of the war involved severe measures against Afrikaner civilians: Lord Kitchener established “concentration camps”—the first official use of that term—in which about 26,000 Afrikaner women and children died.

In the aftermath of the Anglo-Boer war a new British government decided on a policy of reconciliation in South Africa, and members of the Afrikaner elite, led by Generals Barry Hertzog and Jan Smuts, met them halfway. This process led, in 1909–1910, to the creation of a self-governing Dominion of the British Empire: the Union of South Africa. The Union (which became today’s Republic of South Africa in 1961) was governed from its foundation until 1948 by a “white coalition” of English-speakers and Afrikaners. In this period the earlier tendency of English-speakers to protect the blacks—a tendency that had already faded during the nineteenth century—was replaced by a rhetoric of “racial reconciliation.” Racial reconciliation meant reconciliation between Afrikaner and British and joint supremacy of both over all blacks.

But against that ruling concept there was a rising tide of Afrikaner nationalism. Afrikaner nationalism aimed at—

and eventually got, in 1948—an Afrikaner monopoly of political power in South Africa. Afrikaner nationalism, as a conscious movement, began in the mid-1870s, but it gained greatly in emotional power as a result of the Anglo-Boer war and a felt need to cancel out that defeat.

“AFRIKANER NATIONALISM, AS A CONSCIOUS MOVEMENT, began in the mid-1870s.” That statement of mine is firmly based on modern Afrikaner historical scholarship. But it is also—and symptomatically—a proposition passionately resented by modern Afrikaner nationalists, because the modern Afrikaner nationalist credo lays it down that the Great Trek itself, in the 1830s, was the birth of Afrikaner nationalism. Afrikaner historiography can be a dangerous business. For having challenged some aspects of the received nationalist version of Afrikaner history, a distinguished historian, Professor Floors van Jaarsveld, was tarred and feathered in front of a theological conference at the University of South Africa, Pretoria, on March 28, 1979. The subject on which Professor van Jaarsveld had proposed to address the conference was the historiographical reassessment of the Day of the Covenant.

The Day of the Covenant is Afrikanerdom’s National Day, celebrated on December 16. It commemorates the crowning event of the Great Trek: the victory of Andries Pretorius’s Boer *commando*, on December 16, 1838, in the Battle of Blood River, over the *impis* (regiments) of the Zulu king Dingaan—that same Dingaan whose *impis* had the previous February massacred a party of more than 300 Boer trekkers, mostly children, under Piet Retief. The Battle of Blood River is commemorated on the spot by sixty-four life-size bronze ox wagons. That battle is also the central event commemorated in the great Voortrekker Monument at Pretoria, probably the most impressive shrine of sacral nationalism to be found anywhere on earth.

It is unlikely that there was much sacral nationalism, or nationalism of any kind, among the followers of Piet Retief or Andries Pretorius in 1838. What there was was the sense of being a chosen people in a promised land, something closely corresponding to the sense of the Puritans of New England in the seventeenth century—a good seedbed of nationalism, but not yet nationalism itself. Sacral nationalism made its appearance about forty years later, bringing with it the legend of the Covenant with God supposed to have been sworn and repeated by Sarel Cilliers—the *predikant* who accompanied Pretorius—that if the Zulus were defeated, the day would be observed every year as a day of thanksgiving.

This sacral nationalism, still the creed of South Africa’s governing National Party, was born in South Africa in a period when European nationalisms were increasing in intensity. Afrikaner nationalism was a latecomer, but tardiness seems to intensify nationalism: German nationalism, too, was a latecomer. The men who gave Afrikaner sacral nationalism its first expression, in the 1870s, were teachers

and *predikants*, meeting in Die Genootskap van Regtes Afrikaners (the Society of True Afrikaners), which had been founded in Paarl on August 14, 1875. It was a prolific and enthusiastic society. It produced, in 1876, its own newspaper, *Die Afrikaanse Patriot*, the first publication in Afrikaans, a medium that had hitherto been regarded, even by those who spoke it, as a mere patois of Dutch. And the same movement brought the basic text of the new Afrikaner sacral nationalism: *Die Geskiedenis van ons Land in die Taal van ons Volk* (*The History of Our Land in the Language of Our People*).

That title contains the three key words—*land*, *taal*, *volk*—of modern Afrikaner nationalism and of the rhetoric of the governing party of today's South Africa. The words *land* and *volk* have emotional associations corresponding to those of the same two words in German. They may also have a *potential* charge corresponding to what happened to the same two words in defeated Germany after the First World War, when *völkisch* nationalism turned from obsessive into manic, and Nazism was born. I shall come back to the question of that potentiality and what might release it.

At the time of the British victory in the Anglo-Boer war, in 1902, Afrikaner nationalists became divided into *bitter-einders* and *hensoppers* ("hands-uppers"). The same sort of division continued inside Afrikaner politics throughout the first half of the twentieth century. One set of Afrikaners—considered by the others as little better than *hensoppers*—favoured "unity," meaning the unity of white South Africans. From the coming of autonomy, with the foundation of the Union of South Africa in 1910, South Africa was ruled, essentially, by coalitions based on (and usually led by) Afrikaners of this type, together with the English-speaking community.

The other set of Afrikaners regarded themselves as the only *regte* Afrikaners, the only true nationalists. They saw the Afrikaner community—now 60 percent of all whites—as the rightful rulers of South Africa, with *Neef Brit* in second place, and all South Africa's other inhabitants outside the political process. To that end they worked to establish the solidarity of the *volk* against the Afrikaner leaders—notably Generals Hertzog and Smuts—who preached and practiced Caucasian ecumenism, the solidarity of whites in general.

After its founding, in 1918, that extraordinary institution the Afrikaner Broederbond set out to provide the leadership of the *regte* Afrikaners. The Broederbond was a secret society, but it was no ordinary secret society. By the late 1930s it had attained the leadership of resurgent Afrikaner nationalism, and within thirty years of its founding it had led the National Party to a monopoly of political power that has never since been interrupted.

Since the victory of the National Party, in 1948, the Broederbond has been the establishment of Afrikanerdom: every head of government has been a member, as P. W. Botha is now; almost all ministers have been members; and all *regte* Afrikaners of consequence are members. It is now—and this is a symbol of the malaise of the Afri-

kaner elite—a *divided* establishment, with members divided between the National Party and the smaller Afrikaner parties to the right of it. Though divided, the Broederbond remains an establishment.

But in its beginnings the membership was young and hungry. As with the earlier Genootskap, many of the members were teachers, *predikants*, intellectuals. And as with the Genootskap, much of its work consisted in nationalist indoctrination, through the churches, the schools and colleges, the press. The nationalism was sincere in its fervor; it was also connected with a deliberate effort of social promotion for Afrikaners generally, and in particular for members of the Broederbond, through mutual help. The Broederbond soon came to see the eventual winning of permanent political power in South Africa—political power as an Afrikaner monopoly—as the key to the fulfillment of both its nationalist and its social ambitions. By the 1930s—under political conditions very different from those of the previous century—the fanning of nationalist excitement had definite political objectives, the first of which was the casting out from the *volk* of men like Hertzog and Smuts, the allies of *Neef Brit*. And this objective was largely achieved by December 16, 1938, the centenary of the Day of the Covenant.

Carefully prepared and organized by the Broederbond, the celebration of the centenary was a culminating event in the liturgy of the sacral nationalism of the *volk*. During the preparatory months ox wagons traversed the land from Cape Town to Pretoria, stopping at all the holy places of nationalism. Nationalist excitement steadily mounted. Henning Klopper, the first chairman of the Broederbond and the chief organizer of these celebrations, wrote: "The whole feeling of the trek was the working not of man, not of any living being. It was the will and the work of the Almighty God. It was a pilgrimage, a sacred happening." It was. It was also a political happening. The temperature of Afrikaner nationalism had been raised so high as to make it impossible for either Smuts or Hertzog to be present at the ceremonies. The Broederbond had succeeded in the first of its major objectives. The second—the conquest of political power—was achieved just ten years later.

(It is worth noting at this point that the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Day of the Covenant falls in less than three years' time.)

It was in the same period, the late 1930s, as the Broederbond was methodically preparing itself for the advent of Afrikaner power over all the other peoples of South Africa, that the framework for the doctrine and system of apartheid was created. The practice of white supremacy, in a rough-and-ready sort of way, had been around ever since the Dutch came to South Africa, and while Boers and English-speakers had their different ways of legitimizing the practice, they were generally agreed on the necessity for it, whatever the reasons for the necessity might be. What was new about apartheid was its doctrinal and systematic character: the fact of being an ideology. And the ideology, once its exponents came to power, made for a far more per-

vative and insistent form of white supremacy than anything known before: more drastic, more pedantic, more innovative, imaginative, bureaucratic, and meddlesome, and therefore far more tormenting to those subjected to its maddening attentions than the old, relatively easygoing routines of white rule had been.

The Broederbond was the creator of the apartheid ideology, through the writings of three of its academic members, high pundits of nationalism: Dr. N. Diederichs, Dr. P. J. Meyer, and Dr. G. Cronjé.

This was the late thirties, and the early ideologues of apartheid were influenced to some degree by the language and concepts of contemporary European right-wing authoritarianism—usually in its milder forms. (Though many leading Afrikaner nationalists were “pro-Nazi” during the war, the affinity seems to have been less ideological than a matter of “the enemy of one’s enemy,” as with other subject peoples’ nationalists in the same period; compare the “pro-Nazism” of Flemish, Breton, and Palestinian nationalists. Many Afrikaners, as well as English-speaking South Africans, fought on the side of the British in both world wars. But Afrikaner nationalists—those who regarded themselves as the only *regte* Afrikaners—were opposed to South African involvement on Britain’s side in either war. Some were pro-German; some favored neutrality.)

In the main, however, apartheid was an Afrikaner answer to an Afrikaner problem. The problem was this: Afrikaner nationalists saw themselves as essentially freedom-fighters. They had fought for their freedom, at the dawn of the century, against the greatest empire on earth, and had given a good account of themselves. And now, under the leadership of the Broederbond, they were headed for the recovery of their freedom, in their own home. But black people were a large majority in that home. Were the Afrikaners, once they had liberated themselves, going to liberate the blacks, by giving them real votes, and so power over whites, including Afrikaners? Obviously not, since such a conclusion would make nonsense of the whole epic struggle of the *volk* for freedom. Were they, then, going to deny to others the freedom they prized so much for themselves? The accurate answer was yes. But the accurate answer was unacceptable to people who were, like all fervent nationalists, self-righteous in the extreme. A sham answer was needed, and was believed, since it was needed. And so apartheid was born.

“The Boer nation,” said the ideologue G. Cronjé, “can fully understand the sufferings of the Bantu. It is that same imperialism and capitalism, having them believe that the foreign is better than what is their own, which seeks to destroy their tribal life.” So the liberation of the blacks by the Afrikaners would consist in the restoration of their tribal life.

The liberation of the Afrikaners, however, would entail a monopoly of state power. “In the future Afrikaner national state [*volkstaat*],” P. J. Meyer wrote, “the undivided power granted by God rests with the Afrikaner state authority.”

So the circle was squared; the two liberations were fully compatible. The apotheosis of Afrikaner sacral nationalism under God’s ordination (*Godsbestemming*) would also liberate the blacks.

The invention of apartheid was a major achievement of liberation theology.

That is not so outrageous a paradox as it may sound to some ears. In the early part of the twentieth century the Afrikaner nationalists were not merely accepted internationally as a national-liberation movement. They were admired by fervent nationalists in all the countries of the British Empire, and the other colonial empires, as the archetypal example of a national-liberation movement, the most heroic and determined of fighters against imperialism. It was the Anglo-Boer war that set the pace for the worldwide process of decolonization in the twentieth century. The Irish nationalists were the next to strike a blow against imperialism, and they were consciously imitative of the Boers. Mr. Sean MacBride is an advocate of extreme measures against the Afrikaners, but his father, Major John MacBride, fought with the Boers against the British. And I suspect that many Irish people today actually do not know that the brutal Afrikaners whom they occasionally see on their television screens are the same people as the valiant Boers of Irish nationalist tradition.

THE FACT THAT A GENUINE NATIONAL-LIBERATION movement should invent the ideology of apartheid, and erect its institutions, should not surprise us much. People fight for freedom, but what some of them win is power. And the use they make of their power may not look at all like the freedom their admirers saw them as fighting for. That generalization is relevant not only to the past Afrikaner struggle for freedom but to the *anti*-Afrikaner freedom struggle of today. Joseph Stalin and Pol Pot were once fighters for freedom, champions of the cause of the people. And it would hardly be an inconsistent development of present revolutionary activities if among the children with the necklace, who are currently burning people alive in the name of the cause of the people, were to be found a potential Joseph Stalin or a future Pol Pot.

To come back to the Afrikaners, and to the Afrikaner intellectuals in particular: those among them who talk to us in the 1980s about minority rights, self-determination, and so on may be conscious hypocrites, and I suspect they mostly are. But those who created apartheid, its theoreticians and early practitioners, were not hypocrites at all. It might have been better if they had been, because then they would have left apartheid where it began: in the domain of words.

Like Pygmalion, the creators of apartheid were in love with their creation and brought it to life. As soon as the Nationalists came to power, in 1948, the building of the institutions of apartheid began, and it proceeded apace after the appointment of a dedicated apartheid intellectual, H. F. Verwoerd, in October of 1950, as minister for native af-

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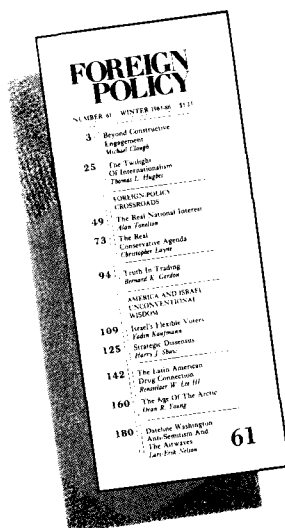
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fairs (he later became prime minister). The principal institutions were the "Bantustans," later "Homelands" (under apartheid, euphemisms atrophy quickly). The Homelands are supposed to be nation-states, in which the Bantu is free to live his own tribal life, even if he doesn't want to. Under Verwoerd the Nationalists set up Bantustans with the same confident elan with which the Jacobins of revolutionary France had set up their sister republics (*Républiques soeurs*): the Cisalpine Republic, the Parthenopean Republic, and what have you. The sister republics of the Afrikaner state have names like Ciskei, Transkei, Bophuthatswana, and Venda. (These are the four that are supposed to be fully independent. There are also six others.) There is a crazy poetry about it all, but the attempt to turn crazy poetry into reality, an attempt sustained with fanatical energy, has produced vast amounts of unnecessary human suffering: peremptory uprooting, colossal movements of populations, constant police investigation of passes, the separation of families, unusually long journeys to work—the catalogue of evils is well known. But it is different to see it. Traveling through a densely populated resettlement zone in a remote and desolate valley in the Ciskei, I noted the general impression in my diary: "Mad child scattering packets of shacks over valley floor."

Nor was apartheid applied with any real respect for its supposed guiding principle: tribal affiliation. The theory of the thing was that the identity of each tribal group was to be cherished—that each was a kind of *volk*, which, given its own land, might aspire someday to become like the Afrikaners, in a black sort of way. The architects of apartheid might have believed all that intellectually, but in practice they couldn't bring themselves to respect any black *volk*, and they chopped up the land to suit themselves—the Afrikaners, the real *volk*. Thus a certain group of people, having once been South African, suddenly found themselves citizens of Transkei. Then they were out of Transkei and back into South Africa, because the boss of Transkei, Kaiser Matanzima, didn't like them. Then they were out of South Africa again and found themselves citizens of the newly created and now "independent" state of Ciskei. And so on. The term *Homelands* became a mockery.

Nationalist faith in apartheid continued strong for nearly thirty years. It survived the enormous demonstrations against the pass laws, in March of 1960, which led to large numbers of arrests and to the killing of sixty-nine blacks by the South African police, at Sharpeville. Sharpeville sent shock waves round the world, but Nationalists saw it as a flash in the pan. It was not until June 16, 1976, when school riots began in Soweto and spread across South Africa, that Nationalist complacency began to be shaken. The riots were precipitated by a desire to reject the enforced teaching of certain subjects in Afrikaans. But it soon became clear that far more was involved. Young people, who had never known any institutions other than those of apartheid, were in rebellion against those institutions. Apartheid had failed conspicuously in the one

area indispensable to its success: the education of young blacks.

If Nationalist complacency was shaken by Soweto, it has to be shaken even more profoundly by the present unrest. Sixteen years had separated Sharpeville from Soweto; less than half that time span separated Soweto from the unrest that broke out in the autumn of 1983, almost simultaneously with the introduction of P. W. Botha's new constitution. And the unrest that began in 1983 has continued without a letup ever since, with an extent and intensity never previously known, and it has been accompanied by an unprecedented measure of international displeasure, all leading to the collapse of the rand, and the South African moratorium on repayments.

The defection of a significant part of the intellectual elite of Afrikanerdom set in after Soweto. But an even more disturbing kind of intellectual defection seems to have set in among the Nationalists who remained, especially the leaders: a partial defection of their own minds.



WATCHING MEMBERS OF THE NATIONALIST ESTABLISHMENT in South Africa both in the flesh and on television, and reading or listening to their words, I formed the impression that these gentlemen had become incapable of thinking, at least on the subject about which they talked the most. It is understandable that this should have come about. The initial strain of attaining a belief in the fantasies of apartheid must have exacted a considerable mental toll. That was followed by the strain imposed by the divergence, combined with the denial of the divergence, between apartheid in theory and apartheid in practice. And that was followed in turn by the growing discredit of apartheid, leading to the combined necessities of assuring the international community that apartheid was to all intents and purposes dead while reassuring the Nationalist rank and file that apartheid in all essentials was very much alive. And on top of all that was the frantic quest for some euphemism adequate to describe the new reality that was to replace apartheid. This quest is doomed to failure, because the new reality—this is the minimum requirement of Nationalists—has to have at its core the prime substance of the *old* reality: white supremacy, and Afrikaner supremacy within white supremacy.

And that is the reality that apartheid was created to disguise, not only from others but—and especially—from the creators of apartheid themselves.

All that is more than enough to boggle the mind, and the minds in question appear by now to be well and truly boggled.

While I was in Pretoria, I collected, from the State President's splendid offices in Union Building, a big bunch of P. W. Botha's speeches. I read all of these, and the experience went far toward boggling my own mind. Botha and his aides, it seems, have been so long in the business of churning out nonsense of the ideological sort that they can no longer discern and eliminate ordinary nonsense. Take the following gem, from a speech delivered by the State President on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument at the Burgher Memorial in Delareyville, on October 10, 1985. Botha was speaking in honor of Delareyville's eponymous Boer War hero General J. H. De la Rey, to whom he paid the following tribute:

General De la Rey, after whom this town is called, laid down his life in the service of freedom and the principles of justice. Later, for the sake of these same principles, he revolted against the unfair attempts on South West Africa.

General De la Rey's posthumous exploit eclipses that of Hilaire Belloc's hero of the Napoleonic wars, who "Lost a leg at Waterloo, / And Quatre-Bras and Ligny too!"

I have seen Botha in action in person twice—addressing the faithful at Springs and addressing a critical audience, the Foreign Correspondents' Association, in Johannesburg—and I have often watched him on South African television, which his picture dominates. On television his face in close-up doesn't look like much—it is puffy, the mouth a bit slobbery. But on the platform he is more impressive—a big, well-built man, with a demeanor that contradicts the flow of bland, conciliatory euphemisms that often pours from his mouth. When he is being abrasive—as he was with the foreign correspondents—he appears to mean what he says. But whether what he says is meant to please or to rasp, he looks the same: grim, unsmiling, determined—his little, rather porcine eyes darting from side to side as if searching for enemies, his gestures suggestive less of oratorical emphasis than of chopping something or somebody. His mind may be a bit gone, but his will appears intact.

I don't believe that Botha and his colleagues are anywhere near to agreeing to hand over a significant share in power to any blacks. They may eventually agree, in order to ease the international pressure, not only to gestures like the release of Nelson Mandela but to quite far-reaching reforms: to end influx control, to reform the pass laws, even to abolish the Group Areas Act (although most groups would have to remain in the areas in which they were put during the imperious heyday of apartheid). These reforms would make life a bit easier for ordinary blacks, but it is not likely that they would do anything to

reduce the unrest. The unrest at this stage is a struggle for power, conducted on the black side by people who believe that the apartheid regime is beginning to collapse under the combined pressure of the unrest itself and the international pressure it generates. Quite rightly, these people see such reforms as have come and such as may be coming as fruits of the unrest, and so they will keep up the unrest, and pile on the pressure, by every means they can. And the elemental hatred of large numbers of blacks for the whole apartheid system will support them in keeping the pressure up as long as the regime refuses to begin handing over power to the revolutionary leaders.

So, because the National Party will refuse, the unrest will continue—no doubt with ups and downs in intensity—at least as long as the National Party remains in power. It will do so for a little under three years, until the next general election. But for how long after that?

Not all that long, runs one line of argument. There are those defections, that confusion at the top: premonitory signs. There is that queue to Lusaka, leaving the sinking ship. More generally, the Afrikaners of today are not the stern, embattled colonial farmers of Nationalist legend. They are urbanized, *embourgeoisés*, softened—part of the consumer society, part of the permissive society. They are no longer securely hooked to the culture represented by the Voortrekker Monument.

They spend less time, the argument goes on, in contemplating the exploits of the immortal General De la Rey, or the vexed question of what Sarel Cilliers may or may not have said to Andries Pretorius on the eve of the Battle of Blood River, than they do in contemplating the latest American situation comedy, courtesy of South African Television. They, whose ancestors so staunchly resisted anglicization, have shown far less resistance to Americanization. Even the hold of the Afrikaans language, the sacred *taal*, is weakening. It was weakening prior to television; as early as the fifties the circulation of the English-language press was rising faster than that of the Afrikaans press. But televised entertainment is a far more effective agent of Anglophone acculturation than the printed word is. And televised entertainment is overwhelmingly American (and depicts an integrated society). Where *Neef Brit* failed, *Neef Yank* has won.

And—continues the argument—these Americanized bourgeois are not going to die in the last ditch, on some kind of spiritual ox wagon. Ox wagons are for the birds. Once these people realize that the game is really up, they are going to desert the National Party in droves. In such a situation the only Afrikaner tradition that can make sense to the Americanized Afrikaner is that of the *hensoppers*.

I can accept a large part of this argument—even the bit about the permissive society. In Pretorius Street, Pretoria—of all places—I saw a conspicuously placed poster supplying the telephone number of the Rentagirl Escort Service. I don't know what Sarel Cilliers may be saying, in heaven, to Andries Pretorius about *that*.

I agree with most of the descriptive part of the argu-

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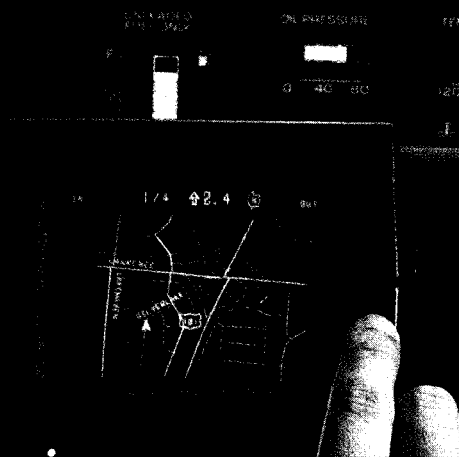
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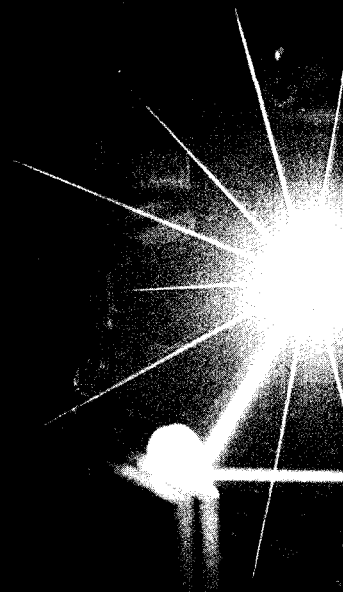
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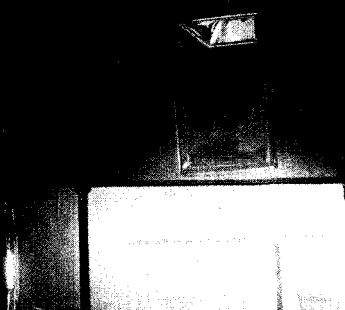


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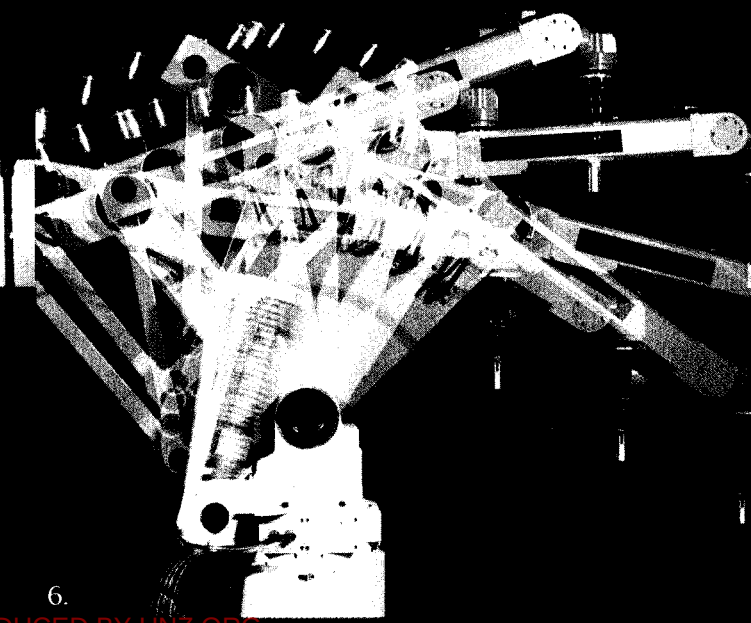
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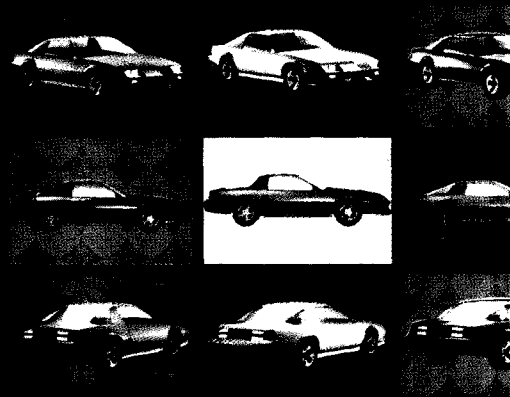


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ment. White South Africans, English-speakers and Afrikaners together, respectfully attended by cheap black servants, may form, as has been said, "the most spoiled society in the world." What I find much less convincing, though, are the political inferences from all this. In particular I think that the argument greatly overstates the *political* (and politico-cultural) impact of television in deeply divided societies.

In Northern Ireland, Catholics and Protestants have been watching virtually the same television programs, and very often the programs that Afrikaners have been watching, for about a quarter of a century. But this common experience has in no way mitigated the ancient antagonism of the two communities. While the set is switched on, both communities are in the world of admass. But when the set is switched off, each is back in its separate world, Green or Orange. Similarly, I suspect that many an Afrikaner, switching off his set, returns to the *laager* as if he had never left it.

Basically, I think people distinguish between reality and make-believe more precisely than some commentators give them credit for. The stuff on the screen is make-believe. The alien community, on the ground and near you, is unfortunately part of the world of reality. You have to wake from the sweet dreams on the screen and keep your guard up.

IF THE "SOFTENING UP" ARGUMENT PROVES TO BE CORRECT, there should be a poor turnout for the commemorative ceremonies culminating on December 16, 1988—the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Blood River.

My own guess is that there will be an impressive turnout. True, the mood will be far from the ebullient one in which the centenary was celebrated, in 1938. At that time Afrikanerdom was on the way up, and on the road to power. The ox wagon was also a bandwagon. Nothing of that now. The mood required in 1988 will be one of grim determination, because the *volk* is confronted with the greatest perceived threat to its existence since the Zulu king Dingaan treacherously murdered Piet Retief and his followers, in the *kraal* at Umgungundhlovo, on February 6, 1838. But the very fact of enhanced danger is likely to make the year 1988—commemorating in February the disaster at Umgungundhlovo, as well as in December the deliverance at Blood River—a most appropriate time to display the determination of the threatened *volk*.

I think it probable that many of those who take part in the commemorative ceremonies of 1988 will be drawn from the ranks of the Afrikaners who are supposed to have become Americanized. And it may be that their determination will be registered a shade more grimly for a certain sense of guilt about having, in those long leisure hours before the TV screen, allowed their attention to wander far from the Vow that Sarel Cilliers swore, on behalf of all Afrikaners, in the terrible days between Umgungundhlovo and Blood River.

It is not, of course, all a matter of Afrikaner pride, legends, memories. There are also Afrikaner *interests*. Some of these are general interests, shared by all whites. But some are specific to Afrikaners, and the nature of these makes it particularly difficult for Afrikaners to contemplate a transit of power to blacks. The basic problem here is that the power that would be in transit is *political* power, which has been an Afrikaner monopoly since 1948. And the political power in question here is not a matter that affects just a few elected officials. The fruits of political power have become the mainstay of life for a very large number of Afrikaners.

This phenomenon, like much else in South Africa, dates from 1948 and the first electoral triumph of the National Party. Dr. D. F. Malan, the first Nationalist prime minister, found an elegant and unchallengeable formula for turning the South African Civil Service into an Afrikaner monopoly. He simply decreed that future entrants into the civil service would have to be competent in both Afrikaans and English. And what could be fairer than that in (white) South Africa's bilingual society? In practice most Afrikaners knew at least some English—perforce, since English was the language of business. True, the English of many Afrikaners was not very good. But any reasonable Afrikaner candidate could attain a degree of competence in English adequate to satisfy a selection board made up mostly of Afrikaners.

However, whereas almost all English-speakers had acquired the rudiments of Afrikaans at school, hardly any of them had bothered to acquire a real command of the language, because they had never needed to. True, young English-speaking aspirants to public employment could start brushing up their Afrikaans. But it was not likely that many of them could acquire such a mastery of the finer points of the language as would satisfy a selection board made up mostly of Afrikaners.

With one neat stroke Dr. Malan had Afrikanerized the civil service of South Africa. And there was more to it than that. Selection procedures controlled by the Broederbond ensured that all top posts went to Broederbond members and the remaining posts to *regte* Afrikaners of lesser social standing.

The relevance of these transactions to the present situation is that Afrikaners—and especially *regte* Afrikaners—have much more to lose than English-speakers by a transfer of political power. Under "one man, one vote" the private sector, where most of the English-speakers are, could hope to carry on with business more or less as usual, as in Robert Mugabe's Zimbabwe. Some businessmen—especially in Port Elizabeth—believe that business would be a lot *better* under "one man, one vote" than it is now. The blacks, if they were well led, would in their own interest be inclined to lay off the private sector. But they would take over the public sector. They would Africanize it just as surely as Dr. Malan Afrikanerized it in 1948, and for the same reason: jobs for their own people.

And so, without that power scores of thousands of Afri-

kaners would find themselves out in the cold and—unlike the English-speakers—with nowhere outside South Africa to go. Many of them—with few skills that are in demand in the private sector—would be likely to sink back to the condition of poor whites, which was the condition of many of their families in the days before the resurgence of Afrikanerdom.

More generally, the Afrikaners, who came up from their nadir, in 1902, to make themselves, forty-six years later, the masters of the great, rich, and beautiful land of South Africa, would now fall back to an even more unacceptable position than was theirs in the aftermath of the Anglo-Boer war. Then they accepted defeat at the hands of the mightiest empire in the world. Now they would be lorded over by those over whom they themselves have lorded for so long.

That, no more and no less, is what Afrikaners have to fear—*that*, and not immersion in some generalized doom, such as being “driven into the sea,” in store for all whites (nowhere in Africa have whites been driven into the sea, though some other peoples have). What is at stake is the Afrikaner monopoly of political power. That is why the admonitions of the leaders of the business community fell on deaf ears, as far as the Afrikaner beneficiaries of political monopoly are concerned. Afrikaners see themselves as asked to sacrifice their own, deeply cherished, specific interests for the convenience of *Neef Brit*. Nothing in their history or in the nature of their present situation suggests that they are likely to do this.

Afrikaners are neither the uniquely virtuous *volk* of their own rhetoric—“the highest work of art of the Architect of the Centuries,” as Dr. Malan once put it—nor yet the

moral monsters depicted by outside rhetoric. They are ordinary human beings, with the normal human quotas of greed, arrogance, and so forth, operating within a unique predicament, which they have inherited and are now thrashing around in. I suspect that some of the righteous who denounce them from afar might behave quite like them if they were caught in a similar predicament—if, for example, there had been a black majority in America in the 1950s.

Pride and economic interest are here intertwined. There is probably no people that would willingly accept such a precipitous fall in power, status, and income as would be required of Afrikaners in the event of the great transition. So Afrikaners, despite their shaken morale, despite the defection of a certain intellectual elite, and despite their partial Americanization, seem likely to go on voting for the parties of the *laager*—the Nationalists and the Afrikaner parties to the right of them—so as to hold the Afrikaner monopoly of political and military power. The mini-election of last October reflected no weakening—rather the contrary—in the determination of Afrikaner voters to hold on to that monopoly.

While holding on to that monopoly to the very last possible moment, the Afrikaner leadership is likely to try various schemes involving the co-optation of blacks or the delegation of subordinate authority to blacks. That is already happening, in a crude but partly effective way, in the Homelands, where black elites and their dependent clansmen have common interests with the Afrikaners rather than with the black revolutionaries (generally the most deadly enemies of the Homelands elites).

But there is available a bolder and more radical form of

MEANWHILE

In the empire of labor-saving devices
that keep life at machine's length
our future
depends on an endangered species
of love-intensive persons
willing to walk not drive
the second mile
to use their naked hands to touch
the quick of things inside
their packages.

Let us keep silos
for silage and carry banners
to oppose our own entrenched
insanity and staunch the hedonistic hemorrhage
some joker branded
the economy.

Meanwhile
in my elegantly designed yet still unfunded
environmental research project
I continue to investigate the misty origins
the delicate circadian rhythms
Lady
of my love for you.

—Roger Shattuck

co-optation than any yet attempted. This is called the Zulu option or the Buthelezi option. This option is already much discussed and is likely to be attempted, in some shape or form, well before the apartheid regime reaches the end of its tether.

So, before we come to consider the possible character of that end game, let us take a look at the Zulu option.

In its roughest outline the Zulu option runs as follows: There are about six million Zulus in South Africa and about five million whites. Under apartheid lines of division, in South Africa's population of 27 million (excluding the four supposedly independent Homelands), blacks (Africans, Asians, coloureds) outnumber whites by more than four to one: whites make up 19 percent. But if Zulus could somehow be made allies of the whites, then the number of whites and their allies would rise to 41 percent—more than twice as nice as the way it is now. (It is all more complicated than that, but that is the general idea.)

But how to get Zulus out of the apartheid classification and into an alliance with whites? At this point the Zulu option becomes the Buthelezi option.

Chief Mangosothu Gatsha Buthelezi (he prefers the "Mangosothu," but the press, for obvious reasons, prefers the "Gatsha") has been chief minister since 1976 of the Homeland of Kwa Zulu, but he is much more than that. In general the Homeland chief ministers are local bosses, each a ruthless master of his allotted patch of territory, with few ambitions or capacities beyond that. But Buthelezi is a national and international figure, who has followed a line independent of both the South African government and the ANC-UDF leadership. Because he operates within the Homelands system and because he has campaigned internationally against sanctions and disinvestment, ANC spokesmen depict him as a stooge. But his track record is not that of a stooge. He refused "independence" status for Kwa Zulu at a time when the South African government was pushing its fiction of independent statehoods for the Homelands. In 1983 he campaigned against P. W. Botha's disastrous tricameral constitution, at a time when that document was being widely touted (especially in the business community) as "a step forward." He is very much his own man.

Buthelezi is often described as "a Muzorewa"—a comparison to Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who emerged briefly to nominal leadership in the last stages of Ian Smith's Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) and who was repudiated in the British-organized elections that brought Robert Mugabe to power. There is some point in the comparison, since white South Africans look at Buthelezi as white Rhodesians looked at Muzorewa: as a black option for when things get very bad, a late way of staving off the worst.

But Buthelezi has far more going for him than Muzorewa ever had. Buthelezi has his own power base, in Kwa Zulu, and his own large and dynamic political party, Inkatha, with an embryo militia in Inkatha's Youth League.

The Inkatha youth are a tough lot; they are often

referred to as the *Impis*, after the dreaded regiments of the Zulu kings Shaka, Dingaan, and Cetshwayo. There is a romantic aura about the whole movement—a fascist potential, according to its opponents (the ANC and the UDF).

Inkatha today claims a paid-up membership of one million, and even its adversaries do not dispute that the membership is large. The bulk of the membership is drawn from the northeastern province of Natal (including Kwa Zulu), but there are also many members in urban areas outside Natal. Buthelezi has addressed large meetings in Soweto.

Buthelezi's adversaries accuse him of splitting "the people"—which consist of all blacks, including Indians and coloureds—along ethnic lines. Buthelezi retorts that Inkatha membership is open to all. Still, almost all the members appear to be Zulus. In a conversation at Jan Smuts Airport with Buthelezi, who had with him John Mavusu, the top Inkatha man in Soweto, I put a question about that. Mavusu replied, "Inkatha is not a Zulu organization. But the Zulus have always provided the leadership for other Africans." Chief Buthelezi did not appear to dissent.

The ethnic factor in South African politics is very difficult for an outsider to assess. Perhaps even for an insider—inside *what*, after all? Apartheid, of course, insists on the transcendent importance of ethnicity, and assigns and reassigns ethnicities with ponderous and capricious rigor. The enemies of apartheid sweepingly dismiss ethnic categories as irrelevant. In fact ethnic affiliations—not necessarily as defined by Afrikaners—appear to remain important, though their manifestations can be extremely confusing. I was told by a distinguished and judicious resident of Soweto, Dr. Nthato Motlana, of a remarkable incident that occurred during my visit. A mob came down the street chanting, "Get the Zulus." What was remarkable was that the words shouted were *in Zulu*. And the shouters were themselves Zulu: Zulu Soweto residents attacking Zulu migrant workers holding Kwa Zulu passes. There are urbanized Zulus, politicized and de-ethnicized by the ANC, who hate Buthelezi and the very name of Zulu. But it seems that most Zulus are less complicated. Intertribal fighting has been a significant—though relatively little-noted—part of the unrest, and Zulus have often played a leading part in this. About sixty people were reported killed in fighting in Natal between Zulu and Pondo tribesmen on Christmas Day, 1985. Such clashes are triggered by local disputes—over matters like access to water—but they can also have some political overtones. The non-Zulu party to any such conflict is much more likely than the Zulu party to use ANC-UDF slogans, and is likely also to accuse the Zulus—and Buthelezi's Inkatha in particular—of tribalism and collaboration with Pretoria. And it is the very fact of this continuing contention among blacks that attracts the attention of some of Pretoria's planners to the Buthelezi option.

Buthelezi himself is a proud African, proud of his peo-

ple's martial history and of his own dynastic connections: he is a descendant on his mother's side of the last independent Zulu king, Cetshwayo. Buthelezi's manner is aristocratic, in a European rather than an African manner. Some other African chiefs whom I have met are rather obviously indifferent to the opinion of their interlocutor; they have a somnolent, inward-looking hauteur. Buthelezi, though, is charming, affable, considerate. On his visits to Britain he goes down very well, I believe, with members of the House of Lords.

Buthelezi is austere in his personal life. He doesn't drink or smoke, and there is no touch of scandal or corruption about him anywhere. In these respects he is very different from most of the other Homelands chiefs.

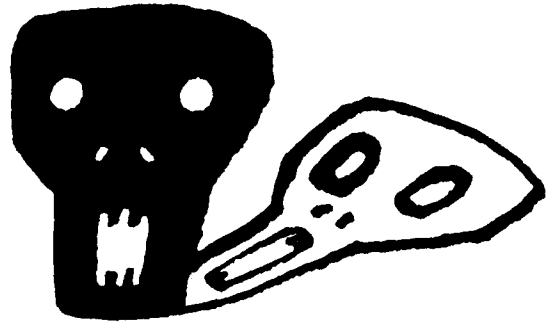
The trouble with the "Buthelezi option" is that Pretoria seems unable to deal with a proud African, or even to register the existence of such a phenomenon. The Buthelezi option, on Buthelezi's terms, would mean power in Natal Province: Natal as a predominantly Zulu state. There can be little doubt that this revival of Zulu glory would rally great numbers of Zulus around Buthelezi and that Pretoria could reap at least some of the benefit of the Zulu option. But that would still mean blacks ruling whites in Natal—even though the whites there are mostly English-speaking, not Afrikaners—and Pretoria still cannot stomach that. The Botha government at the end of 1985 was still thinking essentially in terms of buying off this (to them) awkward black with some kind of showy job in Pretoria. This is a hopeless version of the Zulu option. But the National Party seems incapable of envisaging any way of dealing with blacks except bludgeoning or bribery.

Racism, like other forms of hubris, tends to blind people to some of their true interests and to the nature of their predicament. And racism wrapped in layers of euphemism—as in contemporary South Africa—remains as blind, and as racist, as before.

But even if Pretoria at a later stage brings itself to take the Buthelezi option seriously, it will probably still only be buying a little more time for itself. For the serious trouble, which will not go away, is not in Natal but mainly in the Transvaal and the Cape, and there the pressures are bound to increase. All the demographic odds are heavily against the whites. In 1983, according to official South African statistics, black births outnumbered white by *ten to one*. (And these statistics are geared to *understating* the demographic disparity, by omitting the figures from the four all-black "independent" Homelands.)

The more black children, the more turbulent the black children. Politicization spreads fast in an expanding population with expanding unemployment, especially as the more energetic and ambitious children realize that politicization brings with it power within the ghettos. The children who count for most are the children with the neck-lace.

The more children, the more unrest; the more unrest, the more repression; the more repression, the more international pressure and the more economic misery.



LET US SUPPOSE THAT THIS VICIOUS SPIRAL DEVELOPS to the point where it overcomes the stiff resistance to change of a large part of the Afrikaner electorate. I doubt whether that will happen, even when things get much worse, but let us suppose it does happen. At some future general election—let us say the next one, in less than three years—large numbers of Afrikaner voters desert the *laager* parties and join forces with the Progressives. You have once again, as before 1948, a British-Afrikaner coalition. And you have a white state president who is pledged to enter into serious negotiations with the ANC about "one man, one vote."

Could such a state president count on the loyalty of the South African Defence Force?

I raised that question, in my Proustian way, in conversation with an Afrikaner political analyst who—because his specialty is Marxism—has been in close touch with South African military intelligence.

Could he, I asked, envisage some possible future circumstances in which the South African Defence Force might no longer be amenable to civilian control?

He looked at me, deadpan, and said, "You are supposing that there is civilian control at the moment."

Partly he was referring to a matter of structures. Security is the concern of a joint committee—the State Security Council—which includes the head of the Defence Force and the commissioner of police as well as members of the Cabinet. But many well-informed South Africans believe that the security forces are already, at least to some extent, a law unto themselves, prepared to ignore government policies of which they disapprove. Thus in Mozambique an apparently highly successful South African government line of policy seems to have been sabotaged and scorned by the South African military.

On March 16, 1984, the governments of South Africa and Mozambique concluded a pact—the Nkomati Accord—under which each government pledged itself to ensure that its territory would not be used for the planning or launching of a military attack on the other. Under that accord—which scandalized former admirers of Mozambique's ruling left-wing party, Frelimo—Mozambique reduced the ANC presence there to a small, purely diplomatic mission. It all seemed quite a coup for South

Africa. But in practice the accord was ignored—or rather, systematically violated—on the South African side. The South African military continued to provide logistic backing for the Mozambique Resistance Movement, Renamo. And during October the Mozambique government published captured documents—the authenticity of which is officially disputed by Pretoria but generally accepted by well-informed South Africans—according to which the military authorities advised Renamo to treat the Nkomati Accord as null and void, and spoke disrespectfully of South Africa's foreign minister, Mr. "Pik" Botha. (As it happens, I have never met a single South African, of any persuasion, condition, or color, who did *not* speak disrespectfully of Pik Botha; but that, of course, is not the point here.)

So it does rather look as if P. W. Botha's government may not be in full control of its own armed forces. The "wars" the South African forces have been intermittently waging or supporting beyond South African borders—in Angola and Namibia, Botswana and Lesotho, as well as in Mozambique and possibly in Zimbabwe—may well not be P. W. Botha's idea at all; he may have no alternative but to go along, much as the last governments of France's Fourth Republic rubber-stamped the actions of an army over which they had lost control.

And it does seem that the South African Defence Force may already be to a great extent "Algerianized." An important recent book, *Pretoria's Praetorians: Civil-Military Relations in South Africa*, by Philip Frankel, suggests as much. It appears that the lectures given at the South African Joint Defence College are entirely based on the work of the French general André Beaufre, a specialist in counterinsurgency, and that they draw on the lessons of France's experiences in Algeria and Indochina (presumably in order to avoid repeating those experiences). The quotations from this martial guru suggest that the boggling of the Afrikaner mind must be proceeding at an especially accelerated rate in the Joint Defence College. Beaufre, whose doctrine is that of "the indirect mode," says that the strategist in the indirect mode "is like a surgeon called upon to operate on a sick person who is growing continuously and with extreme rapidity and of whose detailed anatomy he is not sure: his operating table is in a state of perpetual motion and he must have ordered the instruments he is to use five years beforehand."

It doesn't sound as if the chances of a successful operation are all that high. All the same, it is clear that the graduates of the Joint Defence College are being conditioned to get their hands on that unfortunate "sick person" and try out their surgical skills.

It doesn't sound, either, as if the Afrikaner-dominated South African Defence Force would—even in much worsened circumstances—be likely to obey what they would regard as a *hensopper* state president, bent on making a deal with the ANC. Apart from their pride, traditions, and anti-Marxist, anti-ANC ideology, they have (like the Afrikaners in the civil service) their professional interests and

status to think about, which would be prime casualties of such a deal.

So it seems that even if a majority of the white electorate were prepared to throw in the sponge, the struggle to maintain white, and Afrikaner, supremacy would be carried on by the armed forces, presumably under martial law, with the suspension of the constitution (which is, in any case, not a document that inspires any great veneration, even among white South Africans).

True, there might be questions, under such conditions, about the discipline of some elements of the armed forces. English-speakers—a number of whom already try to evade national service—might desert or be allowed to resign. And there might be even more serious problems concerning the reliability of blacks (including Indians and coloureds) in the Defence Force.

Blacks make up at present about 40 percent of the South African Defence Force and the South West African Territorial Force (and about 50 percent of the police). Most of these are "other ranks," but some have recently been promoted to lieutenant. Most are noncombatants in support roles, but significant numbers have seen active service: it has been reported that at least 20 percent of the forces serving in Namibia have been blacks. There continue to be more black applicants for places in the Defence Force than there are places. Military analysts report that morale among the black troops is high, and, remarkably, there have apparently been no black desertions to the enemy.

This last phenomenon may be due in part to the extreme ferocity with which the champions of "the cause of the people" treat not only collaborators but at least some ex-collaborators. In October an army jeep carrying two black soldiers drove past a "political" funeral, always a dangerous gathering of mainly militant people. One of the black soldiers jumped out and gave the clenched-fist salute of the Revolution. He was immediately surrounded by a group of mourning children. Perhaps he thought they were coming to congratulate him. They tied a tire around his neck and burned him to death. It was not a news item likely to incite black soldiers to desert.

Of course, the discipline of the black soldiers may weaken under the rising pressures. But even the desertion of many blacks would hardly inflict crippling damage on the Defence Force. Armed blacks are confined to the infantry, with infantry weapons and training only. The armored units, the artillery, and the air force are all-white and mainly Afrikaner; the navy is still predominantly English-speaking but is becoming increasingly Afrikaner.

Even at an advanced phase of the unrest the South African Defence Force would probably still be able to hold, for a prolonged period, those parts of South Africa they would want to hold: primarily the Cape, plus the mineral-rich areas of the Transvaal. The 1977 Security Council embargo on the supply of weapons to South Africa has had the effect of making South Africa largely self-sufficient in conventional arms manufacture. (South Africa is also said to possess a nuclear capability.) The economic difficulties at-

tendant to such unrest would be very serious but probably not crippling. Afrikaners would be prepared to tighten their belts quite a lot rather than abandon their power and status. Sanctions and disinvestment would hurt, but a country with South Africa's resources will always be attractive to the international black market. "Gold," as the poet Horace remarked, "has a way of getting through the guards."

It is true that a general strike, a complete withdrawal of black labor, could defeat this last stand of Afrikanerdom. But it should be noted that the present wave of unrest in the townships is almost exclusively confined to the *unemployed* young. The employed have been mainly quiescent; the black trade-union leaders, once the focus of protest against apartheid, have taken a back seat politically since the children took over. A recent strike, in the principal hospital in Soweto, failed in November despite ferocious intimidation designed to keep it going. One nurse accused of strike-breaking was burned alive. The strike ended a few days later. The children are now threatening to enforce a general strike during this year, but they may find that miners don't burn so easily as nurses. Yet trade-union leaders by the end of 1985 were sounding more militant than they had during most of the year. The combination of pressure from the children and resentment at police actions may produce more strikes this year, though probably not the general strike the children call for.

In conditions of high unemployment and no social security, a job (any kind of job) is a most precious possession: hence, among other things, the flow of black recruits into the South African Defence Force. And a black rebel in South Africa is not in the relatively happy position of an IRA rebel in Northern Ireland, able to devote all his time to killing the soldiers of the enemy government, in the secure knowledge that the welfare services of the enemy government will keep the family of the "unemployed" rebel supplied with all the necessities of life. So a general and protracted withdrawal of black labor seems unlikely.

Up to almost the end of 1985 the unrest consisted mainly of what the children did, together with sporadic and relatively minor attacks, mostly with grenades but more recently with land mines, in border areas. The township unrest, led by the children, precipitated the brutal police repression, which caused most of the deaths in 1985 and attracted almost all the international attention. According to (admittedly approximate) figures published in *The Times* of London on December 20, 1985, there were 685 people killed in the period from January 1 to October 31, 1985, compared with 149 killed in all of 1984. More than half of those killed in 1985 were "blacks killed by police": 360 people. As against that, only eighteen policemen were killed; significantly, seventeen of these were "killed by township residents," as against only one "killed by guerrillas." The next largest category of killed after "blacks killed by police" was "residents killed by residents": 201 people. These included the victims of the children, and this cate-

gory may be more subject to underestimation than the others; in any case, in 1985 this category by itself exceeded all of the deaths in 1984. The category "blacks killed by police" increased nearly five times from 1984 to 1985 (79 to 360), but the category "residents killed by residents" increased more than ten times (17 to 201) over the same period. The category "police killed by residents" increased even more sharply: from one in 1984 to seventeen in 1985.

Those *Times* figures showed only one white killed by blacks in 1984 and only one white killed by blacks for 1985 up to October 31 (the latest date covered by the *Times* survey). But in the last days of 1985 the figure for whites killed by blacks suddenly shot up. Six white civilians—including four children—were killed on December 15 by land-mine explosions in a game reserve near the Zimbabwe border. The ANC claimed that these explosions were "justified." On December 23 a bomb in a crowded shopping center at Amanzimtoti, a white beach resort south of Durban, killed another six white civilians. No organization claimed responsibility for the Amanzimtoti bomb, but Michael Hornsby, the experienced South Africa correspondent of *The Times*, commented on the incident: "It is arguably the most indiscriminate act of urban terror to date except insofar as it seems to have been aimed mainly at whites. It has long been predicted that pressure on the ANC leadership from impatient young members of the organization to attack white civilians directly would become irresistible."

So by the end of 1985 the children seemed to be setting the pace for the guerrillas as well as for the townships. And several correspondents noted a hardening of mood also among whites, especially in the Afrikaner community, following the two major black-on-white incidents of December. Pressure for a tougher military response to black terrorism was rising.

A military—or simply more deeply militarized—government in South Africa might be expected to get a lot tougher than the government of P. W. Botha has yet felt able to be. The model might be General Jacques Massu's successful repression of the Front de Libération Nationale (FLN) in Algiers in the late 1950s. (The Massu repression was itself a response to FLN indiscriminate terror-bombings of Europeans, very much on Amanzimtoti lines.) If an Afrikaner Massu is to persuade people in the townships that he is more frightening than the children with the necklace or the bomb, he is going to have to become very frightening indeed. The least that might be expected—under martial law and a total news blackout—would be house-to-house searches backed by uninhibited use of firepower; torture (on a larger scale than now practiced) and execution of suspects; and deportations and concentration camps.

General Charles de Gaulle, by about 1960, was able to bring Massu-style repression in Algeria to an end, and then to abandon French Algeria (in 1962). But there is no Afrikaner De Gaulle and no possibility of one, no general or



statesman with anything corresponding to that commanding prestige. For the post of an Afrikaner Massu, though, there would be plenty of competition.

I rejected earlier the current facile tendency to equate present-day Afrikaner nationalism with Nazism. But like all exalted nationalisms, the Afrikaner kind probably has a potential for something like Nazism, which could be evoked by events as they develop. In general, Afrikaner nationalism up to now has been like *pre*-Nazi German nationalism, with a similar tendency to idolize the *volk*. But the idolatry of the *volk* can turn into something very dangerous when the *volk* feels humiliated and deeply threatened. That was how the metamorphosis set in in Germany

after 1918, and events in South Africa, in the terminal stages of Afrikaner power, could precipitate a similar metamorphosis.

If South Africa were left to itself, I think Massu-style (or Nazi-style) repression could be a success, in its own ghastly way. I don't see how the ANC or the children could stand up against it.

If South Africa were left to itself . . . But even already it isn't. I'm not talking about sanctions and disinvestment, which—even combined with the internal unrest—are quite unlikely to end Afrikaner domination over the peoples of South Africa. I'm talking about external *military* intervention.

ON SOUTH AFRICA'S BORDER external military intervention already exists. About 30,000 Cuban troops are in Angola, where some of them have been (briefly) in combat with South African forces. And the Soviet Union is believed to have warned South Africa in November of 1983—through its ambassador at the United Nations—that any attempt by South Africa to challenge the Cuban defense positions south of Luanda “would not be tolerated.”

South African propaganda makes, of course, the most of the red shadow on its borders. And it even appears that some of the more feverish military minds in Pretoria have been hoping to provoke direct Soviet intervention in Angola, in the belief that the United States would then throw its weight behind South Africa.

But to appear as the champion of South Africa is not a coveted international role now. It will be even less coveted if the rulers of South Africa meet rising unrest with far more thoroughgoing repression (as envisaged above). No news blackout could prevent word of Massu-style repression in South Africa from reaching the outside world, probably even in an exaggerated form. The word *genocide* has already been used, wildly, to characterize the actions of P. W. Botha's government. But future forms of repression may be such as to lead many people not only to throw the word around but also to believe that genocide is actually happening. And then there will be an international call for someone to stop the genocide.

In a book about the United Nations (published in 1968) I put forward as a possible scenario, in some such situation, the following:

The General Assembly passes a resolution calling on its members to supply contingents for military intervention in South Africa. The Soviet Union and its allies announce that they will contribute to such a force and participate in such an intervention. The Soviet Union is then casting itself in the same role—champion of international legality and of aroused world opinion—that the United States did over Korea, with the mandate of the General Assembly's “Uniting for Peace” Resolution of 1950.

I don't think that unilateral Soviet intervention will actually happen. But I think that the possibility of something on that order happening is already influencing the course of events. Indeed, the recognition of the existence of the possibility is the principal reason why the possibility is unlikely to come to fruition.

If the Soviet Union seemed to be moving toward assuming the kind of role I have described, the United States would have three options, all of them unattractive.

The first option would be to do nothing. Since the effect of that would be (or be seen as being) to hand over South Africa, its mineral resources and its strategic position, to the Soviets. I take it that this option is in practice impossible.

The second option would be to tell the Soviet Union, “Hands off South Africa!” Because the Soviet Union seems quite unlikely to want to risk inter-superpower war over a

remote region in which it has only contingent interests, it would presumably back away. But as it backed away, it would unleash a propaganda barrage, to which the United States would be extremely vulnerable. The United States would be credibly represented as the protector of a white regime practicing genocide against blacks. There are already signs—under the present *relatively* mild conditions—that the United States is increasingly reluctant to appear in the role of protector of South Africa. So the second option seems improbable (though not impossible, like the first one).

The third option is for the United States itself to back a military intervention, which would then become a United Nations operation backed by both superpowers—and probably sanctioned by the Security Council as well as the General Assembly. Under this option the United States could hope to protect its own interests in the region with international approval. So this option—though no doubt repugnant to many U.S. policy-makers—looks like being less repugnant than the other two.

Under certain freak circumstances the normal condition of superpower rivalry can turn into limited superpower consensus. That happened in November of 1956, over Suez, when both superpowers—in different tones of voice—ordered Britain, France, and Israel to get out of Egypt, which they did.

And it happened in 1963, when United Nations forces, with the support or at least the acquiescence of both superpowers, put an end to the Independent State of Katanga, which with West European support (and also South African support) had seceded from what is now Zaire.

The case of Katanga seems especially instructive in relation to U.S. options regarding South Africa. Katanga was of course a much smaller and less significant territory. But like South Africa, Katanga was exceptionally rich in strategic minerals, and like South Africa, Katanga made much of its anti-communism. Its motto, everywhere displayed, was, “Katanga: Central Africa's shield against Communism.” Under the Eisenhower Administration the United States bought the “shield” idea, and protected Katanga. But under Kennedy the United States slowly and hesitantly reached the conclusion that Katanga, and its anti-communism and its unpopularity, had become a liability to the United States and an asset to the Soviet Union. The process of thought by which this conclusion was reached is set out in *To Move a Nation*, the memoirs of Roger Hilsman, the director of the Bureau of Intelligence and Research in the Kennedy State Department. Those memoirs make interesting reading today, in the context of South Africa. Because when the United States reached the conclusion that Katanga was a liability, the United Nations put an end to Katanga, by force—a policy that the Soviet Union had long urged and so could not oppose.

A kind of limited superpower consensus on South Africa emerged in 1977, when the Security Council decreed a mandatory embargo against the supply of arms to South Africa. Under such conditions as are contemplated above,

that consensus could develop into something much more formidable, on mega-Katangan lines.

October 24, 1985, was the fortieth anniversary of the United Nations. On that day I took part in a debate on South African Television with Dr. Brand Fourie, whom I had known when he was South Africa's permanent representative at the United Nations; he was later ambassador in Washington. Before the cameras I talked about the possible line of development examined above: limited superpower consensus, expressed through the United Nations, leading to the extinction of white-controlled South Africa. South African Television is government controlled, and this kind of thing is not generally discussed on it. Dr. Fourie—who happens to be the present chairman of the South African Broadcasting Corporation—was naturally discreet in his reaction. All he said before the cameras about such a possibility was, "It can't be ruled out."

As Dr. Fourie and I walked out of the studios, after the televised discussion, we went on talking about limited superpower consensus. He told me, "I said just there it couldn't be ruled out. But there's more than that. That thing is my nightmare and has been for years."

Of course, it is one thing to snuff out little Katanga and quite another to deal with the South African Defence Force. Presumably there would be a United Nations naval blockade, with superpower participation, and a blockade along South Africa's land frontiers, combined with a build-up of forces on those frontiers, and followed by an ultimatum requiring South Africa to bring the repression to an end and to assent to the organization, under the United Nations, of free and non-racial elections.

And what would the South African reply be?

I put that question to two Afrikaner political scientists, with whom I discussed this possible scenario. Both of them thought that the South African government (or junta) might use its "nuclear capability" against the United Nations.

The Götterdämmerung of the *volk*!

Obviously, there would be *bittereinders* who would favor that course; that is what *bittereinders* are for. But on the whole it seems more likely that the *hensoppers*, in that extremity, would prevail, as they did at the end of the Anglo-Boer War. Militarily, and nationally, there would be no disgrace in capitulation to such overwhelming force. Pride would be saved: it would have taken nothing less than the whole world to overcome the *volk*. And interests could at least be better protected by capitulation than by Götterdämmerung.

In some such way as that, the immensely difficult transition of power might be achieved. In all the above I have of course been guessing. But I have tried, in my guessing, to

respect existing patterns of force. Obviously, it would be foolish to attempt any similar analysis of what might happen after the transition. Still, certain shapes can already be dimly made out, looming in the fog.

Even after apartheid and all its elaborate mutations have been thrown to rust on the scrap heap of history, South Africa will still have enormous problems. There will be more and more children, and more and more of the children will be unemployed. It may be nearly as hard for a black government to control Soweto as it is for a white government.

But the new black South Africa, unlike the other African countries, will have a large black middle class. "We are the fittest for independence, and we shall be the last to get it." It was Oliver Tambo who said that to me, back in 1960, when I was a delegate to the General Assembly, and he was a "non-governmental observer" on behalf of the ANC. What he meant was that South Africa, unlike the countries of West, East, and Central Africa, then beginning to flock into the United Nations, had a large class of educated blacks: a black bourgeoisie, though he didn't put it that way. (Tambo himself is essentially a liberal; he will get on very well with Dr. Slabbert.)

I think that after that transition South Africa's first elected black government is likely to be responsive to, and reliant on, those educated blacks. It will be essentially a middle-class government, though it may be "middle-class Marxist," like the government of Robert Mugabe.

Such a government would probably be supported by organized labor—the employed—but would be immediately challenged by all the "outs" of black society, including the politicized unemployed. There likely would be doubts about the loyalty of the lower ranks in the expanded black contingents of the reconstituted armed forces.

In these conditions the new black government would need such allies as it could find. And it would be likely to find allies among the whites. A multi-racial coalition, probably a tacit one, could be expected to emerge: a coalition of all those with something to lose, whatever the color of their skin.

The multi-racial bourgeois coalition might not be wholly attractive, though it might, with luck, work quite well. But it would be better than apartheid, and better than the Botha-esque mutations of apartheid. It would be a lot better than a possible coming "Massu apartheid." And it would be a lot better also than the rule of the children with the necklace, or rather of whichever ominous child emerged as the victor out of the internecine competition for power within a political movement whose sanction, symbol, and signature is the burning alive of people in the street. □

*In the United States every year the weather claims 700 lives
and does billions of dollars' worth of damage. But forecasting is getting better*

THE WEATHER WATCHERS

BY GORDON WILLIAMS

THE QUESTION THAT METEOROLOGISTS SAY THEY are asked the most is why our weather seems to have gotten worse. In fact, our weather *has* gotten worse lately. There have been more storms and the storms have been more severe. Drought has been more widespread. There have been greater extremes of heat and cold. J. Murray Mitchell, a research climatologist with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), acknowledges that the earth's climate has become more variable and cantankerous. But these changes in the weather, he notes, have taken place only since 1972, and they are apparent only in contrast with the weather of an equally brief period: the fifties and sixties.

In retrospect, the fifties and sixties were a golden age of mostly moderate temperatures and mostly sufficient rainfall. If the weather has turned relatively harsh since then, it was also relatively harsh before then. No weather event in this country over the past decade has matched in duration or severity the drought that turned the Southwest into a dust bowl in the 1930s. "If you go back beyond the fifties and sixties," Mitchell says, "you see more of the sort of variability we've had since 1972. It was the fifties and sixties that caused us to lose perspective. The seventies and eighties are more typical of what we can expect in the future." No one really knows why the fifties and sixties brought a spell of relatively benign weather, and no one really knows why that spell has come to an end.

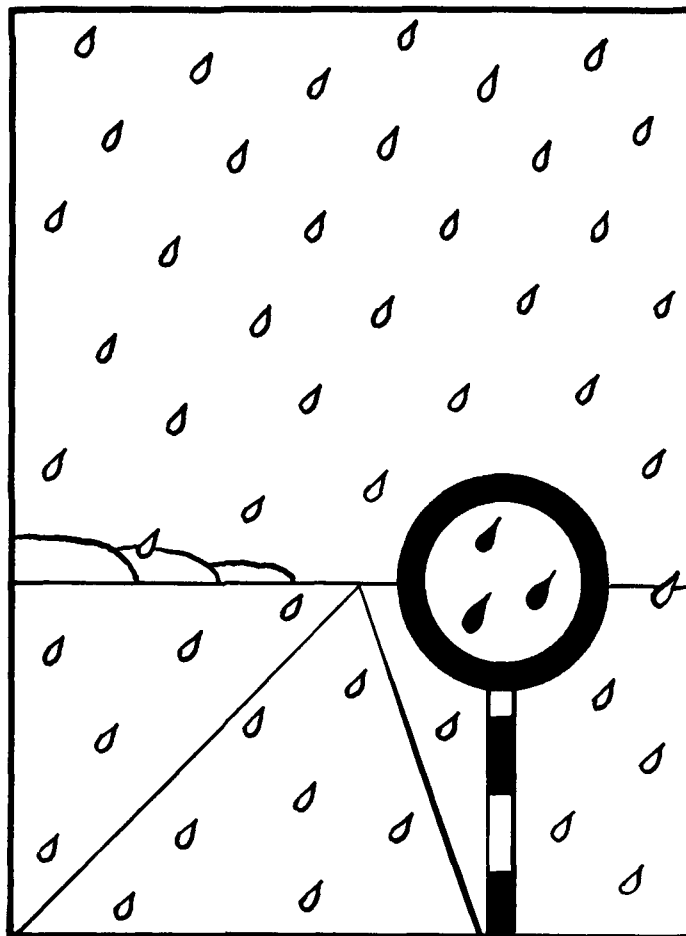
But meteorologists *can* pinpoint the source of several specific weather events of the past decade or so. The early 1980s, for example, produced some

particularly awful weather, in large measure because the earth fell victim to two intense but relatively short-lived phenomena, both now safely past. These were the eruption of the Mexican volcano El Chichón in March and April of 1982, and a particularly grueling siege by the El Niño–Southern Oscillation, an ocean anomaly peculiar to the Pacific.

Benjamin Franklin, while ambassador to France, may have been the first to conclude that the clouds of ash and gas produced by volcanic eruptions could affect the weather, by keeping more of the sun's heat from reaching the earth. Franklin arrived at this idea when the 1783 eruption of Laki, in Iceland, was followed by a bitterly cold winter in Europe. The most enormous volcanic eruption in the past 500 years was that of Tambora, in Indonesia, in 1815. The ash cloud from Tambora turned 1816 into "the year

without a summer." New England experienced killing frosts in every month of the year. El Chichón is not a Tambora-class volcano, but it probably put more ash and sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere than any other eruption of the twentieth century—far more, for instance, than the celebrated eruption of Mount St. Helens, in 1980. In any event the earth's average temperature, having set a record high in 1981, cooled a little in 1982, presumably because of El Chichón. By 1983, however, the effect of El Chichón had diminished and the temperature, according to Mitchell, again became "uncommonly warm."

"El Niño" is the Spanish name for the Christ Child, and it has long been used by fishermen in Peru and Ecuador to designate a warm current from the north that



normally comes every year around Christmastime. More recently scientists have identified a much broader phenomenon in the South Pacific that also tends to occur toward the end of December, though not every year. This is known as the El Niño–Southern Oscillation, and it can do very strange things to the world's weather for a year or even longer.

Climatologists don't know what sets off an El Niño–Southern Oscillation, but they know more or less the sequence of events that follow. Normally the waters off the Pacific coast of South America are cold, while the waters of the western Pacific are very warm. The prevailing winds blow mostly from the east, keeping that warm water where it belongs. But every few years the easterly winds suddenly give way to westerly winds, and the warm waters from the western Pacific supplant the cold waters of the eastern Pacific. This completely upsets the normal climatic system of the eastern Pacific and somehow results in unusual weather around the world.

Climatologists can only speculate about why the last El Niño–Southern Oscillation turned so mean. Instead of coming at Christmastime, as usual, it started in June of 1982 and persisted, with increasing intensity, for two years. Its impact was staggering. Eugene Rasmusson is the chief of the diagnostics branch of the Climate Analysis Center of the National Weather Service and its resident expert on El Niño. He says, "The climate departures were of historic proportion. The effects went completely off the scale." Water temperatures in the eastern Pacific were the warmest on record. The United States got a warm winter, flooding in the South, and violent storms along the Pacific coast. Europe had warm, wet weather, while desert regions in Peru that normally get a few inches of rain a year got as much as twelve feet of it. Even as that rain fell, southeastern Africa suffered a devastating drought.

Why did El Niño last for so long and wreak such havoc? Was there a tie between El Niño and El Chichón? Was it a coincidence that the super El Niño began right after the record-high temperatures of 1981? And how could so much human misery in Africa be caused by an errant current in the Pacific? Records go-

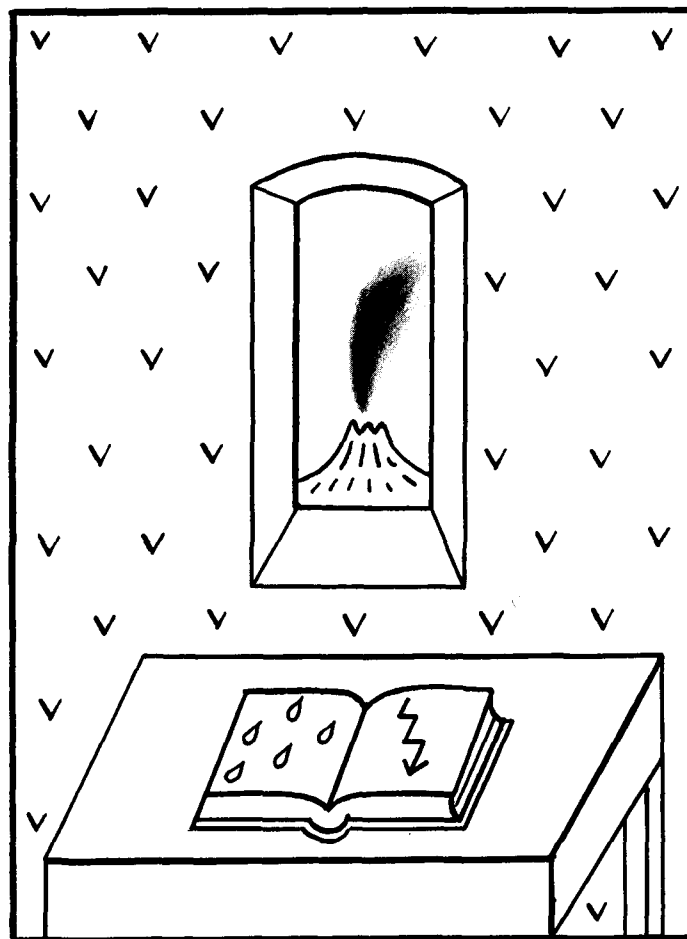
ing back more than a century show that the worst African droughts often come in El Niño years. "It's disturbing because we don't understand the process," Rasmusson says.

THAT AN OCEAN CURRENT IN THE PACIFIC CAN AFFECT rainfall in Africa illustrates what a global phenomenon weather patterns are. The rain that fell on New York yesterday was the result of a weather system created days before, thousands of miles away. And the weather system that brought rain to New York yesterday brought other sorts of weather to other parts of the country. On one autumn Sunday last year, a single storm system brought snow to Montana and Colorado, record cold to Nebraska, torrential rain and flooding to Kansas and Oklahoma, tornadoes to Mississippi, and steady rain to Iowa and Illinois. Weather often seems to be an intensely local affair; "mesoscale" weather—small-scale, hit-and-run weather like squalls and tornadoes—is by definition local. But even mesoscale weather is part of large-scale weather systems.

The earth is actually the floor of a great sea—not of water but of air—called the troposphere. It reaches up a dozen miles. Virtually all weather occurs within the troposphere, and the reason it occurs at all is that the sun heats the air over different parts of the globe to different temperatures, generating variable winds and rates of evaporation.

The warm equatorial air flows toward the poles, and the cold polar air slips under it toward the equator. If the earth didn't spin, that flow of air would always be north-south, equator-to-pole and pole-to-equator. Because the earth does spin, the flow of air is deflected: to the right above the equator and to the left below it. This is the Coriolis Effect, named after the French engineer who discovered it.

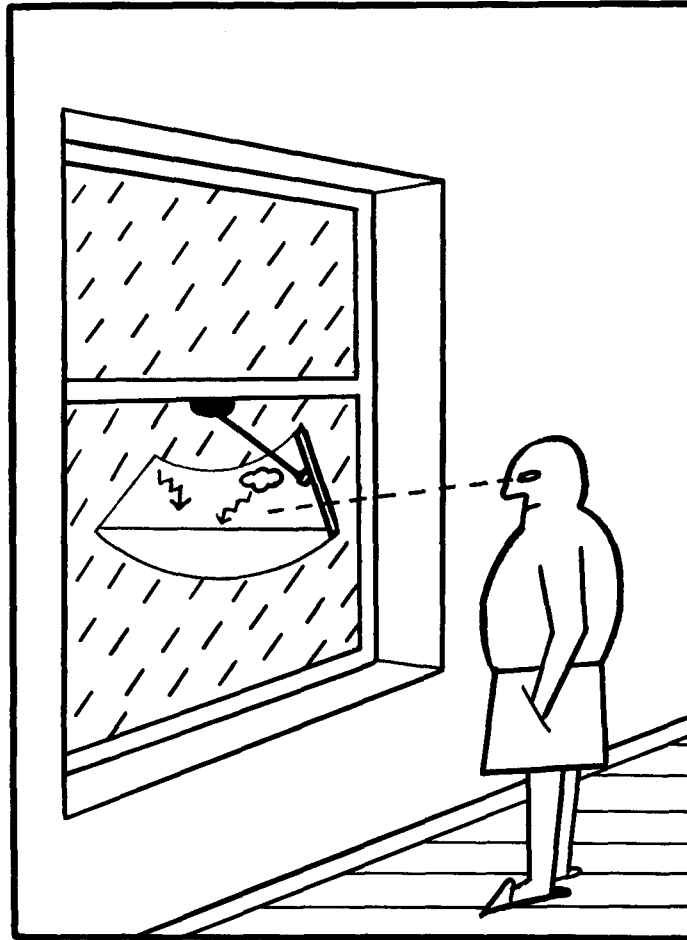
In the Northern Hemisphere heated air rises from the equator and moves toward the North Pole. By latitude 30° the air has cooled enough so that some of it descends to earth and turns back to the equator. As that air heads south it is deflected to the right—in this case from east to west, becoming the trade winds of the tropics. The rest of the air continues toward the



pole and is also deflected toward the right—in this case from west to east, to become the prevailing westerlies of our temperate zone. Once the air reaches the pole, it is driven back toward the equator and is now deflected from east to west, as the polar easterlies. Because of the prevailing westerlies, weather tends to sweep across the United States from west to east. The westerlies, however, are always in collision with the frigid polar easterlies to the north, and as a result the weather of North America is unstable and sometimes harsh. Making matters worse are the continent's north-south mountain ranges, which create natural highways for the collision of warm and cold air. "Those are just about the right conditions for severe weather," says Richard Hallgren, the director of the National Weather Service. The United States has more violent, mesoscale weather than does any other nation in the world.

The U.S. government has been trying systematically to make sense of the weather since shortly after the Civil War, when President Ulysses S. Grant signed a law ordering the Army to begin making meteorological observations so as to warn of storms at sea and on the Great Lakes. The Army Signal Service placed "observer-sergeants" at twenty-four stations around the country. Their first observations—of cloud cover, precipitation, wind speed and direction, temperature, and barometric pressure—were telegraphed to Washington at 7:35 A.M. on November 1, 1870, and the first regular weather forecasting service started operation three months later.

After much moving around and a few name changes, what is now called the National Weather Service wound up inside the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (which, in turn, is inside the Department of Commerce). Today the Weather Service has 5,000 employees and an annual budget of more than \$300 million. There are fifty-two Weather Service forecasting offices in major U.S. cities and 240 other weather offices around the country, all reporting to Washington on local conditions. There are also specialized outposts, such as the National Hurricane Center, in Miami, and the National Severe Storms Forecast Center, in Kansas City.



The Weather Service is something like a great espionage network, with armies of agents in the field, trying to sniff out the enemy's most closely held secrets, and evaluators back at headquarters, fitting together the pieces. The Weather Service has many ways of sniffing out secrets. There is, of course, radar, which was developed shortly before the Second World War. Because precipitation appears as a solid object on the radar screen, radar allows meteorologists to spot storms at a distance. To monitor the weather high aloft, balloons carrying "radiosondes" go up twice a day from seventy weather stations around the continental United States. A radiosonde consists of an array of instruments and a radio to transmit the information back. The package

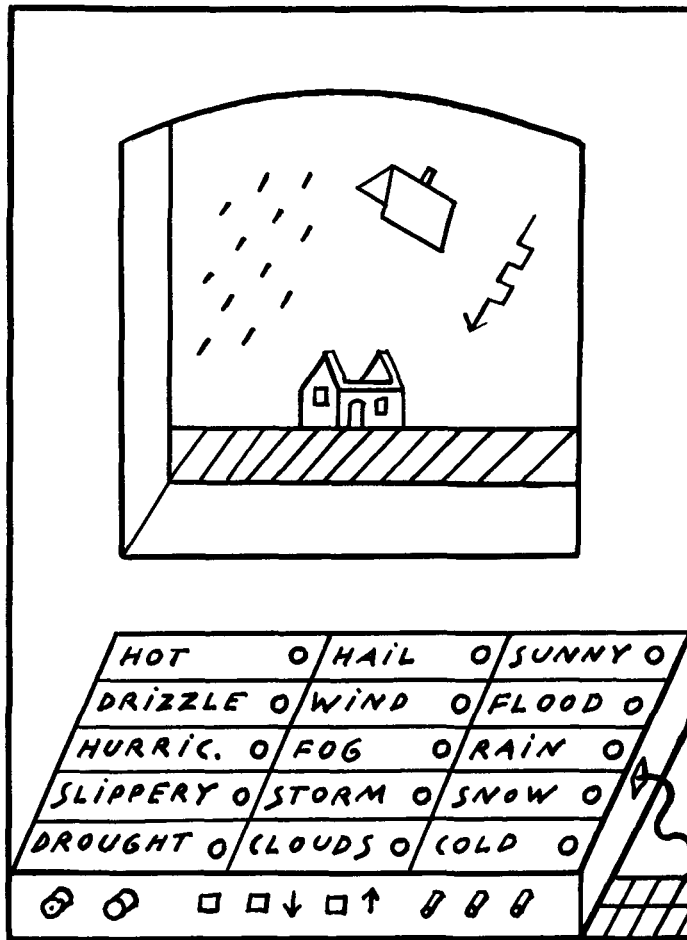
also includes a paper-and-bamboo parachute to waft the instruments to earth, after the balloon has soared to 100,000 feet and popped. (It takes a radiosonde ninety minutes to reach that altitude, during which time data is relayed instantly from various points along the way.) The instrument packages cost \$60 apiece. About a third of them are returned, mostly by farmers who find them in their fields. There are also forty-eight buoys, maintained by the National Data Buoy Center, moored in the waters around the country. Thousands of ships at sea and planes in the air collect weather data on Washington's behalf. Finally, there are weather satellites, which send back photographs and infrared soundings of global weather from on high.

The first weather satellite—the Television InfraRed Observation Satellite, or TIROS—went up on April 1, 1960, giving meteorologists at last a look at weather on a global scale. Before that, weather over 80 percent of the world had gone totally unobserved. Today the United States has two polar weather satellites, NOAA 6 and NOAA 9. Each is 500 miles up and makes a pole-to-pole swing around the globe every 102 minutes, clicking away as the world turns below. NOAA also operates the Geostationary Operational Environmental Satellites (GOES), which keep pace with the rotation of the earth and thus appear to hang motionless in space, 22,500 miles above the United States. Normally there would be two GOES working aloft: GOES East, over the eastern United States, and GOES West, just

off the West Coast, each sending back a photograph every half hour. In August of 1984 GOES East failed. GOES West, which was moved over to mid-continent, will be doing double duty until another satellite goes up this spring.

All of the data collected by the Weather Service, amounting to 100,000 observations each day, is sent to the National Meteorological Center, in Camp Springs, Maryland, just south of Washington. It is digested by a Cyber 205 supercomputer and turned into "guidance products"—essentially, statistics and weather maps—that go to the local weather offices. (The supercomputer, manufactured by the Control Data Corp., was purchased by NOAA in 1983 for \$16 million.) Every twelve hours the Cyber spits out a new set of guidance products for the local offices, there to be blended with local observations, incorporated into computer models covering local conditions, and ultimately being used to create actual weather forecasts. Being a supercomputer, the Cyber processes tremendous quantities of data—which is one thing that meteorologists in the field can supply—at speeds that are dazzling even for computers. The Cyber runs so fast that it must be laced with refrigeration tubes, carrying freon gas, to keep it from suffering the computer equivalent of heatstroke.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, IT HAS BEEN THE ADVENT OF powerful computers—and, with their aid, the creation of sophisticated forecasting models—that constitutes the most important recent development in weather forecasting. These models are highly complex mathematical formulations of the atmosphere that simulate the way weather behaves around the world. The models are built from a myriad of equations representing such processes as the warming of the atmosphere by the sun and the condensation of water vapor. When actual data from around the world are plugged into a forecasting model, the result is a simulation of how the Earth's weather will behave for as far ahead as the model is built to foresee. The simulation is not perfect, because weather observations are not gathered from every place in the world (data is



sparse, for example, from the Pacific Ocean—where much of our weather originates—and from most of the Southern Hemisphere) and because no computer model can mimic reality in all its nuances. Still, computer simulations are better than what forecasters relied upon before, which was chiefly guesswork. Indeed, the accuracy of weather forecasts these days is rather high. For all the jokes about errant weathermen, meteorologists' predictions are broadly correct about 80 percent of the time.

Meteorologists are convinced that if only they could design the perfect mathematical model—one that represented the atmosphere in all its complexity—they could forecast the weather with real precision. More powerful computers do make for

more exact models. The Cyber 205, for example, can do 200 million calculations per second, making it ten times faster than NOAA's old IBM computers. The models that the Cyber can run portray more accurately how the warmth of the sun influences weather patterns, and they are capable of doing far more than previous models could in taking surface features of the earth into account.

But there are limits to how far even a Cyber can go. The trouble, Richard Hallgren says, is that "bigger computers come along, so you improve your model until you get the full goodness out of it, and then you need a bigger computer." George Murphy, who is the chief of computer operations for the National Meteorological Center, is already looking for a successor to Cyber. "The next step would have to increase the output tenfold," Murphy says. Nothing on the market comes close to that yet, and nothing will for a few more years.

The biggest recent advances in meteorology have come in medium-range forecasting—forecasting three to ten days ahead—because that is where the computer models are most sophisticated. "Today's four-day forecast is as accurate as a two-day forecast used to be, and we're developing some useful skill in forecasting out to seven days," says William Bonner, the director of the National Meteorological Center. "By the time you get to seven days, you might as well be guessing," Bonner says. "But not too many years ago, that was true once you got beyond two days."

The outlook is for medium-range forecasting to keep getting slowly but steadily better, as computers and computer models keep getting better, out to the theoretical limit of a two-week forecast that goes beyond guesswork. However, in short-range mesoscale forecasting improvements are likely to be dramatic. Dr. Richard Anthes, the director of the Atmospheric Analysis and Prediction Division of the National Center for Atmospheric Research, in Boulder, Colorado, says, "The potential is there for a quantum jump, a real breakthrough, within the next five years."

Unlike a blizzard, which can blanket a dozen states and last for days, mesoscale weather covers only a small area and passes through quickly. But, like a blizzard, mesoscale weather can kill. One day last August, for example, a violent storm hit Cheyenne, Wyoming. In less than four hours Cheyenne had six inches of rain and six inches of hail. Flash floods left twelve people dead. Obviously, the more warning that weather forecasters can give of storms like this, the more lives that can be saved. Yet mesoscale weather builds so quickly and moves so erratically that predicting it accurately has long been next to impossible.

The only way to spot mesoscale weather is to collect and analyze with great frequency as much weather data from a given area as possible. One group of meteorologists in Boulder, members of the Program for Regional Observing and Forecasting Services (PROFS), has for six years been attempting to do just that. Established by NOAA, PROFS hopes to develop a forecasting system that can spot storms before they strike. "We're doing what they're going to want to be doing in weather forecasting in the 1990s," says Alexander MacDonald, the program's director.

PROFS gets observations from four times as many ground stations in its area as the usual Weather Service office, and it gets them every five minutes instead of the standard once an hour. PROFS uses Doppler radar, a more advanced kind than the radar systems used by the Weather Service. Doppler radar can in effect peek inside a storm and, by measuring the speed of the rotating winds, spot a tornado brewing or identify the sudden downdrafts that can slam an airplane to the ground. The Boulder group also employs a new device

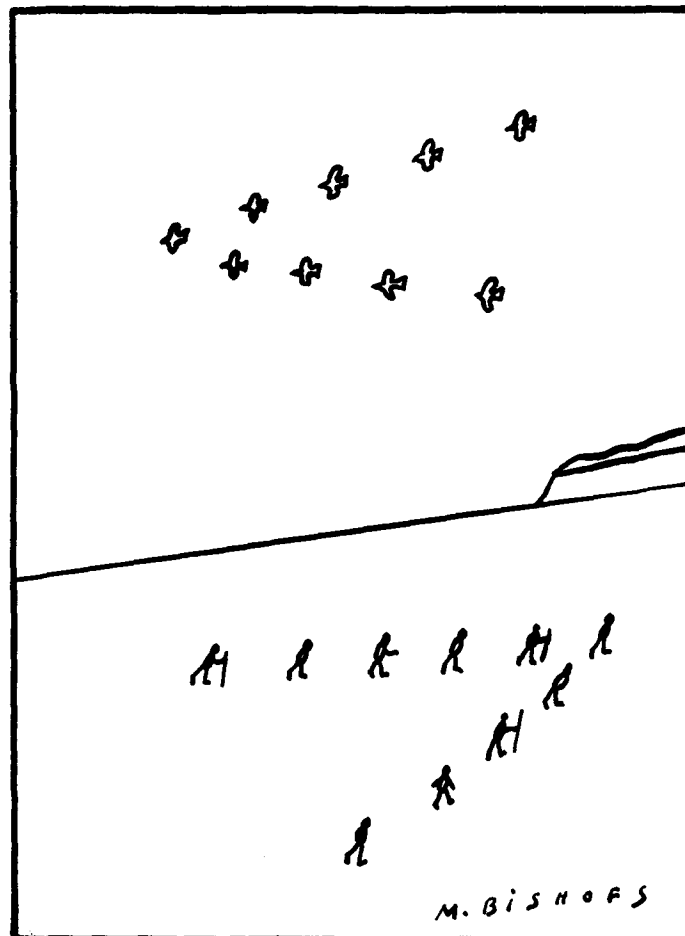
called a profiler, which sits on the ground but can observe what is happening high in the atmosphere. Like weather balloons, profilers measure temperature and wind velocity; unlike weather balloons, they operate continuously.

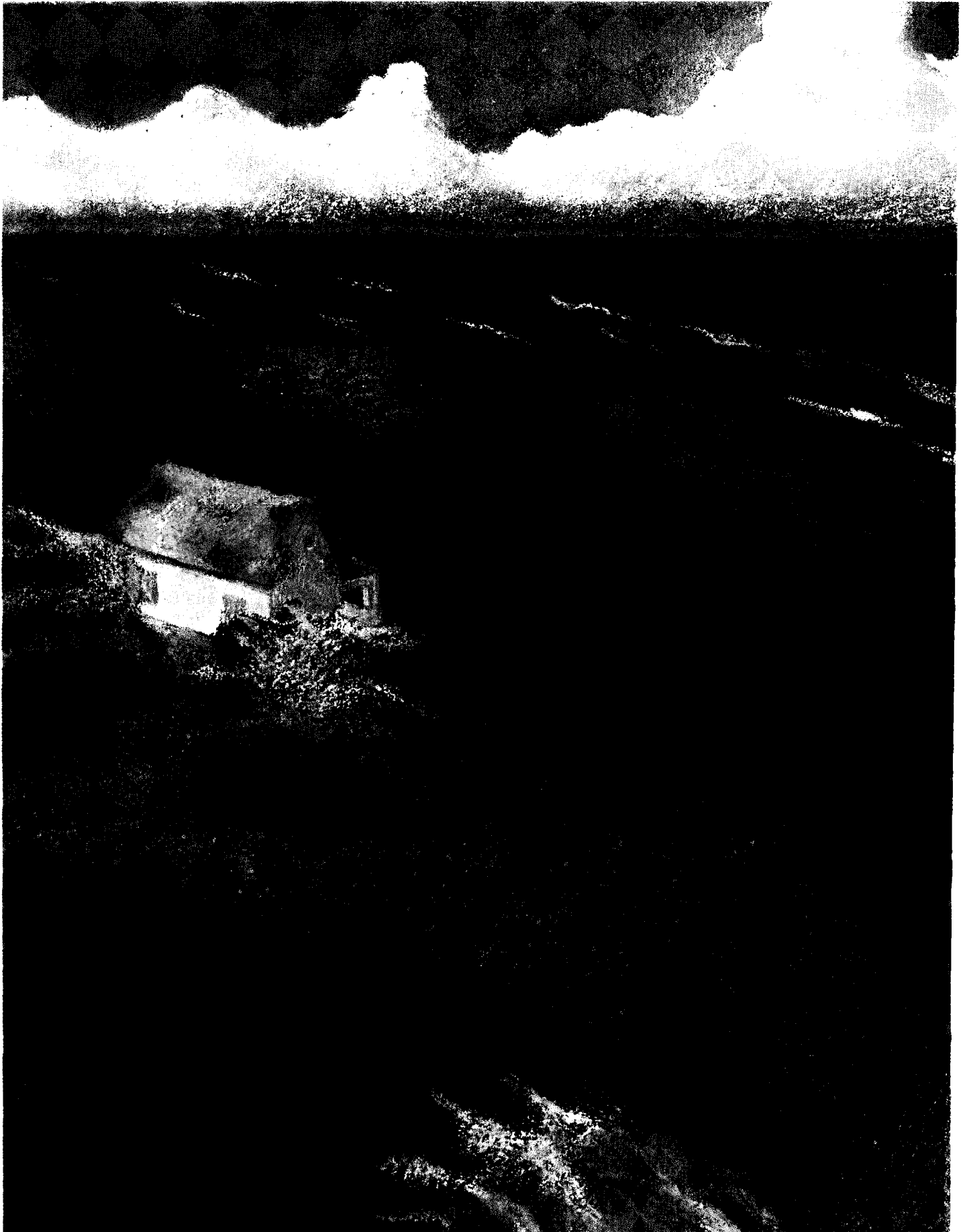
So far the results of the PROFS experiment have been promising. In a 1983 test PROFS proved to be 50 percent better at forecasting severe thunderstorms than the Denver Weather Service office. A 1984 test of the project's radar, at Denver's Stapleton International Airport, is believed to have prevented at least one tragedy by warning an airliner of dangerous wind gusts. The Cheyenne storm "showed up beautifully," MacDonald says. "We could tell that a storm would hit in two hours, in the general area of southeast Wyoming, and that it would be a bad one." The Weather Service issued a bulletin, probably saving many lives.

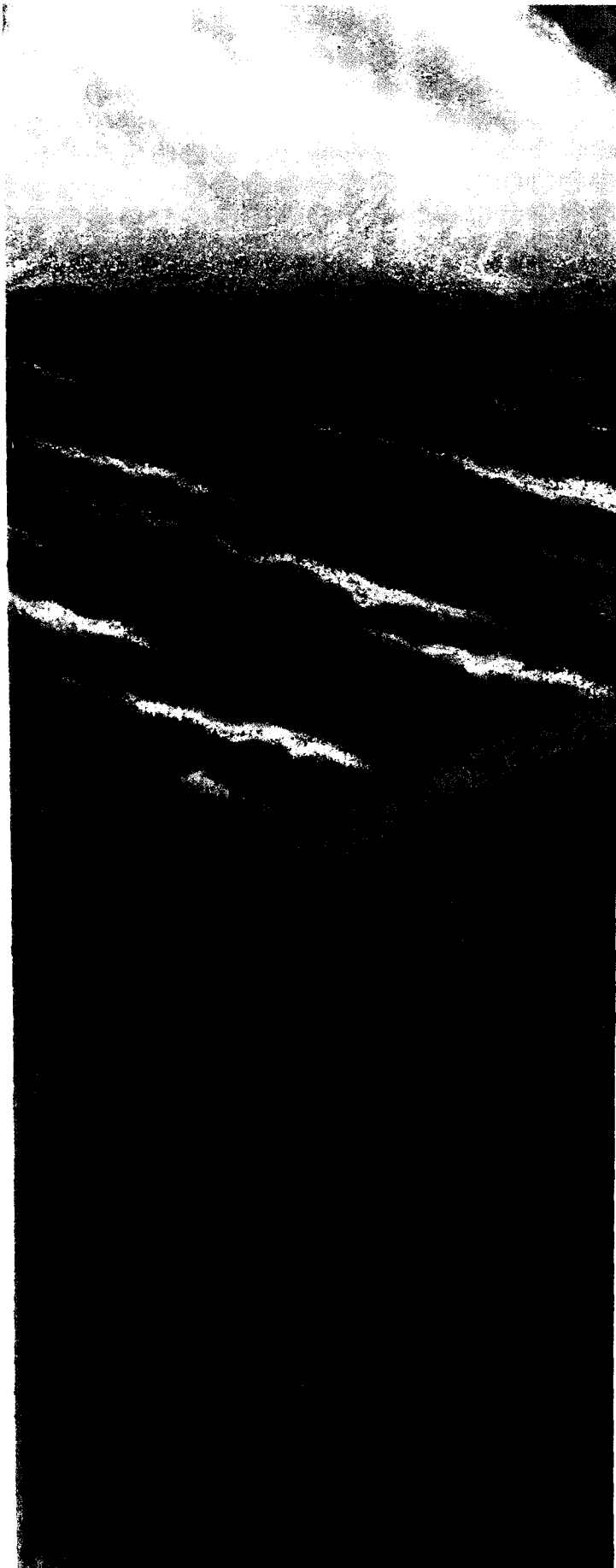
PROFS is now field testing what could become the weather-forecasting system of tomorrow—a system called AWIPS (for Advanced Weather Interactive Processing System), which is designed to deal not only with mesoscale weather but with weather of all kinds. AWIPS will draw on new and emerging technologies, including profilers and Doppler radar, for collecting unprecedented amounts of weather data. It will process and analyze the data it collects and then distribute the information to weather offices nationwide. Among other things meteorologists will be able to watch the movement of weather in full-color animation on computer terminals. NOAA expects to install a

forerunner of the AWIPS system in Denver later this year. AWIPS systems will be installed next in Kansas City and Oklahoma City, then in as many as seven more cities in the heartland by 1990, and finally in the rest of the Weather Service's outposts.

The faster things go in improving forecasting, the better, because a major test of weather forecasting may not be far off. Over the years, the El Niño–Southern Oscillation has reappeared on average one year out of every four—and 1986 will be the fourth year since El Niño last appeared. "The gun has again been loaded," says Donald L. Gilman, who is in charge of long-range weather forecasting for the National Weather Service. "The El Niño watchers are watching. And we're watching the watchers." □







A Short Story



THE PACIFIC

BY MARK HELPRIN

THIS WAS PROBABLY THE LAST PLACE IN THE WORLD for a factory. There were pine-covered hills and windy bluffs stopped still in a wavelike roll down to the Pacific, groves of fragrant trees with clay-red trunks and soft greenery that made a white sound in the wind, and a chain of boiling, fuming coves and bays in which the water—when it was not rocketing foam—was a miracle of glassy curves in cold blue or opalescent turquoise, depending upon the season, and depending upon the light.

A dirt road went through the town and followed the sea from point to point as if it had been made for the naturalists who had come before the war to watch the seals, sea otters, and fleets of whales passing offshore. It took three or four opportunities to travel into the hills and run through long valleys onto a series of flat mesas as large as battlefields, which for a hundred years had been a perfect place for raising horses. And horses still pressed up against the fences or stood in family groupings in golden pastures as if there were no such thing as time, and as if many of the boys who had ridden them had never grown up and had never left. At least a dozen fishing boats had once bobbed at the pier and ridden the horizon, but they had been turned into minesweepers and sent to Pearl Harbor, San Diego, and the Aleutians.

The factory itself, a long low building in which more than five hundred women and several hundred men made aircraft instruments, had been built in two months, along with a forty-mile railroad spur that had been laid down to connect it to the Union Pacific main line. In this part of the state the railroad had been used heavily only during the harvests and was usually rusty for the rest of the year. Now even the spur was gleaming and weedless, and small steam engines pulling several freight cars shuttled back and forth, their hammerlike exhalations silencing the cicadas, breaking up perfect afternoons, and shattering perfect nights.

The main halls and outbuildings were only a mile from the sea but were placed in such a way, taking up almost all of the level ground on the floor of a wide ravine, that they were out of the line of fire of naval guns. And because they were situated in a narrow trench between hills, they were protected from bombing.

"But what about landings?" a woman had asked an Army officer who had been brought very early one morning to urge the night shift to maintain the blackout and keep silent about their work. Just after dawn the entire shift had finished up and gathered on the railroad siding.

"Who's speaking, please?" the officer had asked, unable to see in the dim light who was putting the question.

"Do you want my name?" she asked back in surprise. She had not intended to say anything, and now everyone was listening to her.

Nor had the officer intended to ask her name. "Sure," he answered. "You're from the South."

"That's right," she said. "South Carolina. My name is Paulette Ferry."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a precision welder."

That she should have the word *precision* in her title seemed just. She was neat, handsome, and delicate. Every gesture seemed well considered. Her hands were small—hardly welder's hands, even those of a precision welder.

"You don't have to worry about troop landings," the officer said. "It's too far for the Japanese to come in a ship small enough to slip through our seaward defenses, and it's too far for airplanes, too."

He put his hands up to shield his eyes. The sun was rising, and as its rays found bright paths between the firs, he was blinded. "The only danger here is sabotage. Three or four men could hike in with a few satchels of explosive and do a lot of damage. But the sea is clear. Japanese submarines just don't have the range, and the Navy's out there, though you seldom see it. If you lived in San Francisco or San Diego, believe me, you'd see it. The harbors are choked with warships."

Then the meeting dissolved, because the officer was eager to move on. He had to drive to Bakersfield and speak at two more factories, both of which were more vulnerable and more important than this one. And this place was so out of the way and so beautiful that it seemed to have nothing to do with the war.

BEFORE HER HUSBAND LEFT FOR THE SOUTH PACIFIC, he and Paulette had found a place for her to live, a small house above the ocean, on a cliff, looking out, where it seemed that nothing would be between them but the air over the water.

Though warships were not visible off the coast, she could see from her windows the freighters that moved silently within the naval cordon. Sometimes one of these ships would defy the blackout and become a castle of lights that glided on the horizon like a skater with a torch.

"Paulette," he had said, when he was still in training at Parris Island, "after the war's over, everything's going to be different. When I get back—if I get back," he added, because he knew that not all Marine lieutenants were going to make it home—"I want to go to California. The light there is supposed to be extraordinary. I've heard that because of the light, living there is like living in a dream. I want to be in a place like that—not so much as a reward for seeing it through, but because we will already have been so disconnected from everything we know. Do you understand?"

She had understood, and she had come quickly to a passionate agreement about California, swept into it not only by the logic and the hope but by the way he had looked at her when he had said "—if I get back." For he thought truly nothing was as beautiful as Paulette in a storm, riding above it smoothly, just about to break, quivering, but never breaking.

When he was shifted from South Carolina to the Marine base at Twentynine Palms, they had their chance to go to California, and she rode out with him on the train. Rather than have them suffer the whole trip in a Pullman with stiff green curtains, her parents had paid for a compartment. Ever since Lee had been inducted, both sets of parents had fallen into a steady devotion. It seemed as if they would not be satisfied until they had given all their attention and everything they had to their children. Packages arrived almost daily for Paulette. War bonds accumulated for the baby that did not yet exist. Paulette's father, a schoolteacher, was a good carpenter, and he had vowed that when Lee got back, if they wanted him to, he would come out to California to help with his own hands in building them a house. Their parents were getting old. They moved and talked slowly now, but they were ferociously determined to protect their children, and though they could do little more than book railway compartments and buy war bonds, they did whatever they could, hoping that it would somehow keep Lee alive and prevent Paulette from becoming a widow at the age of twenty-six.

For three nearly speechless days in early September, the Marine lieutenant and his young wife stared out the open window of their compartment as they crossed the country in perfect weather and north light. Magnificent thunderstorms would close on the train like Indian riders and then withdraw in favor of the clear. Oceans of wheat, the deserts, and the sky were gold, white, and infinitely blue, blue. And at night, as the train charged across the empty prairie, its spotlight flashing against the tracks that lay far ahead of it straight and true, the stars hung close and bright. Stunned by the beauty of all this, Paulette and Lee were intent upon remembering, because they wanted what they saw to give them strength, and because they knew that should things not turn out the way they wanted, this would have to have been enough.

Distant whirlwinds and dust storms, mountain rivers leaping coolly against the sides of their courses, four-hundred-mile straightaways, fifty-mile bends, massive can-

yons and defiles, still forests, and glowing lakes calmed them and set them up for their first view of the Pacific's easy waves rolling onto the deserted beaches south of Los Angeles.

Paulette lived in a small white cottage that was next to an orange grove, and worked for six months on instrumentation for P-38s. The factory was a mile away, and to get to it, she had to go through the ranks of trees. Lee thought that this might be dangerous, until one morning he accompanied her and was amazed to see several thousand women walking silently through the orange grove on their way to and from factories that worked around the clock.

Though Lee had more leave than he would have had as an enlisted man, he didn't have much, and the occasional weekends, odd days, and one or two weeks when he came home during the half year at Twentynine Palms were as tightly packed as stage plays. At the beginning of each furlough the many hours ahead (they always broke the time into hours) seemed like great riches. But as the hours passed and only a few remained, Lee no less than Paulette would feel that they would soon be parting as if never to be reunited. He was stationed only a few hours away and they knew that he would try to be back in two weeks, but they knew as well that someday he would leave for the Pacific.

When his orders finally came, he had ten days before he went overseas, and when Paulette came home from work the evening of the first day and saw him sitting on the porch, she was able to tell just by looking at him that he was going. She cried for half an hour, but then he was able to comfort her by saying that though it did not seem right or natural that they should be put to this kind of test in their middle twenties, everyone in the world had to face death and separation sometime, and it was finally what they would have to endure anyway.

On his last leave they took the train north and then hitchhiked forty miles to the coast to look at a town and a new factory to which Lockheed was shifting employees from its plants in Los Angeles. At first Paulette had refused to move there, despite an offer of more money and a housing allowance, because it was too far from Twentynine Palms. But now that Lee was on his way overseas, it seemed perfect. Here she would wait, she would dream of his return, and she would work so hard that, indirectly, she might help to bring him back.

This town, isolated at the foot of hills that fronted the sea, this out-of-the-way group of houses with its factory that would vanish when the war was over, seemed like the proper place for her to hold her ground in full view of the abyss. After he had been gone for two or three weeks, she packed her belongings and moved up there, and though she was sad to give up her twice-daily walks through the orange groves with the thousands of other women, who appeared among the trees as if by magic, she wanted to be in the little house that overlooked the Pacific, so that nothing would be between them but the air over the water.

TO WITHSTAND GRAVITATIONAL FORCES AS FIGHTER planes rose, banked, and dived, and to remain intact over the vibrations of 2,000-horsepower engines, buffeting crosswinds, rapid-fire cannon, and rough landings, aircraft instruments had spot welds wherever possible rather than screws or rivets. Each instrument might require as many as several hundred welds, and the factory was in full production of a dozen different mechanisms: altimeters, air-speed indicators, fuel gauges, attitude indicators, counters, timers, compasses, gyroscopes—all those things that would measure and confine objective forces and put them, like weapons, in the hands of the fighter pilots who attacked fortified islands and fought high over empty seas.

On fifteen production lines, depending upon the instrument in manufacture, the course of construction was interspersed with anywhere from twenty to forty welders. Amidst the welders were machine-tool operators, inspectors, assemblers, and supervisors. Because each man or woman had to have a lot of room in which to keep parts, tools, and the work itself as it came down the line, and because the ravine and, therefore, the building were narrow, the lines stretched for a quarter of a mile.

Welders' light is almost pure. Despite the spectral differences between the various techniques, the flash of any one of them gives rise to illusions of depth and dimension. No gaudy showers of dancing sparks fall as with a cutting torch, and no beams break through the darkness to carry the eye on a wave of blue. One sees only points of light so faithful and pure that they seem to race into themselves. The silvery whiteness is like the imagined birth of stars or souls. Though each flash is beautiful and stretches out time, it seldom lasts long. For despite the magnetizing brightness, or perhaps because of it, the flash is born to fade. Still, the sharp burst of light is a brave and wonderful thing that makes observers count the seconds and cheer it on.

From her station on the altimeter line, Paulette could see over gray steel tables down the length of the shed. Of the four hundred electric-arc or gas-welding torches in operation, the number lighted varied at any one time from twenty or thirty to almost all of them. As each welder pulled down her mask, bent over as if in a dive, and squeezed the lever on her torch, the pattern of the lights emerged, and it was never the same twice. Through the dark glass of the face plate the flames in the distance were like a spectacular convocation of fireflies on a hot, moonless night. With the mask up, the plane of the work tables looked like the floor of the universe, the smoky place where stars were born. All the lights, even those that were distant, commanded attention and assaulted the senses—by the score, by the hundreds.

Directly across from Paulette was a woman whose job was to make oxyacetylene welds on the outer cases of the altimeters. The cases were finished, and then carried by trolley to the end of the line, where they would be hooded over the instruments themselves. Paulette, who worked with an electric arc, never tired of watching this woman

adjust her torch. When she lit it, the flame was white inside but surrounded by a yellow envelope that sent up twisting columns of smoke. Then she changed the mixture and a plug of intense white appeared at the end of the torch, in the center of a small orange flare. When finally she got her neutral flame—with a tighter white plug, a colorless core, and a sapphire-blue casing—she lowered her mask and bent over the work.

Paulette had many things to do on one altimeter. She had to attach all the brass, copper, and aluminum alloy parts to the steel superstructure of the instrument. She had to use several kinds of flux; she had to assemble and brace the components; and she had to jump from one operation to the other in just the right order, because if she did not, pieces due for insertion would be blocked or bent.

She had such a complicated routine only because she was doing the work of two. The woman who had been next to her got sick one day, and Paulette had taken on her tasks. Everyone assumed that the line would slow down. But Paulette doubled her speed and kept up the pace.

"I don't know how you do it, Paulette," her supervisor had said, as she worked with seemingly effortless intensity.

"I'm going twice as fast, Mr. Hannon," she replied.

"Can you keep it up?"

"I sure can," she answered. "In fact, when Lindy comes back, you can put her down the line and give her work to me." Whereas Lindy always talked about clothes and shoes, Paulette preferred to concentrate on the instrument that she was fashioning. She was granted her wish. Among other things, Hannon and just about everyone else on the line wanted to see how long she could continue the pace before she broke. But she knew this, and she didn't break. She got better, and she got faster.

WHEN PAULETTE GOT HOME IN THE MORNING, THE sea was illuminated as the sun came up behind her. The open and fluid light of the Pacific was as entrancing as the light of the Carolinas in springtime. At times the sea looked just like the wind-blue mottled waters of the Albemarle, and the enormous clouds that rose in huge columns far out over the ocean were like the aromatic pine smoke that ascended undisturbed from a farmer's clearing fire toward a flawless blue sky.

She was elated in the morning. Joy and relief came not only from the light on the waves but also from having passed the great test of the day, which was to open the mailbox and check the area near the front door. The mailman, who served as the telegraph messenger, thought that he was obliged to wedge telegrams tightly in the doorway. One of the women, a lathe operator who had had to go back to her family in Chicago, had found her telegram actually nailed down. The mailman had feared that it might blow into the sea, and that then she would find out in some shocking, incidental manner that her husband had been killed. At the factory were fifty women whose hus-

bands, like Lee, had passed through Twentynine Palms into the Second Marine Division. They had been deeply distressed when their men were thrown into the fighting on Guadalcanal, but, miraculously, of the fifty Marines whose wives were gathered in this one place only a few had been wounded and none had been killed.

When her work was done, knowing that she had made the best part of thirty altimeters that would go into thirty fighters, and that each of these fighters would do a great deal to protect the ships on which the Marines sailed, and pummel the beaches on which they had to fight, Paulette felt deserving of sleep. She would change into a nightgown, turn down the covers, and then sit in a chair next to the bed, staring at the Pacific as the light got stronger, trying to master the fatigue and stay awake. Sometimes she would listen to the wind for an hour, nod asleep, and force herself to open her eyes, until she fell into bed and slept until two in the afternoon.

Lee had returned from his training at Parris Island with little respect for what he once had thought were human limitations. His company had marched for three days, day and night, without stopping. Some recruits, young men, had died of heart attacks.

"How can you walk for three whole days without stopping?" she had asked. "It seems impossible."

"We had forty-pound packs, rifles, and ammunition," he answered. "We had to carry mortars, bazookas, stretchers, and other equipment, some of it very heavy, that was passed from shoulder to shoulder."

"For three days?"

"For three days. And when we finally stopped, I was picked as a sentinel. I had to stand guard for two hours while everyone else slept. And you know what happens if you fall asleep, God help you, on sentry duty?"

She shook her head, but did know.

"Article eighty-six of the Articles of War: 'Misbehavior of a sentinel.'" He recited it from memory. "'Any sentinel who is found drunk or sleeping upon his post, or leaves it before he is regularly relieved, shall, if the offense is committed in time of war, suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct.'"

"I was so tired . . . My eyelids weighed ten thousand pounds apiece. But I stayed up, even though the only enemies we had were officers and mosquitoes. They were always coming around to check."

"Who?" she asked. "Mosquitoes?"

"Yeah," Lee replied. "And as you know, officers are hatched in stagnant pools."

So when Paulette returned from her ten-hour shifts, she sat in a chair and tried not to sleep, staring over the Pacific like a sentinel.

She had the privilege of awakening at two in the afternoon, when the day was strongest, and not having to be ashamed of having slept through the morning. In the six hours before the shift began, she would rise, bathe, eat lunch, and gather her garden tools. Then she walked a few miles down the winding coast road—the rake, hoe, and

shovel resting painfully upon her shoulders—to her garden. No shed was anywhere near it, and had one been there she probably would have earned the tools anyway.

Because she shared the garden with an old man who came in the morning and two factory women who were on the second day shift, she was almost always alone there. Usually she worked in the strong sun until five-thirty. To allow herself this much hard labor she did her shopping and eating at a brisk pace. The hours in the garden made her strong and fit. She was perpetually sunburned, and her hair became lighter. She had never been so beautiful, and when people looked at her, they kept on looking. Seeing her speed through the various and difficult chores of cultivation, no one ever would have guessed that she might shoulder her tools, walk home as fast as she could, and then set off for ten hours on a production line.

"Don't write about the garden anymore," he had written from a place undisclosed. "Don't write about the god-damned altimeters. Don't write about what we're going to do when the war is over. Just tell me about you. They have altimeters here, they even have gardens. Tell me what you're thinking. Describe yourself as if we had never met. Tell me in detail exactly how you take your bath. Do you sing to yourself? What do the sheets on the bed look like—I mean do they have a pattern or are they a color? I never saw them. Take pictures, and send them. Send me your barrette. (I don't want to wear it myself, I want to keep it

in my pocket.) I care so much about you, Paulette. I love you. And I'm doing my best to stay alive. You should see me when it gets tight. I don't throw myself up front, but I don't hold my breath either. I run around like hell, alert and listening every second. My aim is sure and I don't let off shots when I don't have to. You'd never know me, Paulette, and I don't know if there's anything left of me. But I'm going to come home."

Although she didn't write about the garden anymore, she tilled it deep. The rows were straight, and not a single weed was to be seen, and when she walked home with the tools on her shoulders, she welcomed their weight.

THEY EXCHANGED POSTSCRIPTS FOR TWO MONTHS IN letters that were late in coming and always crossed. "P.S. What do you eat?" he wrote.

"P.S. What do you mean, what do I eat? Why do you want to know? What do you eat?"

"P.S. I want to know because I'm hungry. I eat crud. It all comes from a can, it's very salty, and it has a lot of what seems to be pork fat. Some local vegetables haven't been bombed, or crushed by heavy vehicles, but if you eat them you can wave good-bye to your intestines. Sometimes we have cakes that are baked in pans four feet by five feet. The bottom is cinder and the top is raw dough. What happened to steak? No one has it here, and I haven't seen one in a year. Where are they keeping it? Is there going to be a big barbecue after the war?"

"P.S. You're right, we have no beef around here and practically no sugar or butter, either. I thought maybe you were getting it. I eat a lot of fresh vegetables, rice, fish that I get in exchange for the stuff in my garden, and chicken now and then. I've lost some weight, but I look real good. I drink my tea black, and I mean black, because at the plant they have a huge samovar thing where it boils for hours. What with your pay mounting up in one account, my pay mounting up in another, and what the parents have been sending us lately, when the war is over we're going to have a lot of money. We have almost four thousand dollars now. We'll have the biggest barbecue you've ever seen."

As long as she did her work and as long as he stayed alive, she sensed some sort of justice and equilibrium. She enjoyed the feminine triumph in the factory, where the women, doing men's work, sometimes broke into song that was as tentative and beautiful as only women's voices can be. They did not sing often. The beauty and the power embarrassed them, for they had their independence only because their men were at risk and the world was at war. But sometimes they couldn't help it, and a song would rise above the production lines, lighter than the ascending smoke, more luminous than the blue and white arcs.

The Pacific and California's golden hills caught the clear sunshine but made it seem like a dream in which sight was confused and the dreamer giddy. The sea, with its cold colors and foaming cauldrons in which seals were cradle-rocked, was the northern part of the same ocean that held

SELECTIVE PERJURY

True, I remember the dunking
stool, but I never accused
Goody Hutchinson or God. She'd
have died anyway. I deny everything.
I am rewriting the history of the world
so that you will think well of me.
I played no part at the Bastille
and rumors of my involvement
with Atlantis and Pompeii are
ungrounded.
And no I never kissed anyone
but you, not ever. Except
in rehearsal.
Even when I lie,
I lie.
I cannot revise the past
to make it perfect for you,
but I keep trying. Stop me
before I write again.

—Karen Douglass

ten thousand tropical islands. All these things, these reversals, paradoxes, and contradictions, were burned in day by day until they seemed to make sense, until it appeared as if some great thing were being accomplished, greater than perhaps they knew. For they felt tremendous velocity in the way they worked, the way they lived, and even in the way they sang.

ON THE TWENTIETH OF NOVEMBER, 1943, FIVE thousand men of the Second Marine Division landed on the beaches of Tarawa. The action of war, the noise, smoke, and intense labor of battle, seemed frozen when it reached home, especially for those whose husbands or sons were engaged in the fighting. A battle from afar is only a thing of silence, of souls ascending as if drawn up in slow motion by malevolent angels floating above the fray. Tarawa, a battle afar, seemed no more real than a painting. Paulette and the others had no chance to act. They were forced to listen fitfully to the silence and stare faithfully into the dark.

Now, when the line broke into song, the women did not sing the energetic popular music that could stoke production until it glowed. Nor did they sing the graceful ballads that had kept them on the line when they would otherwise have faltered. Now the songs were from the hymnal, and they were sung not in a spirit of patriotism or of production but in prayer.

As the battle was fought on Tarawa, two women fell from the line. One had been called from her position and summoned to what they knew as the office, which was a maze of wavy-glass partitions beyond which other people did the paperwork, and she, like the lathe operator from Chicago, simply dropped away. Another had been given a telegram as she worked; no one really knew how to tell anyone such a thing. But with so many women working, the absence of two did not slow their industry. Two had been beaten. Five hundred were not, and the lights still flickered down the line.

Paulette had known from the first that Lee was on the beach. She wondered which was more difficult, being aware that he might be in any battle, or knowing for sure that he was in one. The first thing she did when she got the newspaper was to scan the casualty lists, dropping immediately to the *F*s. It did not matter that they sent telegrams; telegrams sometimes blew into the sea. Next she raced through reports of the fighting, tracing if she could the progress of his unit and looking for any mention of him. Only then would she read the narrative so as to judge the progress of the offensive and the chances of victory, though she cared not so much for victory as for what it meant to the men in the field who were still alive.

The line was hypnotic and it swallowed up time. If she wanted to do good work, she couldn't think about anything except what was directly in front of her, especially since she was doing the work of two. But when she was free she now dreamed almost continually of her young husband, as

if the landings in Tarawa, across the Pacific, had been designed to make her imagine him.

During these days the garden needed little attention, so she did whatever she could and then went down to a sheltered cove by the sea, where she lay on the sand, in the sun, half asleep. For as long as her eyes were closed and the sea seemed to pound everything but dreams into meaningless foam and air, she lay with him, tightly, a slight smile on her face, listening to him breathe. She would awake from this half sleep to find that she was holding her hands and arms in such a way that had he been there she would have been embracing him.

She often spoke to him under her breath, informing him, as if he could hear her, of everything she thought and did—of the fact that she was turning off the flame under the kettle, of the sunrise and its golden-red light flooding against the pines, of how the ocean looked when it was joyously misbehaving.

THESE WERE THE THINGS SHE COULD DO, THE POWERS to which she was limited, in the town on the Pacific that was probably the last place in the world for a factory or the working of transcendent miracles too difficult to explain or name. But she felt that somehow her devotion and her sharp attention would have repercussions, that, just as in a concert hall, where music could only truly rise within the hearts of its listeners, she could forge a connection over the thin air. When a good wave rolled against the rocks of the cove, it sent up rockets of foam that hung in the sun, motionlessly and—if one could look at them hard enough to make them stand still—forever. To make them a target, to sight them with concentration as absolute as a burning weld, to draw a bead, to hold them in place with the eye, was to change the world.

The factory was her place for this, for precision, devotion, and concentration. Here the repercussions might begin. Here, in the darkness, the light that was so white it was almost blue—sapphire-colored—flashed continually, like muzzle bursts, and steel was set to steel as if swords were being made. Here she could push herself, drive herself, and work until she could hardly stand—all for him.

As the battle of Tarawa became more and more difficult, and men fell, Paulette doubled and redoubled her efforts. Every weld was true. She built the instruments with the disciplined ferocity that comes only from love. For the rhythm of the work seemed to signify something far greater than the work itself. The timing of her welds, the blinking of the arc, the light touch that held two parts together and was then withdrawn, the patience and the quickness, the generation of blinding flares and small pencil-shots of smoke—these acts, qualities, and their progress, like the repetitions in the hymns that the women sang on the line, made a kind of quiet thunder that rolled through all things, and that, in Paulette's deepest wishes, shot across the Pacific in performance of a miracle she dared not even name—though that miracle was not to be hers. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

JOSEPH CONRAD AND LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL

LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL turned forty that summer of 1913, putting her in mind of things yet to be done. She had still, for example, to meet Joseph Conrad and entice him to one of her Thursdays. She *did* admire him—would Henry James serve as intermediary? “But dear lady . . . but dear lady,” James expostulated, pacing the length of her gray drawing room at Bedford Square. “He has lived his life at sea—dear lady, he has never met ‘civilized’ women.” Conrad would not *understand* her, James said; as for Conrad’s wife, she was a “good cook”—a dubious talent. But he provided the introduction.

Conrad responded warily. Lady Ottoline’s Bloomsbury reputation as society hostess on the prowl had no doubt traveled even to the farther reaches of Kent. And her presence! “Like a Spanish galleon, hung with golden coins and lovely silken sails,” wrote Virginia Woolf. Others termed it “overdone.” There were rumors, too, of lovers—the painters Augustus John, Henry Lamb, maybe even Roger Fry, and that odd mathematician Bertrand

Russell. Conrad replied that he was not, after all, very interesting, and declined her invitation.

No matter. Lady Ottoline would come down to Kent herself by train. (If she could not display him, she would at least describe him.) At his moated farmhouse Conrad, conservatively attired in double-breasted blue, awaited her. His welcome was formal (she *was* half-sister to a duke), but later he opened up and spoke of the past—the Congo, the sea—and of his present difficulties with his writing. Most thrilling was when he touched upon his sufferings; Lady Ottoline vicariously sought just such “experiences of the soul.” James may have been right about the wife—a “good-looking fat creature, an excellent cook”—but he was otherwise mistaken. Conrad’s mysterious eyes suggested untold adventures and experiences. He could have understood her, if he’d chosen to.

But he did not so choose. Instead, at afternoon’s end he accompanied her to the station and with a bow put her on the London train.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



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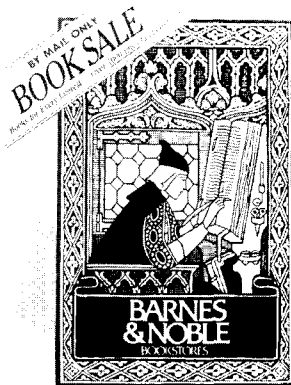
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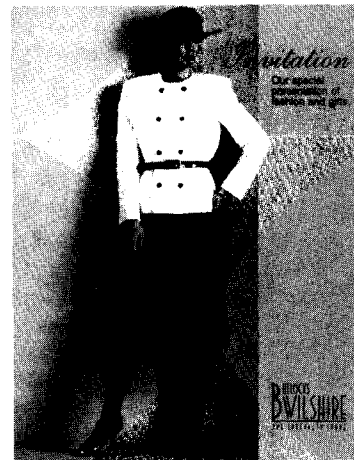
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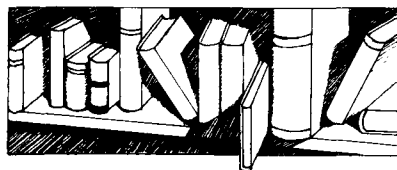
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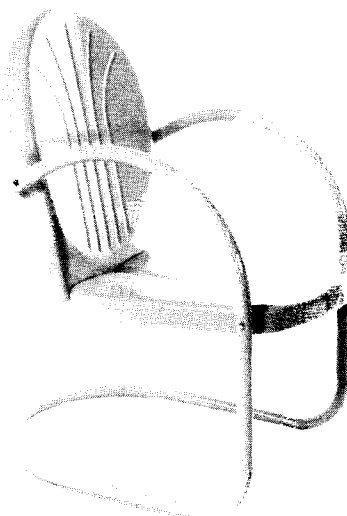


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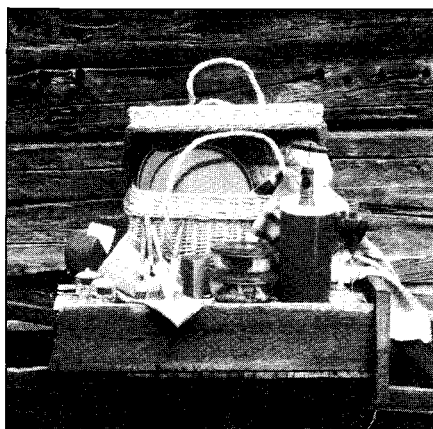
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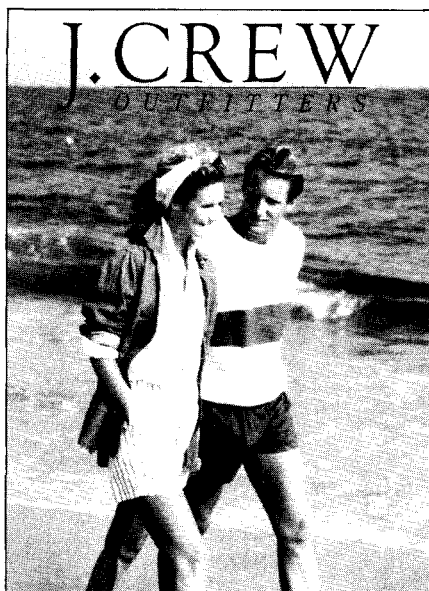
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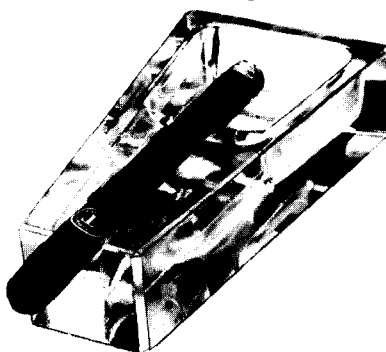
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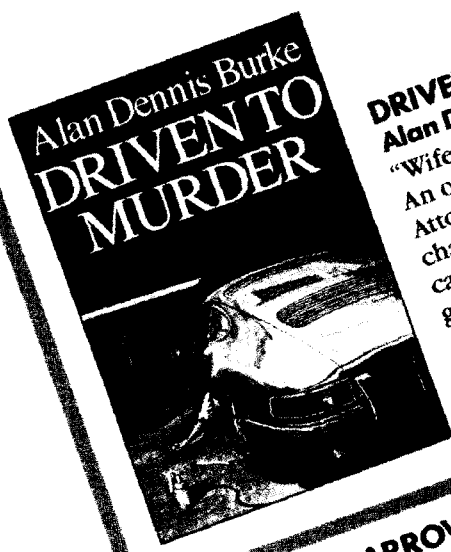
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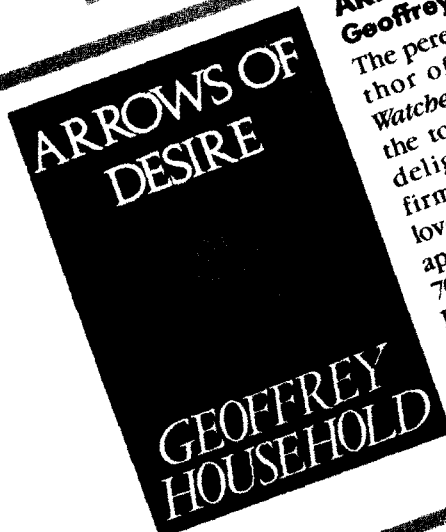
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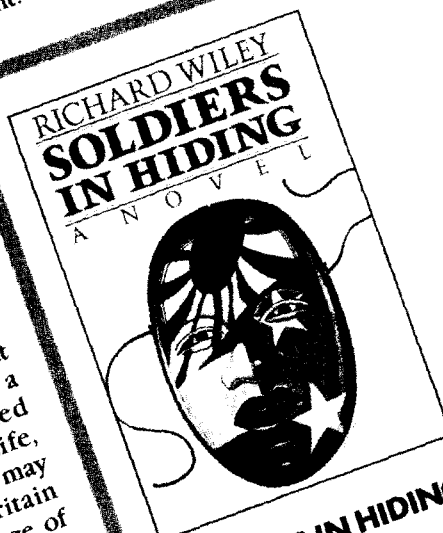
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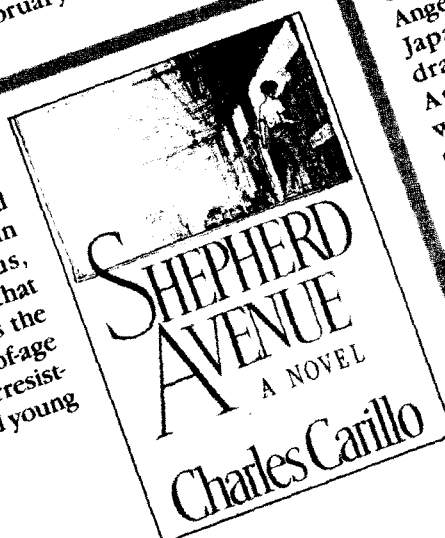


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MUSIC

RING RESPLENDENT

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

THE COMPLETE RECORDING of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* that English Decca, whose records are issued in this country on the London label, began in 1958 and finished in 1965 was one of the first great triumphs of the stereo age. During the late 1920s and the 1930s extensive excerpts from *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung* were issued on 78-rpm records, and by 1945 a virtually complete *Die Walküre* was available. These sets and single records featured the finest Wagner singers of that golden age between the wars: Frida Leider, Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, and Friedrich Schorr. But casts and conductors naturally varied from set to set, and sometimes even within a set, of a given opera. The limitations of 78-rpm records made an "integral" version of any of the four *Ring* operas, let alone of the whole tetralogy, difficult practically and unappealing commercially. A complete 78-rpm *Ring* would have required from 100 to 115 twelve-inch records.

But with the late 1940s came micro-groove LPs, which could hold more than twenty minutes of continuous music on a twelve-inch side, as opposed to the maximum of four and a half minutes on a twelve-inch 78-rpm side. This development was naturally of great importance for music like Wagner's, which does not break easily into short segments. Of equal importance was the concurrent change from recording directly onto acetate discs to recording on magnetic tape. Once a disc has been cut, it is unalterable. If there is any technical error or artistic miscalculation, the disc must be scrapped and a new one cut to replace it. But tape can be spliced, and so only the brief segment of music containing the mistake need be recorded again, to be inserted at the proper point in the original tape. Thus the recording of complete Wagner operas, with the same cast and conductor throughout, became far more practicable. Moreover, the reopening, in 1951, of the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth reawakened the interest in Wagner that had lain dormant during the war. Several complete integral record-

ings of Wagner operas, including *Die Walküre* but none of the other *Ring* operas, appeared during the early LP years.

The arrival of stereo, in 1957, opened the way for recorded performances of Wagner that would capture something like the scope and spaciousness of a live staged performance. John Culshaw, a young producer at Decca, was quick to seize the opportunity. Late in 1957 he persuaded his superiors to undertake the enormous project of recording a complete stereo *Ring* that would make the fullest possible use of the new medium. Partly because the only suitable Brünnhilde, Birgit Nilsson, was unavailable, Culshaw decided to start with the one opera in which Brünnhilde does not appear, *Das Rheingold*. It was a risky choice, because *Das Rheingold* has always been the least popular of the *Ring* operas, but a logical one, because *Das Rheingold* is fairly short and because it was the only one of the four that had never been well represented on records. Culshaw selected as conductor the then still relatively unknown Georg Solti and he persuaded the great Kirsten Flagstad,

who had recently come out of retirement, to learn the small but important role of Fricka, which she had never sung before. The orchestra was to be the famed Vienna Philharmonic, and sessions began, in Vienna's Sofiensaal, in September of 1958. Against all expectations and predictions except those of Culshaw and his associates, the recording was an immediate success, and it was followed by *Siegfried* in 1962, *Götterdämmerung* in 1964, and *Die Walküre* in 1965.

CULSHAW, WHO DIED in 1980, told the whole fascinating story in his entertaining book *Ring Resounding* (1967). Exercising not only imagination but also great taste and musical sense, he and his team of technicians demonstrated how the stereo medium could be used to convey movement and spatial relations, and to capture some of the special effects that Wagner asked for, even more accurately than is possible in the theater. By providing us with a *Ring* that was almost startlingly lifelike and yet free of the cheap gimmickry so common during the early stereo years, that was dominated musically from first to last by the mind of one first-rate conductor, and that could be listened to again and again, whole or in parts, in the comfort of our living rooms, Culshaw and Decca made a revolutionary contribution to our understanding of Wagner and his largest, and perhaps most important, work.

The Solti *Ring* has never been out of print and has, in fact, repeatedly been



made available over the years, in a number of successively remastered LP versions, all of them excellent. Now it has arrived on London compact discs: *Das Rheingold* (414 101-2), *Die Walküre* (414 105-2), *Siegfried* (414 110-2), and *Götterdämmerung* (414 115-2). In sharp contrast to the compact discs of Toscanini performances that I wrote about last month, those of the Solti *Ring* are a complete and stunning success. Decca recorded the digital tapes required for making the compact discs of the Solti *Ring* directly from the original master tapes, and the sound is even finer than on any of the previous LP issues. If one is accustomed to the LPs, the compact discs at first sound almost too sharp and clear. But they are also warm and spacious, with extended dynamic and frequency range, and as one listens, one soon realizes that the clarity is natural rather than artificial, owing simply to there being no surface noise to get in the way. There is, of course, slight tape hiss, but it is never intrusive. The elaborate instrumental detail, the spatial relations so carefully contrived by Culshaw, and the famous special effects—the anvils, the storms, the dragon—all come across more vividly and revealingly than ever before.

Solti has often been criticized as a rather blunt and unyielding conductor, but this *Ring* is surely one of his finest achievements, and it holds up very well indeed. He is always rhythmically alert, alive to the shape of the individual phrase and the larger dramatic action, and in full command of Wagner's enormously complex orchestral textures in their ever varying relation to the vocal line. Though Solti lacks the ultimate subtlety and refinement of Wilhelm Furtwängler or Pierre Boulez (not to mention Toscanini) and sometimes does make his points a bit too obviously, they are the right points, the ones Wagner indicated in his scores. The Vienna Philharmonic plays with great flexibility and tonal richness, and the casts that Culshaw assembled, though inferior to those on the best pre-war 78-rpm records, are the best that were available and are far better than any that could be assembled today. On balance, this is the finest *Ring* ever recorded in stereo, and it seems very unlikely that it will be surpassed in the foreseeable future. One is therefore all the more grateful to the Decca engineers for having done such a splendid job of making it available in this new and pretty much indestructible form.

BESIDES FLAGSTAD, Culshaw recruited for *Das Rheingold* the fine baritone George London, as Wotan; the famous *Heldentenor* Set Svanholm, who was then past his prime, in the character role of Loge; and, in the crucial role of the dwarf Alberich, Gustav Neidlinger. Without in the least indulging in the caricature mannerisms that so many singers (sometimes including Neidlinger himself) have brought to the "heavy" roles in Wagner, Neidlinger gave an impersonation of Alberich that has never been matched. Flagstad's sublime and imperturbable majesty, London's troubled eloquence, and Svanholm's canniness and agility combine with Neidlinger's menacing power to make this the finest *Rheingold* ever recorded.

Die Walküre was postponed until last, because Decca already had a recording of Acts I and III in print, and Culshaw next turned his attention, in 1962, to *Siegfried*. His choice for the Wanderer (Wotan in disguise) was the aging but still authoritative Hans Hotter, the greatest Wotan and Sachs since Friedrich Schorr. For Brünnhilde, Birgit Nilsson, the outstanding Wagner soprano of the postwar years and now fortunately available, was the only possible choice. The obvious choice for Siegfried was Wolfgang Windgassen, who had frequently partnered Nilsson at Bayreuth and elsewhere, and who had emerged, *faute de mieux*, as the pre-eminent postwar *Heldentenor*. But Culshaw was concerned about Windgassen's always rather dry and now aging voice, and so he gambled instead on a less famous tenor, unnamed in his book but now known to have been one Ernst Kozub. Though Kozub had a superb voice, he did not know the role and evidently could not be prevailed upon to learn it in time. So Windgassen was called in at the last minute. Gustav Neidlinger again sang Alberich.

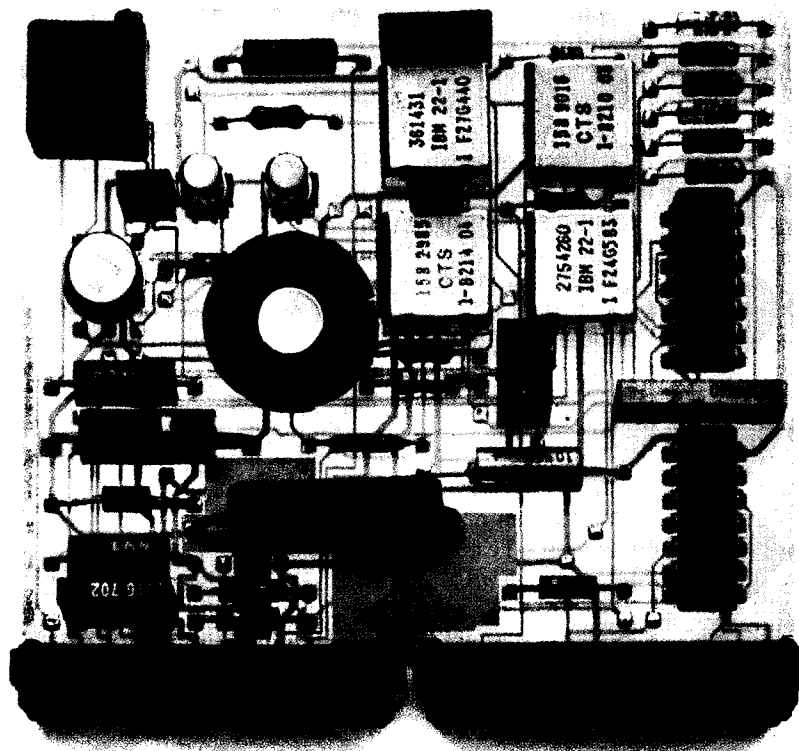
The resulting performance is impressive, but somewhat less so than that of *Das Rheingold*. Comparison with the old 78-rpm excerpts from *Siegfried* was and is unavoidable. Although Windgassen and Nilsson are powerful and experienced dramatic performers and thoroughly dependable singers, Windgassen's voice never had the ringing heroic beauty of Melchior's, and Nilsson's steely brilliance is no match for Leider's radiance and humanity. But Hotter, whose asthma often gave him trouble in stage performances, was set at ease by the greater

flexibility of studio conditions and turned in a stirring and memorable performance despite his age. Neidlinger was as fine as before.

Nilsson, Windgassen, and Neidlinger were again called upon two years later, for *Götterdämmerung*, and Culshaw had the brilliant inspiration to invite the great Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, known mainly as a lieder singer, to learn the role of Gunther. Fischer-Dieskau's Wagner characterizations have often suffered from his lieder singer's sensitivity, which has led him to load every phrase with immense significance and to inflect the vocal line so powerfully as to detract from the ongoing dramatic action. But as Gunther, a character usually written off as a weakling and a bore, Fischer-Dieskau is superb: wily and calculating yet indecisive, his fine voice and perhaps even finer intelligence imparting just the right burden of meaning to every line. Gottlob Frick's darkly powerful Hagen and Christa Ludwig's intense and rich-voiced Waltraute round out the excellent cast. It is also in *Götterdämmerung*, with its especially subtle orchestral writing, that the Vienna Philharmonic is heard to best advantage.

Finally came *Die Walküre*, in some ways the hardest of all to do because the one most often done. Windgassen was not interested in singing Siegmund, and so Culshaw, in another moment of inspiration, tried once more to tempt Fischer-Dieskau. Though he is a baritone rather than a tenor, Fischer-Dieskau had often thought of undertaking Siegmund, but in the end he decided against doing so. Therefore Culshaw once again turned to a young and little-known tenor, James King, and this time his gamble paid off. Though King's inexperience occasionally shows, he sings with freshness and ardor. His Sieglinde, Régine Crespin, is even better—inward, impulsive, a full and conflicted human being right from her very first notes. The cast was filled out by veterans of the cycle: Hotter as Wotan, Nilsson as Brünnhilde, Ludwig as Fricka, and Frick as Hunding.

THERE ARE THREE other *Rings* on compact disc besides Solti's. The best of them is the one recorded in 1966–1970 for Deutsche Grammophon by Herbert von Karajan, the Berlin Philharmonic, and a cast almost the equal of Solti's: *Das Rheingold* (415 141-2), *Die Walküre* (415 145-2), *Siegfried* (415 150-2), and *Götterdämmerung* (415 155-2). Unfortunately, the performances are



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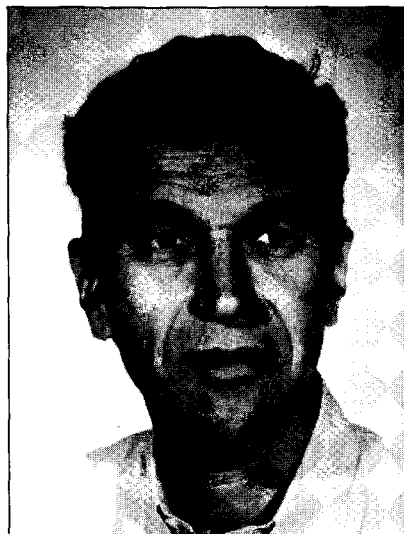
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Twenty-five years ago *The Atlantic* published "A Young Psychiatrist Looks at His Profession," by **Robert Coles**, M.D. Since then Dr. Coles has contributed fifteen articles to these pages and has written thirty-six books, including the magisterial *Children of Crisis* series (in five volumes), for Volumes II and III of which he won the Pulitzer Prize. We welcome to our list Dr. Coles's two newest books, **The Political Life of Children** and **The Moral Life of Children**. We are not surprised to find in these pages the same freshness of insight we found in "A Young Psychiatrist Looks at His Profession," the same questioning of received opinion, the same keen observation. But more than ever before we are the beneficiaries of Dr. Coles's extraordinarily sympathetic ear. Here are the voices of children from Belfast to Rio de Janeiro, from New Mexico to South Africa, articulating their hopes and fears, their dauntless plans for creating a better world than the one into which they were born.

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dominated by Karajan's highly eccentric and involuted personal style. Almost nothing is done simply and naturally. The lovers in Act I of *Die Walküre*, for example, regard each other with a cool reticence more appropriate to Debussy's Pelléas and Mélisande than to Wagner's full-blooded pair. But there is much excellent singing, the playing of the Berlin Philharmonic is uniquely sensitive and transparent, and the big set pieces, such as Brünnhilde's awakening at the end of *Siegfried* and Siegfried's funeral march in *Götterdämmerung*, are unforgettable.

At the opposite pole from Karajan's *Ring* is the one conducted by the late Karl Böhm and recorded by Philips at Bayreuth Festival performances in 1967: *Das Rheingold* (412 475-2), *Die Walküre* (412 478-2), *Siegfried* (412 483-2), and *Götterdämmerung* (412 488-2). After Karajan's elaborate indirection, Böhm's straightforwardness comes as a breath of fresh air. But Böhm is too brisk and businesslike (this *Ring* is forty-eight minutes shorter than Solti's), and not attentive enough to the work's many moments of expansive grandeur. The cast is excellent, and in some cases—Windgassen, Nilsson, Neidlinger, King—it overlaps with Solti's. But despite his great competence and consistency, Böhm, like Karajan, fails to satisfy.

Finally, there is the new *Ring* on Eurodisc, the first recorded wholly in digital sound, by Marek Janowski and the Dresden State Opera Orchestra: *Das Rheingold* (610058-233), *Die Walküre* (610064-235), *Siegfried* (610070-235), and *Götterdämmerung* (610081-235). The orchestra is excellent, and the cast more than adequate, but Janowski's sense of dramatic shape and pacing is not adequate, and he flounders too often to make this recording a serious contender—except perhaps for hi-fi buffs.

So Solti's *Ring*, combining the subtlety of Karajan's with the straightforwardness of Böhm's in just proportion, remains the one to buy. The Boulez *Ring*, recorded by Philips at the Bayreuth Festivals of 1979 and 1980, will probably soon be issued on compact disc, and there are rumors that Furtwängler's 1950 La Scala *Ring*, with Flagstad late in her career but in fine form, will appear on some label or other. (Its latest LP incarnation is available on Fonit-Cetra sets FE 37-40 from IBR Classics, 40-11 24th Street, Long Island City, New York 11101.) Boulez and Furtwängler are, as I suggested earlier, even finer Wagner

conductors than Solti. But Boulez's cast is so seriously flawed as to make his *Ring* a dubious proposition, despite the marvels he produces from the Bayreuth orchestra. If the 1950 Furtwängler tapes are transferred to compact discs with care, however, that *Ring* will be the other to place on the shelf beside Solti's for permanent pleasure.

I should also mention that ample selections from the *Ring* excerpts recorded between the wars are now available on two large recent LP collections: *Wagner on Record: 1926-1942* (Seraphim IG-6130) and *Les Introuvables du Chant Wagnerien* (Pathé Marconi EMI 2902123). The former is generally available; the latter may be obtained from IBR Classics. Also, Music and Arts Programs of America, Inc., P.O. Box 771, Berkeley, California 94701, can furnish some superb live performances featuring the great between-the-wars singers: a 1936 Act II of *Die Walküre* with Flagstad, Lehmann, Melchior, and Schorr, conducted by Fritz Reiner (426); a 1937 Act III of *Die Walküre* with Flagstad, conducted by Furtwängler (417); and extensive excerpts from a 1937 *Götterdämmerung* with Flagstad and Melchior, also conducted by Furtwängler (429). There is a rumor that EMI in England possesses tapes of a complete Furtwängler *Ring* from the mid- or late 1930s, presumably with some or all of these same singers, and that an issue is planned. Finally, for those who want to hear Hotter's Wotan at its best, when his voice was fresher than it was for Solti, I would recommend the 1953 Bayreuth *Ring*, conducted with great authority by Clemens Krauss (Foyer sets FO 1008-1011) and obtainable from German News Company, Inc., 220 East 86th Street, New York, New York 10028. One hopes that some or all of this important material will soon find its way onto compact discs.

That least dispensable of publishing houses, Dover Publications, Inc., has recently issued *Das Rheingold*, which completes its series of full orchestral scores of the *Ring* operas. These scores, taken from the old Schott and Peters editions, are not only easier to read and more pleasant to handle than the familiar Eulenburg miniature scores but also cheaper. Taken as a complement to Solti's (and Culshaw's) magnificent achievement, in its new perdurable form, they put the listener who wants to experience the joys and explore the mysteries of Wagner's *Ring* in a position that is little short of ideal. □

FASHION

THE REVIVAL OF THE HAUTE COUTURE

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

IN 1900, FOR THE Universal Exposition in Paris, a statue of a beautiful woman was commissioned to preside over a majestic archway at the entrance. Christened La Parisienne, she epitomized the spirit of the city at that moment, glorying in its powers of invention, eager for the future. To that end the sculptor dressed her not in classical drapery, as befits an allegorical figure, but in the latest fashion, especially designed for her by Paquin, one of the leading couturiers of the time.

For the better part of the past hundred years the haute couture has been the pinnacle of high fashion, and women of style and sizable means have made their way twice a year to Paris to order their wardrobes. Among them have been the Dolly Sisters, Marlene Dietrich, Princess Grace of Monaco, Wallis Simpson, Rita Hayworth, and Jacqueline Onassis, as well as Undine Spragg, the ruthless social climber from Apex City in Edith Wharton's *The Custom of the Country*, and Kay Thompson's Eloise, the pudgy, precocious youngster who resided with her nanny at the Plaza Hotel.

That situation obtained until 1971 when, in the populist spirit of the times, Yves Saint Laurent announced that he would no longer present a couture collection to retailers, manufacturers, and members of the press, and that instead he would devote his energies to ready-to-wear. "Intelligent women today have too many other things to do than stand around for hours being fitted," he told *Harper's Bazaar*. "The only reason I am keeping the couture house open is that I refuse to fire 200 people." Saint Laurent recognized in ready-to-wear the opportunity to reach a vastly wider public instantly.

Likewise, at about the same time, André Courrèges abandoned the couture and Pierre Cardin set about the selling of his name, building an enormous licensing empire. Other designers, though they persisted in making cou-

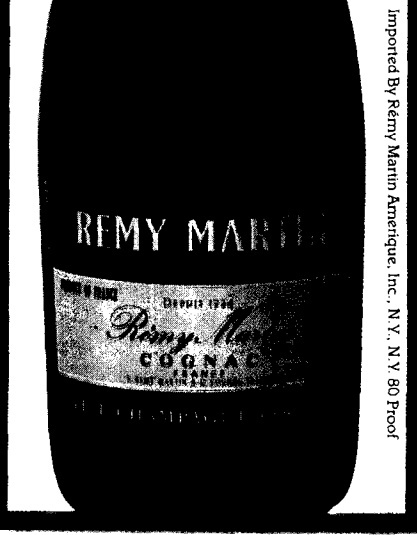
ture, seemed to confirm Saint Laurent's decision, by creating ready-to-wear that was spirited and often innovative, and couture that looked staid and unsure of itself. There were of course exceptions, many of them designed by Saint Laurent himself. But, by and large, during the 1970s the couture seemed—if not dead, as some people insisted—at least incidental to the real progress of fashion, which was in ready-to-wear.

Meanwhile, with the haute couture no longer exerting such a strong influence, the word *couture* began to slip into the public domain. Geoffrey Beene and Giorgio Armani named their highest-priced collections couture, for the quality, even though the clothes are not custom-fitted. Neiman-Marcus titled its department for expensive ready-to-wear by Valentino, Ungaro, Chanel, and other European designers Couture Collections. Advertising copywriters began to appropriate the word *couture* to create an aura of high class around pre-packaged sheets and other manufactured goods. Couture in these contexts, without the *haute*, has by now come to mean simply the top of the line. Next would come couture cookware, soon to be followed by couture oven mitts. To those of us who pay attention to this tiny world, the promiscuous use of a word that had hitherto been precise and inviolable could only be read as a bad sign.

And then suddenly, two or three years ago, the haute couture began to make a strong comeback. Sales took a drastic upturn—35 percent in 1984 over the previous year, according to Jacques Mouclier, the executive president of the Fédération Française de la Couture—and the trend appears to be continuing, though the figures for 1985 are not yet in. Couture sales in 1984 totaled \$30 million, with the price for a garment generally ranging from \$6,000 to \$30,000—and higher for a lavish evening ensemble, a spectacular bridal gown, or, of course, a fur coat.

The Fédération Française de la Cou-

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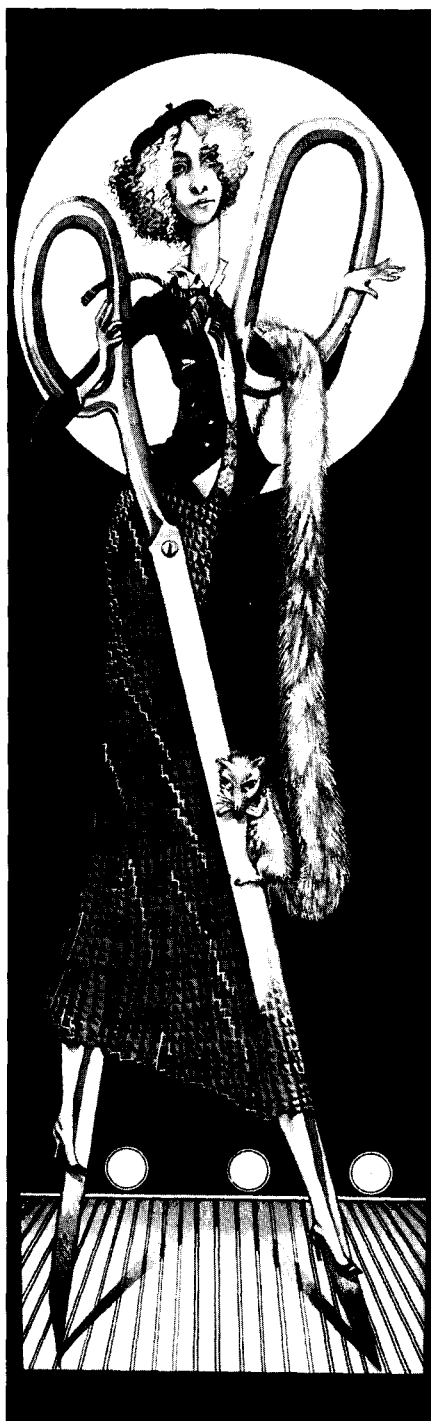


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ture polices the use of the word *couture* in France, to prevent it from slipping into the public domain. (Formed in 1972, the federation is made up of the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture*, presided over by Mme. Alix Grès, a highly esteemed *couturiere*; the *Chambre Syndicale du Prêt-à-porter*, presided over by Pierre Bergé, Yves Saint Laurent's partner and business manager; a third organization, devoted to men's wear; and a fourth, to accessories. Of these, the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture* is by far the oldest, founded more than a century ago.) According to Mouclier, the federation investigates all *couture* houses to ensure that they are meeting its requirements—namely, that each house realize its own designs, made to measure on its clients; that each house employ at least twenty skilled workers; that each present at least two collections a year to the press, in July and January, on dates fixed by the *Chambre Syndicale*; and that each hold at least forty-five showings a year for private clients, on dates that are publicly announced.

There are twenty-two *couture* houses in France today, with about 3,000 customers worldwide. Two percent of these are French, 40 percent American. The rest come primarily from other parts of Europe, the Middle East, and Japan.

Curious as to the sort of women who now frequent the *couture*, I attended not long ago a small, in-house showing of the kind that occurs almost daily in Paris during the weeks following the big collections for the press. The scene there was, I imagine, typical of such events at other houses. There were all of five men, in an audience of maybe eighty. As far as I could tell, only four of the women came attired in the clothes of the house, and three of these struck me as fairly predictable types: a tall, slender woman who looked to be in her early twenties, elegantly dressed, on the arm of an elderly gentleman who might have been her grandfather but evidently wasn't; the cheerful, heavyset wife of an American ambassador, with her Pekingese on a leash, and her daughter, over from the States, in tow; and an Arab woman mustering an eager, quizzical smile and wearing a pink wool plaid suit, with a hat and a pocketbook unfortunately upholstered to match. This last proved conclusively that even at the highest level fashion claims its victims—in this sad case, an innocent bystander. The fourth woman dressed in the clothes of the house was indeed chic and under-



stated, but also silent, divulging no further information about herself. The remainder of the audience was remarkable only for its randomness. There were women of all ages, all sizes, all shapes.

THE *COUTURE* OVER the years has acquired a reputation as a laboratory in which designers concoct daring new styles, free from the constraints of the marketplace. It is here, the notion goes, that fashion is found in its purest state, that great discoveries are born out of the play of texture, color, and shape.

In the recently published *Couture: The Great Designers*, an intelligent and expert survey by Caroline Rennolds Milbank of sixty-one prominent designers and their contributions to fashion, the haute *couture* emerges as the forum in which Madeleine Vionnet pioneered the bias cut without underpinnings, Louiseboulanger introduced uneven hemlines and the pouf silhouette, and Mainbocher launched the first strapless evening gown. There are photographs of Antonio del Castillo, the designer for the House of Lanvin, tinkering with the skirt of an organza dress engineered to fall in loopy folds, like ribbon candy; Jean Dessès adjusting the drape of a chiffon evening gown; Jacques Heim trying out an idea for a dress, swathing a mannequin in the chosen fabric. Roberto Capucci proved so uninterested in replicating his designs once he had realized them that he made only one of each and sold the samples. Some of the clothes pictured in Milbank's pages now look preposterous in their quest for fashion progress, such as Courrèges's metal bikinis, from 1969.

Today the sense of ferment that used to pervade the *couture* is gone, but the folderol it inspired lives on. Each house has its own protocol. Throughout the rounds of showings and fittings the clients are treated with a deference that makes them feel important. Most are fiercely loyal to their particular designer. At the collections they settle into their places with a proud air of belonging, as if a *couture* house were a private club.

The *couture* enables women to partake of the world as it used to be, a world that Milbank vividly conjures in its heyday, with stories of Rita de Acosta Lydig, who ordered her clothes from the Callot Soeurs and carried emeralds in her pockets, to give away as tips; of Worth's mannequins, each hired for her resemblance to one of his important clients, and accordingly ordered to gain or lose weight as the client did; of Lucile's fashion shows—miniature revues, all on a theme, complete with music, décor, and dance steps, followed by tea and biscuits.

Over the years the collections have grown even more theatrical and elaborate in their staging, so that by now they have attained the status of events. The lighting alone—so bright, for the sake of the cameras, that some fashion veterans in the audience wear their sunglasses throughout the show—is enough to persuade one that what is taking place is momentous. Retailers, royalty, wives of

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heads of state, famous actresses, notorious clotheshorses, and members of the press—all shoehorned into narrow straight-backed gilt chairs—burst from time to time into brief spurts of polite applause, signifying their approval.

The mannequins have an imperturbable demeanor, a blend in equal parts of arrogance and modesty; they project an awareness that they are beautiful and yet manage somehow to imply that their beauty is derived from what they are wearing, so that in the end the glory accrues to the clothes. Mannequins are, of course, astoundingly thin, bringing to mind Anthony Burgess's line about a friend who claimed, on experience, that having an affair with one was "like going to bed with a bicycle." They have a stylized way of walking, peculiar to the world of high fashion, that bears no relation to the way real women walk in real life. During the late sixties and early seventies the walk was a slink, pelvis forward, shoulders back. Today the back is straighter and the heel of one foot is placed directly in front of the toes of the other, in a straight, narrow line. This has the sassy effect of making the pelvis swing from side to side, like a pendulum.

Most collections last a little more than an hour. At the end the designer himself comes out and takes a bow.

AT A FEW OF the remaining houses one can still see what all the fuss over the couture is about. Emanuel Ungaro makes dinner and evening dresses sculpted to the body, with seams that spiral around it and skirts that splash about the feet and spill onto the floor. Even his day clothes—velvet turtleneck blouses draped at the bodice, trousers cut on the bias, swirl-skirted coats, fitted through the torso—exhibit an originality and a precision that would be almost impossible to replicate in ready-to-wear. In recent collections Ungaro has made frequent use of drapery as a means of building spontaneity and romance into clothes that are closely fitted and controlled.

At the house of Patou, there is promise, along with some degree of confusion about what the couture might have to offer a new generation of clients, in collections designed by a young newcomer, Christian LaCroix. He freely, mischievously combines incongruous colors and fabrics, disparate forms, as in an evening gown of olive-drab chiffon, for example, or a black-and-red-striped satin coat

dress worn over ruffled black Bermuda shorts. Even when he essays something more traditional, he can't seem to bring himself to do it straight, as in a little black dress—velvet, a few inches above the knee, with a stiff flounce that protruded like a mini-train in back and wagged behind the mannequin as she walked.

Yves Saint Laurent lately seems intent on proving Christian Dior's maxim that the best-cut dress is often the least-cut dress, by presenting clothes that are simple to the point of austerity. Not a seam is out of place. Even in sportswear Saint Laurent's clothes have a precision of line, a sharpness of focus, that makes other designers' day clothes look slightly blurred. The evening clothes, many of them bare of decoration, rely for effect on finely tuned, highly sophisticated color combinations—black, violet, teal blue, and pink, for example. Saint Laurent seems to be purging the couture of all its rococo attempts to justify itself and trying to rediscover what is essential and worthwhile in it.

Unfortunately, most of the other designers still engaged in creating haute couture seem to have no sense of the ground's having shifted beneath their feet. Either that or they're hoping that no one will notice, as long as they keep turning out clothes that sell. At Christian Dior and at Givenchy the day clothes are relaxed, roomy, beautifully rendered, appropriate to the moment at hand, and yet not appreciably different from those same designers' ready-to-wear. The evening clothes are often overcomplicated in their cut and excessively decorated, with wall-to-wall beading, sequins—anything to justify the exorbitant price of a couture gown. There is something decadent about these designs. Watching one after another of them parade by, one begins to suspect that this recent return to the couture may come down to the fact that it can furnish women with clothing that looks not necessarily more stylish or more original but more expensive than anything they could buy off the rack. Dressing in the height of fashion today, if these clothes are any indication, is largely a matter of looking prosperous.

FASHION IS inevitably political, and in politically liberal times we dress in styles that are more relaxed, less structured. The allusions are to peasant clothes and garments of various ethnic origins—burnouses, djellabas, kimonos,

sarongs. We feel a sense of responsibility for our fellow men, and high fashion accordingly identifies with, often romanticizes, the man in the street. The military is regarded with suspicion and occasionally with disrespect, and in fashion that attitude is translated into Army-Navy surplus and fatigues. Public displays of wealth are interpreted as arrogant. Jewelry looks suddenly garish. Classics are cast aside in the search for something unique, reflecting one's individuality. Handcrafted articles hold a special fascination. And then, in time, everything changes.

When the political climate is conservative and money is viewed as the just reward for virtue, hard work, or ingenuity, people dress to advertise their wealth. Clothes that have their historical origins among the upper classes hold sway. There is renewed interest in established traditions and in uniforms. Military references are to the highest ranks, with plenty of brass buttons. Shapes are neat, trim, tailored, contained. Materials are luxurious, lustrous, and fine-textured, even for casual clothes. Women flaunt their jewelry. A Chanel suit, a Brooks Brothers shirt, or a bag from Hermès acquires some extra interest as a fashion "classic," admired for its continuity. Like most elitist institutions in times like these, the haute couture thrives.

These parallels are sketchy but, I think, fairly sound. So it stands to reason that the couture should be making a comeback now, at a time when money is back in style and popular taste runs to the finest in all things, from gourmet ice cream to stereo TVs.

This recent resurgence in the business of the couture is often discussed among fashion fans as some sort of return to normalcy: to hear them talk, you would think that the royalists were witnessing the deposed monarch being returned to the throne. But during the course of the past fifteen years the circumstances of fashion have changed irrevocably and in such a way that the couture, its designers and its customers, cannot simply revert to the way things used to be, as if nothing had happened.

Supposing that there were a Universal Exposition in Paris this year, who would be commissioned to outfit La Parisienne? Of the top couturiers of our time, Yves Saint Laurent, perhaps, or Karl Lagerfeld, or Emanuel Ungaro. But the choice might as easily be Azzedine Alaïa, fashion's man of the hour, or Sonia

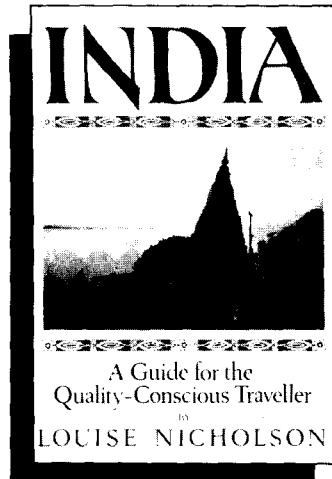
Rykiel, or Claude Montana, none of whom designs couture.

We live in an age of ready-to-wear. The height of fashion is no longer synonymous with the haute couture. Except for the occasional staggeringly glamorous evening gown, most women today have grown to prefer the look and attitude of clothes that are mass-produced, which is to say easy to take care of and roomy enough to be comfortable in, clothes that aren't quite so self-important, that look as if they've been less worked on and worried over. Despite prices that put a single dress on a par with a new automobile or a year's college education, the couture can no longer be counted on to turn a profit, and when it does, the profit is usually slim. The haute couture today is a flagship, kept afloat for the prestige it lends to a whole fleet of ready-to-wear lines and licensed products.

Milbank quotes Dior's obituary, in which Carmel Snow, the former editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, recalled his philosophy: "To him, there was nothing frivolous about the haute couture. In a machine age, he saw it as one of the last refuges of the purely human—that is, the inimitable—and as an important manifestation of the great civilization to which he belonged." Where thirty years ago most couturiers were faced with the challenge of how to translate their highly specialized vision into the terms of ready-to-wear, today they find themselves looking to ready-to-wear as their frame of reference, designing haute couture clothes that lack conviction, that are in essence ready-to-wear made painstakingly to order.

During the last couture showing I attended in Paris, Saint Laurent presented his collection in the long, narrow ballroom of the Hotel Intercontinental. The runway had been built a few inches too high. The mannequins, most of whom stand nearly six feet tall, were forced to dodge three brass chandeliers hanging directly over their path, like those door jambs in medieval churches built deliberately low in order to force worshippers to bow their heads as they entered. Saint Laurent's towering beauties sallied forth in one stunning outfit after another, ducking once, twice, three times, and again on the return trip. Every now and then a mannequin would absentmindedly bump her head, pause for half a beat, shaken, and then proceed. The couture stumbled and, slightly dazed, continued on its way. □

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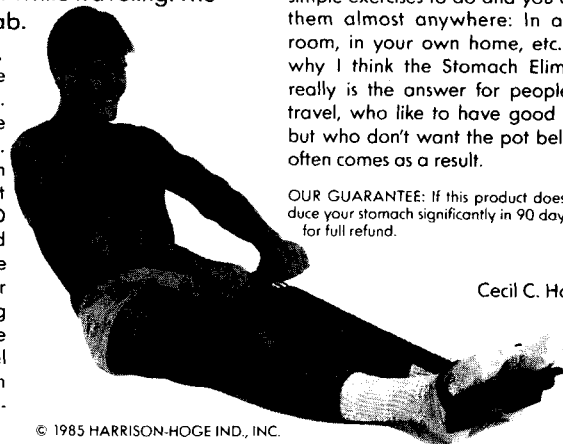
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PHOTOGRAPHY

RICHARD AVEDON'S IMAGINED WEST

BY LOUISE TODD

THE PHOTOGRAPHER Richard Avedon is a master storyteller. In the late 1940s and the 1950s he introduced wit and narrative excitement into the staid art of fashion work by presenting models as self-confident actors in elaborately staged street dramas. In the late 1950s he began a series of portraits of American politicians, artists, and writers that did away with dramatic trappings. These portraits retain a storytelling power despite the white-paper backdrops that have become an Avedon trademark, because Avedon's likenesses seem so at odds with his subjects' carefully crafted public personas that we must invent stories to reconcile the two divergent presentations of familiar figures. Avedon turned to yet another storytelling device to chronicle his father's final years, using a series of sequential photographs to document Jacob Israel Avedon's painful descent toward death in 1973.

Avedon's latest portraits, of people in the American West, tell stories too. This series of 124 pictures, commissioned in 1979 by the Amon Carter Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas, opened at the museum last September and will be on view at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art beginning March 14. Although the pictures bear stylistic similarities to Avedon's earlier work, they are a departure in subject matter—no glamorous models or well-known artists here. These people are all workers who were spotted by Avedon at country fairs or rodeos or oil rigs and photographed because they had some indefinable allure. The exquisite prints in the exhibition show us every seam in their clothes, every bit of grease under their fingernails, every line creasing their faces.

Avedon has repeatedly called his work fiction. In the foreword to *In the American West*, the book accompanying the show, he writes, "The moment an emotion or fact is transformed into a photograph, it is no longer a fact but an opinion." Avedon thus asks to be judged as an artist, not a sociologist, and cau-

tions that his photographs should not be interpreted as showing the real West or as being documentary photographs that depict actual social conditions. This request is fair enough. But calling one's work fiction does not protect it from all scrutiny. It may be unfair to expect fiction to reveal particular truths, but fiction gains its power by revealing general truths about the human condition. In this regard Avedon's photographic fiction invites examination.

Unlike a writer of fiction, Avedon cannot create his West purely from the imagination—he must, after all, photograph real people. But he does have enormous leeway to pick and choose, to populate his West with a particular kind of people. And Avedon's characters are the key to the fiction he has created.

A VEDON'S CHARACTERS are overwhelmingly working-class. Laura Wilson, his research assistant, has noted that he sought out people "who work at hard, uncelebrated jobs . . . who are often ignored or overlooked." Only a handful of Avedon's adult subjects, as identified in his terse captions, do any-

thing other than physical work. The subjects come from such places as Thermopolis, Wyoming; Rocky Ford, Colorado; and Clancy, Montana. A large number of them live at the fringes of society. The exhibition includes portraits of nine men that Avedon identifies as drifters, three mental patients, three prisoners, a migrant worker, a former prizefighter, an unemployed blackjack dealer, two carnies, and a jobless ranch hand.

Avedon perceives these people as victims who "have absolutely no recourse" and are "in a state of emergency every day." He was attracted to Wilbur Powell, a Montana rancher, whose portrait was the first made for this series, because, he says, "he's an uncommon common man. He's a victim and he's completely heroic." Avedon has called his subjects "the hidden strength of this country." He stresses their heroic qualities by printing their portraits in larger-than-life-size formats and displaying the pictures with short captions giving only a name, occupation, place, and date. These captions make the pictures seem emblematic. It's as if we're looking not at *any* coal miner but at the very essence of what a coal miner must be.

Avedon has said, "I don't think the West of these portraits is any more conclusive than the West of John Wayne." This is an apt analogy. Most critics have interpreted Avedon's new work as a progress report on the anxiety of the post-industrial West and have congratulated him on avoiding the stereotypes of western photography. But Avedon's West, like the West of John Wayne, is at bottom an elegiac tribute to a nineteenth-century West, or at least to popular notions about what that might have been: a West without cities, without white-collar workers, without blacks; a West where people were measured by their ability to cope with the elements and with distant economic forces they could not control. Avedon's subjects and Wayne's cowboys gain dignity just by surviving. They take on monumental qualities as types, like stock characters in an old dime western. Where Wayne had his cowboy, his sheriff, and his dark-hearted gambler, Avedon has his rancher, his miner, and his drifter who lurks threateningly at the edge of town.

Nostalgia for an imagined, pristine West that seems to have slipped away just moments before has been a feature of western art since the early nineteenth century. Frederic Remington painted cowboys that he had never seen. Ed-



Marie Larsen, patient. State Hospital, Las Vegas, New Mexico, 4/1/80. 41 1/4 x 33".

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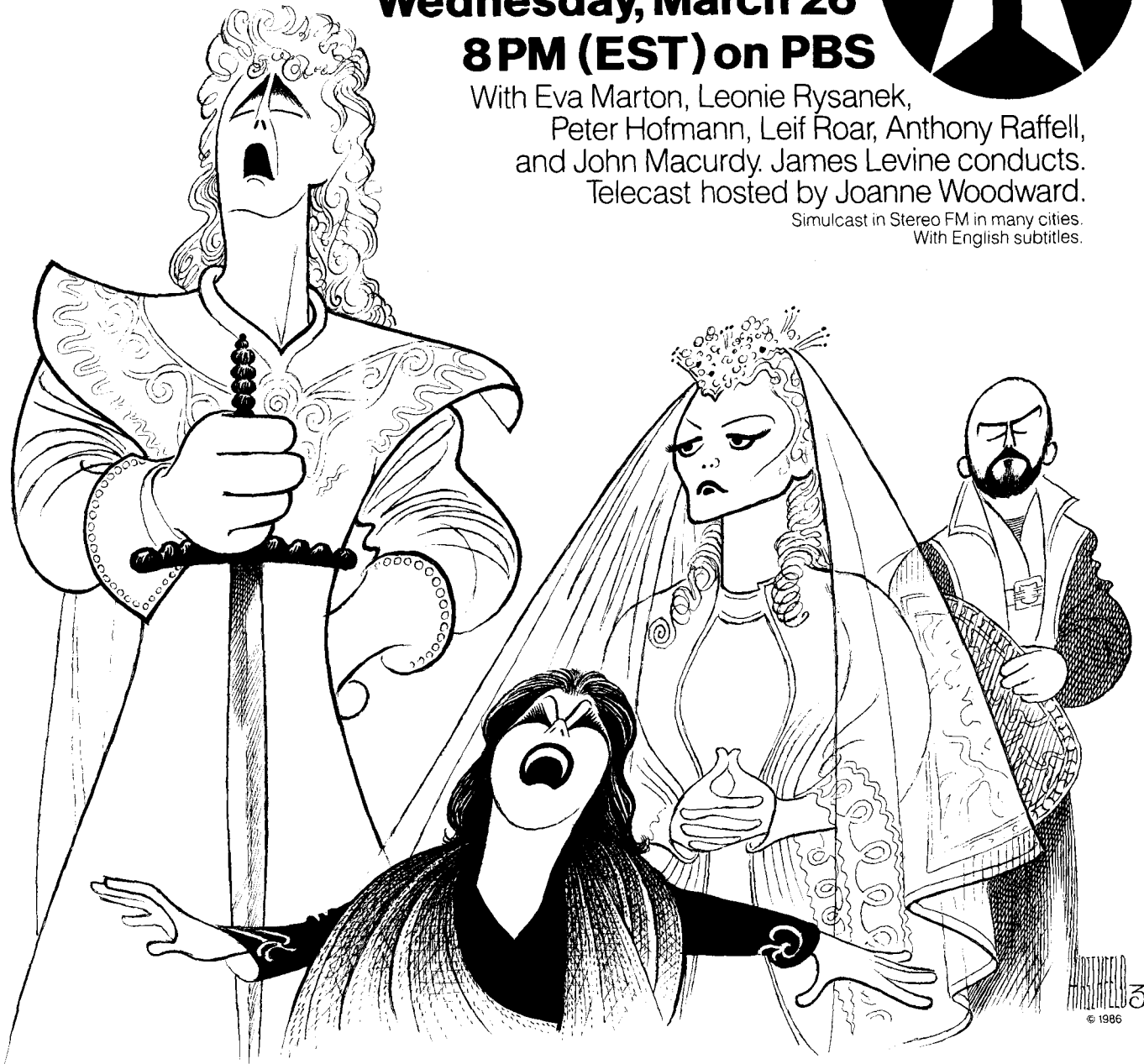
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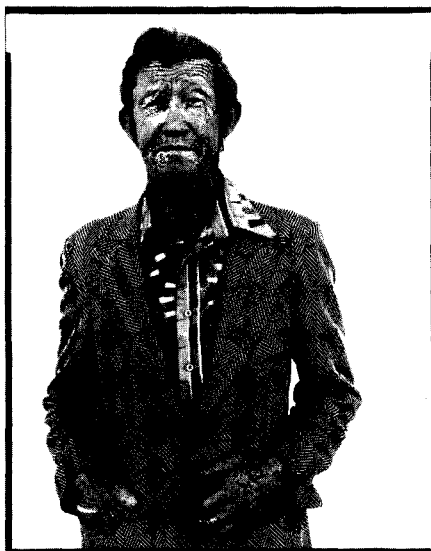
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward Curtis dressed some of his Indian subjects in old costumes that they had never worn. Avedon has not dressed his subjects in historical regalia. But like earlier artists, he has interpreted the West as an amalgam of types, powerful and alluring because they are so different from the people with whom he is more familiar.

Avedon's captions underscore his interest in his subjects' possibilities as archetypes. For example, the show includes twelve photographs of men identified simply as coal miners, all of whom are black with coal dust and dressed in work clothes. However, the caption accompanying the photograph of a well-scrubbed middle-aged man dressed in a cardigan sweater and tie, flanked by his nicely dressed, freckle-faced sons, reads "Lyal Burr, coal miner, and his sons Kerry and Phillip/The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. . . ." It is clear that Avedon wants us to see the man not as a miner but as a Mormon. Similarly, he puts additional information into the captions for the photographs of a farmer and a waitress so that we will understand that these pictures, made at the Santuario de Chimayo, in northern New Mexico, were taken on Good Friday: these are to be read as portraits of devoutly Catholic Hispanics. Although the text of Avedon's book identifies the three Johnson sisters of Wild Horse, Colorado, as wheat farmers, the caption for their group portrait identifies them only as "co-presidents, Loretta Lynn Fan Club." Again, Avedon presents them as a type—eccentric spinsters possessed by an odd and slightly out-of-fashion obsession.

The romantic nature of Avedon's nineteenth-century West is underscored by the elegiac tone of the text that Laura Wilson has written for the exhibition book. Like Avedon, she seems to want to invoke the spirit of a vanished West. She longs for the days when the copper mines were thriving, when family farms were more prosperous, when travelers could meet Indians who "looked like the ones in the portraits by Edward Curtis—steadfast, noble, and unbroken"—instead of the alcoholics she and Avedon met outside liquor stores. Avedon, self-consciously linking himself to his forebears, notes that his 8" × 10" camera on a tripod is "not unlike the camera used by Curtis, Brady, or Sander."

Although Avedon links himself with photographers like Curtis and Brady, his



Carl Hoefert, unemployed blackjack dealer. Reno, Nevada, 8/30/83. 47½ × 37½.

subject matter invites comparison more to the work of Lewis Hine, Walker Evans, and Dorothea Lange, who also photographed people living in dire straits and who understood the persuasive power of photography. Hine photographed the poor immigrants of New York's Lower East Side during the early decades of this century; Evans photographed in rural Appalachia in the 1930s; Lange worked in California photographing victims of the Great Depression. The subjects of their pictures are tied to particular places and circumstances by the abundance of information in the pictures—litter-strewn streets, pieces of broken furniture, or dust-blown fields. But Avedon's subjects have been abstracted from the circumstances of their lives. We cannot study their homes or their belongings or see anything that can help us question or evaluate Avedon's portrayal. In the foreword Avedon writes of one of his subjects, "His need to plead his case probably goes as deep as my need to plead mine, but the control is with me."

THOUGH AVEDON does not claim to be a reporter, he nonetheless wants to give the impression that he is presenting a "slice of life" glimpse of the American West. He writes that he seeks "to achieve an illusion: that everything embodied in the photograph simply happened, that the person in the portrait was always there, was never encouraged to hide his hands, and in the end was not even in the presence of a photographer." This attempt at illusion is transparent. As Laura Wilson revealed in a talk at a

symposium held on the occasion of the exhibition's opening at the Amon Carter Museum, Avedon often suggested postures to his subjects and arranged their clothes, and for his diptychs and triptychs he made careful sketches before he set up his camera. There is nothing inherently wrong in this. Such actions are an important element of a photographer's trade. But when the viewer becomes strongly aware of them, they have failed. There is such an unrelenting sameness to the poses in this exhibition—in the way the subjects are cropped just above or below the waist, in the way they stare unsmilingly at the photographer, in the way that arms and hands are bisected by the black edge of the negative frame—that one never loses awareness of the photographer and his insistently rigid style.

Two portraits are particularly revealing of Avedon's directorial manner and suggest that he did not find his subjects so much as create them. In one, Boyd Fortin, an angelic-faced boy, holds a curving, gutted rattlesnake draped in front of him as if it were a lyre. A taller and more hardened-looking Fortin appeared at the Amon Carter symposium and was greeted with applause. Relishing his newfound celebrity, Fortin said jokingly that by the end of his third outdoor sitting with the photographer the dead snakes were so cold he could hardly handle them. But Fortin cooperated until Avedon got what he wanted: a concrete expression of the mythic image he had visualized.

In the other portrait an astonishingly hairless man named Ronald Fischer poses with Zen-like placidity as bees swarm about his body. This was more difficult to realize. Avedon conceived of the picture and placed an advertisement in a beekeepers' journal soliciting sitters. He reviewed the many Polaroid snapshots submitted by interested beekeepers and finally settled on Fischer, an accountant from Oak Park, Illinois. There were lots of "wrong faces" in the Polaroids, Avedon said at the symposium, but then there was Fischer, whose face had "a quality so like a dream." Avedon enlisted the aid of an entomologist in Davis, California, and arranged for Fischer to go to Davis for the sitting. The caption of the finished picture doesn't hint at the complexity of all this. It reads simply (and somewhat deceptively): "Ronald Fischer, beekeeper, Davis, California, 5/9/81."

The picture of Fischer is extraordi-

nary. The pacific stare of his eyes and the vulnerable quality of his fair skin create an arresting tension with the swarms of bees that crawl in his ear and across his naked chest. Fischer has a look of transcendent self-possession. But the photograph is obviously staged, and more than any other portrait it undermines Avedon's effort to keep his directorial hand invisible. Certainly, not all of the pictures were as elaborately contrived as the portrait of the beekeeper. It was relatively simple to take a corsage of dollar bills off one factory worker at the Farah manufacturing plant in El Paso and pin it onto another, Petra Alvarado, who wears it in the photograph that was used for the exhibition poster. But all of the pictures were made in essentially the same way. They are the western fantasies of a New Yorker made true. "The structure of the project was clear to me almost from the start," Avedon writes in the exhibition book, "and each new portrait had to find its place in that structure."

At first glance it seems that Avedon has gained a kind of unearned intimacy with each subject and captured a revealing, self-confessional gaze. But on further viewing, one begins to feel conned. The pictures seem arranged; the gazes aren't convincing.

There is no sign that Avedon feels empathy for his subjects, no sense that he has discovered anything from knowing them. He has photographed them as heroic, larger-than-life types, but without any real admiration or respect for them as individuals. Avedon has said of some of his earlier portraits, "The photographs have a reality for me that the people don't. It's through the photographs that I know them." How can a photographer so closed to the possibility of learning from the people he meets create photographs of true moral suasion or pictures that illuminate some truth about the human spirit?

The subjects of Avedon's western portraits are ultimately like his fashion subjects: faces subverted for Avedon's own ends, actors in a carefully orchestrated play. If they tell a story, it is only Avedon's story—the tale of one successful New Yorker's fascination with the working class and the enduring myth of the nineteenth-century West. Avedon is a voyeur, drawn to the fringes of his mythic West but afraid to get too close. What he has created with his western pictures is an unconvincing fiction, devoid of any real feeling. □

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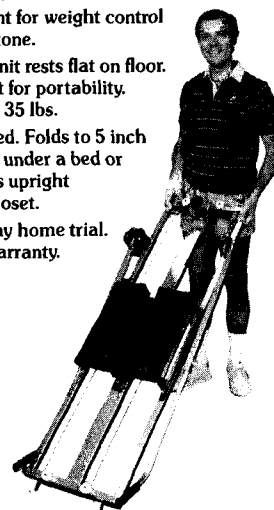
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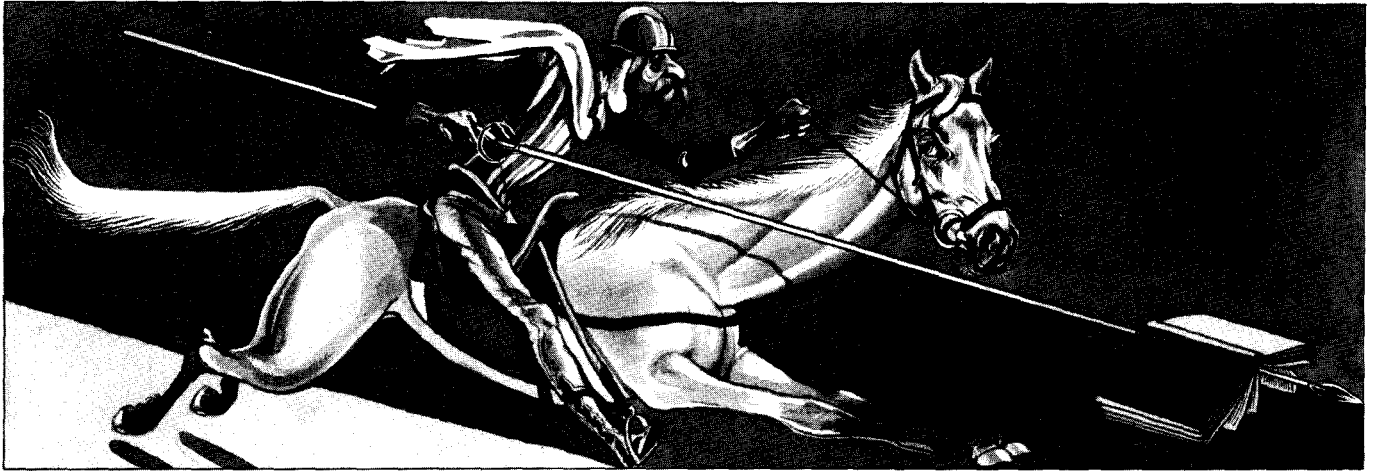
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BOOKS



BROKEN LANCE

BY MARTIN AMIS

THE ADVENTURES OF
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA
by Miguel de Cervantes, translated by
Tobias Smollett, and with an introduction
by Carlos Fuentes. Farrar, Straus and
Giroux, \$25.00 and \$10.95.

WHILE CLEARLY AN impregnable masterpiece, *Don Quixote* suffers from one fairly serious flaw—that of outright unreadability. This reviewer should know, because he has just read it. The book bristles with beauties, charm, sublime comedy; it is also, for long stretches (approaching about 75 percent of the whole), inhumanly dull.

Looming like one of the Don's chimerical adversaries, it is a giant "with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a millwheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace." But the giant has a giant weight problem, and is elderly, and soft-brained. Reading *Don Quixote* can be compared to an indefinite visit from your most impossible senior relative, with all his pranks, dirty habits, unstoppable reminiscences, and terrible cronies. When the experience is over, and the old boy checks out at last (on page 846, the prose wedged tight, with no breaks for dialogue), you will shed tears, all right—not tears of relief or regret but tears of pride. You made it, despite all that *Don Quixote* could do.

Written in the days before novel-reviewing—indeed, in the days before

novels—*Don Quixote* was probably never intended to be read in the modern manner: that is, straight through. Group or family recitations of a chapter a night were, in all likelihood, the most that Cervantes expected anyone to manage. His epic is epic in length only; it has no momentum, no pace, no drive. An anthology, an agglomeration, it simply accrues. The question, What happens next? has no meaning, because there is no *next* in *Don Quixote*'s world: there is only *more*. Through *Don Quixote* we stare into the primal soup of fiction, steaming, burping, fizzing with potential life, thick with crude and pungent prototypes.

In his introduction Carlos Fuentes (whose surname, by a pleasant coincidence, is glossed in the text: "*Fuentes* signifies . . . fountains") salutes *Don Quixote* as the central, all-encompassing supernovel. With its antic bookishness and its rival realities, *Quixote* plainly sets off deep stirrings in the blood of Fuentes's own work. But his tradition is not our tradition. The Latin-American novel has always been Quixotic—playful, self-conscious, "magical realist." In the fiction of the North Atlantic mainstream, however, realism provides a heavier undertow, modified not by magic but by irony. Furthermore, while we are obliged to adapt to the great strange books of the past, they are obliged to adapt to us, changing through time (in the way that Jane Austen was "modernized" by Lionel Trilling and others) to greet each rising generation. How does "the *Quixote*," in Borges's glamorous phrase, shape up to the twentieth century and its wizened reality? How does it cope?

WHAT FOLLOWS WILL give some idea of what the book is like to read. Its first twenty chapters are squalid, savage, and attritional—rather well suited, in fact, to modern tastes. In his copious free time, "which engrossed the greatest part of the year," a humble gentleman called Alonzo Quixano grows addicted to books of chivalry and, like all addicts, soon pauperizes and deracinates himself in lone gratification. Now the newly styled Don Quixote de la Mancha—"so long, so lank, so lean" or, as Cervantes later describes him, "so long, so lank, so lean, so yellow"—sallies forth in quest of adventure on his horse Rozinante, "so long and raw-boned, so lank and meagre." With him, after a while, rides Sancho Panza, who with Hispanic panache has "deserted his wife and children," without a farewell, the better to serve his master. That golden age of chivalry was always a fiction; now, in 1605, it isn't even a memory. But off they go. The knight impelled by madness and high ambition, the squire by stupidity and greed, they burst out into the unchivalrous reality ("this detestable age," "these iron times," "these degenerate times") of rural Spain.

Here are their achievements. Unprovoked except by chivalric paranoia, Don Quixote beats up a carrier ("with such good will," "so effectually mauled") and shatters the skull of his innocent companion. Interfering in a squabble, he then causes a blameless young rustic to be flogged "so severely, that he had like to have died on the spot." Next, attempting to beat up a merchant, the Don crashes from his horse and is flogged himself "so severely." Now comes the business with the windmills,

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of *The Darkangel* and
A Gathering of Gargoyles

THE WOMAN WHO LOVED REINDEER

MEREDITH ANN PIERCE

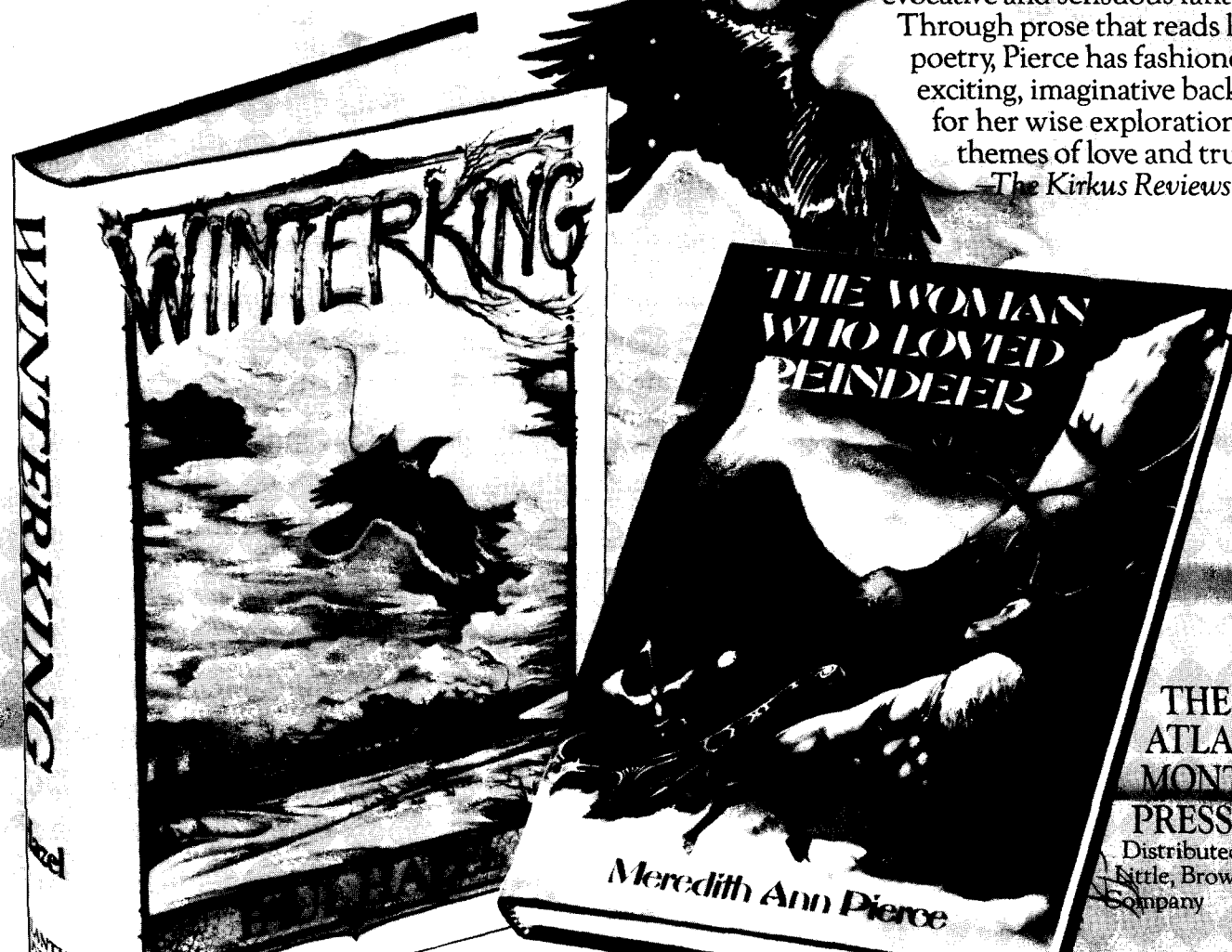
The woman was *idris*, the wisewoman, the dreamer of dreams. But when the earth itself began to move and burn, she knew that dreams would not be enough; she must turn to the strange, unearthly Reindeer—the companion who appears in both stag and human form. So begins this acclaimed author's most magical fantasy—a winter's tale of danger and destiny set on a double-mooned, Lapp-like world. "The whole work is infused with a deeply moving mythic and folk-

loric power."—Lloyd Alexander. "An evocative and sensuous fantasy..."

Through prose that reads like poetry, Pierce has fashioned an exciting, imaginative backdrop for her wise exploration of the themes of love and trust."

—*The Kirkus Reviews*.

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in which "knight and steed are whirled aloft ["with so much fury"] and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain." During an altercation in which it is Sancho's turn to be beaten "so unmercifully," Quixote tries to murder a Biscayan traveler, who strikes back "with such force and fury" that he slices off half the Don's ear.

"Raged and lousy" from all his encounters with these "rascally scum," Don Quixote attacks some more carriers (giving one "such a hearty stroke, as laid open . . . a large portion of his shoulder"), who in return stave him "with infinite eagerness and dexterity," leaving him senseless at Rozinante's feet. Brawling at an inn, Quixote receives "such a terrible blow . . . as bathed his whole countenance in blood," and is moreover drenched in boiling oil. The next day, imagining a flock of sheep to be an advancing army, the Don wades in, chopping up "about seven" little lambs before the shepherds send over a hail of stones ("the least of which was as large as an ordinary fist") that break two of his ribs and smack out half his teeth. As Sancho inspects the damage, his "stomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his master . . . a handsome pickle." Continuing on his sociopathic way, Quixote assails some defenseless mourners, robs a barber, and pummels an itinerant prison guard ("such wonderful dispatch," "dangerously wounded"), thus freeing a band of convicts, who then turn on their liberator ("with such force," "a most furious application"), leaving him robbed, stripped, and soundly beaten.

AT THIS POINT it dawns on the reader that there are still 700 pages to go. Cervantes, you feel, will have to change tack pretty soon—while his principals remain in one piece. And so it proves. Although my notes continue to be dotted with havoc ("most miserably mauled," "most handsomely drubbed," "sufficiently pummeled," "such a thwack"), and although there is many a clubbing and drubbing and sousing and scalding along the way, Cervantes does begin to diversify. He begins to pad.

And goes on padding. Sancho and the Don are virtually reduced to helpless on-lookers as Cervantes pads away, using all the trash, all the hay and straw, of popular contemporary literature. It is a bizarrely shameless spectacle, as if Señor Fuentes, say, had bulked out *The Death of Artemio Cruz* with half a dozen super-

market romances. Here is the goatherd's tale, the muleteer's tale, the captive's tale; here is a thirty-page digression of labyrinthine intrigue (which even the Penguin translator implores you to skip); here are ditties, serenades, the swoonings and weepings of thwarted love; here are gross coincidences, surprise reunions, instant rehabilitations: 250 pages of hackwork. Piling error upon inconsistency, excrescence upon excrescence, Cervantes maintains the cheerful chaos as Volume I enters its final tailspin and eventually wafts and flutters to a close.

The author took a decade to recover from the first part of *Don Quixote* before completing and publishing the second. The modern reader, of course, enjoys no such holiday, and soon finds himself eyeing the fortress of Volume II. Luckily, and for various conflicting reasons, it is immeasurably more accomplished than its predecessor. It seems that the comedy of humors (where the Hispanic tradition does cross paths with our own) works by a dual process of attrition and sedation: to win your somnolent and exhausted assent, the characters need do no more than what they have always done. And by this stage, also, the intransigent greatness of the book has begun to press in on you. Crossing and uncrossing your legs, and always wondering what else you could be doing, you follow the poor enchanted knight and the swag-bellied lurcher toward their remote epiphany.

Since the technique of *Don Quixote* is that of periphrasis, of lapidary duplication, of saying everything (at least) twice, it is appropriate that the second half should be a mirror image of the first—with one important reversal. Both in the actual world of Cervantes and in the fictional world of the novel, Volume I has been published, to vast international acclaim. Don Quixote has not read *Don Quixote* and awaits news of its reception with suitable diffidence. His *Adventures*, he learns, has been criticized on predictable grounds—the digressions, the "inadvertencies" (whereby, for instance, Señora Panza is given three different Christian names), the remorselessness of "those infinite drubbings"—but the Don is now as famous as he could ever have wished, if for all the wrong reasons. Sallying out once again with his squire, he is universally humored and hoaxed by a colluding reality. His baseless imaginings of Volume I are, through a series of elaborate deceptions

(often as cruel and gratuitous as the beatings the Don earlier dispensed), given sham life in the observable world. Don Quixote was driven mad by books; now he enters a reality driven mad by *Don Quixote*.

The subversion or preemption of his dream-life is a kind of moral tragedy for Don Quixote. It is a hideously protracted degradation, as cynical reality steadily usurps and degrades the knight, divesting him of his once rampant creativity. Encountering many a symbolic hell and dungeon, Quixote is jeered and hounded back to his village, savaged by cats, pinched by governesses, teased by maidens, unhorsed by gutter-snipes, vanquished in arms, trampled first by bulls, then by swine. We leave him "pensive, melancholy, mauled, and meagre," crushed by actuality, as the Manchegan music fades.

HAD HE LIVED, Quixote would have repaired to a pastoral setting, to give "full scope to his amorous sentiments." These have been directed throughout the novel to a woman he hardly knows. She is just a country wench, but Quixote has adorned her with the name Dulcinea del Toboso and also with a beauty she has never possessed. "I am enamoured," he tells Sancho, "for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love." On one level he knows her to be what she is, and yet "I paint her in my fancy, according to my wish." All his exploits were committed in her name, though she neither knew nor cared. It is the saddest story. Don Quixote de la Mancha, the great artist manqué: he attempted to live what he could not write.

Incarcerated in convention and garrulity, *Don Quixote* remains a beautiful idea. And it should be stressed that when a great book enters a period of dormancy in any particular age, then the age is the loser: the age is judged, as well as the book. Tobias Smollett's neglected translation is astonishingly vigorous, a work of genuine symbiosis, though perhaps erring on the side of Anglo-Saxon joviality. He gives us a *Quixote* for the eighteenth century; what he cannot do is give us a darker, more Hispanic *Quixote* for the twentieth. I suggest with respect, and some spite, that Carlos Fuentes or one of his peers should face such an enterprise. It will require much cutting and mauling and chopping and slicing. It will require infinite drubbings. □

A NEW ROUTE TO EQUALITY

BY RONALD DWORKIN

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

by Charles M. Haar and Daniel W. Fessler.

Simon & Schuster, \$17.95.

AMERICA'S GREAT CITIES and small towns are grids of inequality: the wrong side of the tracks gets the worst fire, police, sewage, park, and every other public service. It was not unreasonable for lawyers to hope, two decades ago, that the federal courts would use the Equal Protection Clause of the United States Constitution to eliminate the most glaring of these inequalities. That hope was briefly nourished by the 1971 decision of Judge Elbert P. Tuttle, of the U.S. Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, in *Hawkins v. Town of Shaw*, which ordered Shaw, Mississippi, to improve roads and services in its unspeakably shabby black quarter, ironically named "the Promised Land." But later decisions in this and other federal cases, including decisions by the Supreme Court, dimmed the prospect, and the federal courts are now likely to intervene only when the residents of an urban ghetto are predominantly black, and even then only when the inequality of services can be shown to be the result of racial prejudice. President Reagan's anticipated appointments to the Supreme Court are hardly likely to reverse this trend.

In this important book Professors Haar, of the Harvard Law School, and Fessler, of the Davis Law School, argue an intriguing proposition: that state courts should take over the law's campaign for equality, and that they should use as their weapon not the Constitution but the ancient common-law principle that private monopolies whose business is burdened with a "public interest"—like medieval mills and markets and modern railroads and public utilities—have a duty to "serve all members of the community alike." The authors trace the long history of this idea to its thirteenth-century roots in Bracton's theory that economic monopolies act under real or assumed royal warrant conditioned on equal treatment. They show how the egalitarian ideal, continually challenged and sometimes temporarily obscured, fi-

nally reasserted itself in every period, reworked as necessary to take account of successive economic and technological revolutions. The ideal took different form when its target was ferries, then bridges, then railroads, then water and power and telephone companies; but it remained an egalitarian ideal throughout.

The story is told with great spirit and style. It exploits the charm of the antique—we learn of medieval legal writs and grasping manorial millers and a nocturnal ferrywoman who wanted to stay in bed. It draws on fiction and poetry as well as law reports to underscore a central and crucial claim: that judges are also artists, who must interpret, not simply report, the past, in search of a narrative structure that they can continue into the future. Judges who accept this view of their art will see that the long story of the common law's response to private monopoly has a powerful implication: the whole structure presupposes that public service must be equal service. So the common law already contains the doctrine that common-law judges may use in the cause of urban equality: city government has an ancient and lively duty to serve residents on both sides of the tracks equally well.

But what does that mean? What rules or standards should state courts develop to enforce that common-law responsibility of city government? *The New York Times*, in an editorial comment on *Hawkins* quoted by the authors, put some hard questions pertinent here.

If the town of Shaw can be compelled to deal out its public services with an even hand, why should the city of New York be exempt from . . . having to pick up garbage as thoroughly and frequently on upper Park Avenue as on lower? . . . Would a gigantic investment in Harlem evoke a lawsuit on grounds of neglect from residents of Astoria?

We cannot answer these questions until we choose between two rather different views of the connection between private monopolies and municipal government, two views about what the egalitarian responsibility of cities really is.

THE FIRST VIEW treats city government as a collection of public utilities, each supplying an essential public service, such as fire or police protection or road maintenance or garbage collection or water. It attaches the requirement of equal treatment to these services one by one: just as a private power

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

on the state of the American family



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by Daniel Patrick Moynihan

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HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIH 

Photo: Diana H. Walker

company is required to supply electricity on the same terms to all neighborhoods within its jurisdiction, though it costs more to serve some areas than others, so New York would be required to keep all its parks equally clean, even though local vandalism makes it more expensive to clean some parks than others. And it would be required to maintain fire stations in all neighborhoods, in spite of a fiscal crisis that argues for closing some of them and forcing some neighborhoods to be served by stations farther away.

This is the strategy that Haar and Fessler favor. They argue that though federal courts have in fact decided that New York City does not have these particular responsibilities under the Equal

monopolies and public bodies which provide better arguments against applying the same rules of law to both. A private monopoly supplies a single service that defines the boundaries of its responsibility. But cities have compound responsibilities and overall rather than inherently compartmentalized budgets: spending more on parks and fire service, in order to provide equality of result there, means spending less on other services, such as medical care or welfare programs, and so damaging equality in other ways. In these circumstances it is hardly plain that the fundamental duty to treat all residents with equal concern means providing exactly the same benefits for each neighborhood, service by service, no matter what the cost to the

ferent conceptions of equality of public service, and that makes another difference between private utilities and public bodies relevant. Municipal officials are elected by, and thus responsible to, the consumers of the services they provide. It seems reasonable, and consistent with democratic principles, to allow the concerned community itself to decide, in that way, which conception of equality will govern it.

THESE ARE NOT decisive arguments against the view that municipal services should be subject to the same rules as private utilities, but they are powerful and they suggest that we consider a second view, premised on a different interpretation of the common-law history, which yields a stronger because more discriminating weapon against the worst urban inequality. In this interpretation the fundamental principle underlying the common law is an abstract principle applying directly and only to government: government at all levels must treat those it governs with equal concern. The special rules applying to private monopolies of essential services, in this view, are derivative from that fundamental principle. When government allows a public function to be provided by a private monopoly, it is deemed to have imposed on that monopoly the only egalitarian responsibility it can impose: the responsibility to treat all members of the community alike in the distribution of the particular service the monopoly provides. But the government itself need not take the same simple view of equality with respect to the complex and diverse functions it retains. *The New York Times's* hard questions may have hard answers; New York might have a plausible reason, perfectly consistent with a good-faith attempt to take everyone's interest into account, for collecting garbage less often in some areas than in others.

But government must nevertheless act under *some* good-faith and decent conception of equality. If municipal decisions reflect not a hard choice among the various views just described about what equality requires but disdain or indifference toward some particular group of residents, white or black, then these decisions cannot stand. That was in fact the argument of the court in the Arizona common-law decision that Haar and Fessler applaud. The Arizona court was careful not to declare any particular conception of equal service of the sort it might require for a private monopoly. It said,



Protection Clause of the Constitution, state courts could reach the opposite conclusion under the common law. They point to a recent decision by the Arizona Supreme Court, applying the common law rather than the Constitution, which held that once Phoenix undertook to supply hydrants to fight fires, it had a duty to supply hydrants that would protect everyone, and so was liable when a store burned because no hydrant was close enough.

Haar and Fessler seem to think that the main objection to treating city governments like collections of public utilities is the doctrine that local government has sovereign immunity with respect to governmental activities, and so cannot be sued at all. They point out that this doctrine has now been abandoned, or is in retreat, almost everywhere. But there are genuine differences between private

city's overall ability to serve its residents in other ways.

At least two other conceptions of equal concern would strike some people as more reasonable. Some would think that equal concern means spending the same share of the community's resources for the benefit of each resident, and that spending more for cleaning parks in vandalized areas than for other parks would therefore be favoritism. Others would take a more utilitarian view of what equal concern requires: using public funds to improve the welfare of the city's residents as a group. In that view it would be egalitarian to cut back welfare programs for single-parent families, for example, to protect the strictest equality in fire service, if the welfare program would provide more benefit for the city as a whole. Local government requires some choice among these dif-

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Phoenix lost not because it had the common-law duties of a private monopoly but because its decision was inegalitarian in any conception.

So people who live on the wrong side of the tracks can still challenge City Hall, even under this second view of a city's responsibility. They can challenge the city to show that it really has tried to treat them as equals, that their overall wretched position is compatible with some decent view of how government shows equal concern for everyone. The town of Shaw could not have met that challenge. It could not have showed that the appalling public squalor in which Andrew Hawkins was made to spend his life was the result of a utilitarian calculation taking his interests into account as fully as anyone else's—still less that it was the result of equal total expenditure for all. Hawkins would not have had to prove (though it was no doubt true) that his unequal treatment was racially motivated or even that his part of town was predominantly black. It would have been enough to point out what was obvious in Shaw and is obvious in hundreds of other cities: that the grid of inequality can only mean indifference and contempt.

On this second view the common law itself contains an equal-protection clause. It commands, abstractly, that cities treat residents as equals overall, and it requires courts to decide when they have not even tried to do so. The common law of equal protection is not affected by the Supreme Court's narrow reading of the Equal Protection Clause of the Constitution. Nothing in the common law would justify limiting its equal-protection principle to cases of demonstrated racial prejudice. Of course that principle is not immune from overriding state legislation, as Haar and Fessler recognize. Mississippi could enact a statute overruling any common-law decision that ordered Shaw to improve services in the Promised Land. But local interests that fight for privilege in local service are usually diluted at the state level, and in

any case state legislation setting aside a court's finding of pervasive inequality would attract national attention and pressure, and ignite a valuable public debate. *The Wrong Side of the Tracks* is a superb example of how powerful the common law can become in the hands of imaginative lawyers inspired and disciplined by history. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



THE SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW by Wade Davis. Simon and Schuster, \$17.95. The author is a Harvard-based scientist whose fields of expertise are so various that he can best be described as a man who will go anywhere and study anything that moves, although plants and people are his primary interests. When he was asked to go to Haiti and find out how zombies are made, on the chance that the drug or drugs employed for that purpose might prove useful in less exotic medicine, he went, undeterred by sensational journalism and cinematic nonsense. It turned out that patience, tact, nerve, and money were sufficient to locate the principal ingredients of zombie powder, but Mr. Davis was not satisfied with toads, puffer fish, and old bones. He wanted to know why and on whose authority zombies are made at all, for to an outsider they do not appear to be a seriously profitable commodity. His curiosity led him into an exploration of Haitian history, voodoo, and the structure of modern Haitian society. He reports his adventures brilliantly, conjuring up characters and settings vividly and creating sinister suspense or lyrical charm with the skill of an accomplished novelist. Whether or not puffer fish become pharmacologically serviceable, Mr. Davis's book should become a classic in the literature of scientific adventure.

SOUTH LIGHT by Michael Parfit. Macmillan, \$17.95. Short of visiting the Antarctic in person, one can hardly hope to comprehend what goes on in that fierce and bewitching continent better than by reading Mr. Parfit's account of the season he spent there. He has a sharp eye for the beauty and danger of the place and an appreciation of the tough, humorous, devoted

people who man the research posts maintained in cheerful cooperation by governments that constantly quarrel everywhere else. Like all fine travel books, this one arouses an itch to follow the author's trail. It should be resisted. People who go into the ice all too often find that they cannot be happy out of it.

RAT MAN OF PARIS by Paul West. *Double day*, \$15.95. The hero of Mr. West's novel is a war casualty, a man who as a child saw his family, his neighbors, his whole village, wiped out by the Nazis and has never since been quite right in the head. "All he has ever seen is things not working as they should," is the Rat Man's own view of the situation, and that summary is close enough to mankind's usual predicament to make him a truly appealing character, daft but endearing.

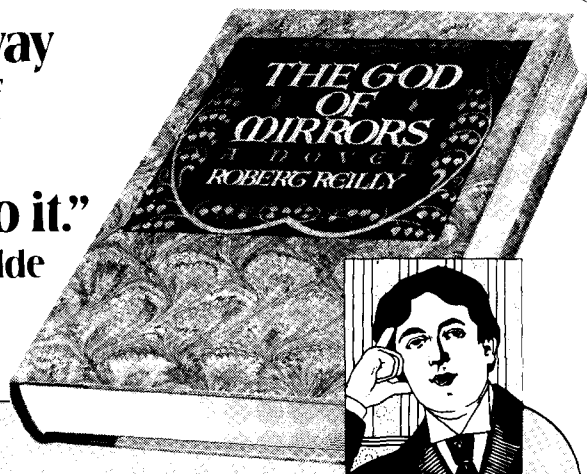
AMERICA IN EUROPE by Germán Arciniegas. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$19.95. The subtitle of Mr. Arciniegas's provocative book is "A History of the New World in Reverse," and the description is accurate. The author argues that the discovery of America caused immediate revision of European thinking about geography and astronomy, that it led to great changes in commerce, agriculture, and religious belief, that it eventually inspired demands for independence and political reform, and, in short, that America has influenced Europe far more than Europe has influenced America. His evidence for his opinion is collected from many areas and several centuries. It depends upon mass and variety rather than upon strict demonstration of cause and effect, but it is impressively presented and impossible to ignore.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CHURCHILL compiled by Kay Halle. *Facts on File*, \$19.95. Since Winston Churchill was human, there must have been occasions on which he said, or wrote, something dull, but of course nobody paid any attention to these aberrations. The quotations assembled by Ms. Halle range from the serious through the amusing to the frivolously malicious, and sparkle all the way.

THE BEETLE OF APHRODITE by Michael Howell and Peter Ford. *Random House*, \$17.95. The authors of this collection of "medical mysteries" have described cases that are for the most part not overfamiliar and are generally odd enough, or puzzling enough, to deserve attention. One learns what killed Robert the Bruce and what not to eat in the Arctic and of the dangers

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-Oscar Wilde



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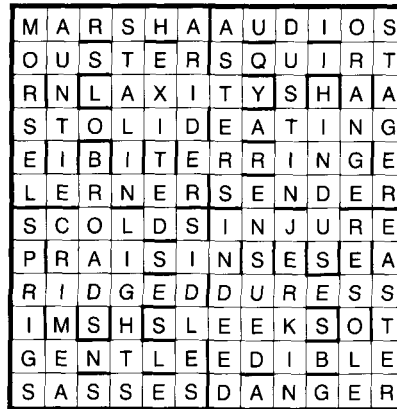
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Answers to the February Puzzles

"SIXISM"

Across. 1. MARS-H 5. (r)ADIOS 9. JOU(STE)R
11. QUI(R)T 12. LA(ITY 14. SOL(ID) 15. BE(A-
TIN)G 17. HER-RING 18. L-EARNER 19. SLEN-
DER (anag. + rev.) 21. C-OLDS 25. INURE
(homophone) 29. RA(USING 30. B(RIDG)ED
(grid anag.) 31. DR-ESS 32. SEEKS (homo-
phone of *Sikhs*) 33. GENTILE (anag.)
34. EDILE (hidden) 35. ASSES(s) 36. AN-GER
Down. 1. MOR(S)E 2. UNT-IE (nut anag.)
3. STA(IN) 4. AC-RIDER 5. CASTERS (double
def.) 6. DU(ST)ING 7. RAN-GE 8. STA(GGE)R
(egg rev.) 10. EXCITED (anag.) 13. H(IN-D)S
16. BR-ADS 20. EN(SURE)D (user anag.)
21. SP(y)-RINGS 22. CRIME (anag.)
23. BLIGH(T)'S 24. ID(L)ES 25. IND(EX)ED
(dined anag.) 26. JE(R)-KING 27. RESOLV-E
(anag.) 28. FE(A)STER



ACROSTIC NO. 7

"The determination to derive commercial or other benefit from being the last list-
ing in the telephone book has resulted in self-given names starting with . . . zs—
the extreme example being Mr. Zachary Zzzzzzzzzzra in the San Francisco book."

—Guinness Book of World Records

of hypervitaminosis, among other matters
not, one hopes, immediately relevant.

THE REAL LIFE OF ALEJANDRO MAYTA
by Mario Vargas Llosa. Farrar, Straus &
Giroux, \$16.95. Set in the author's native
Peru at some vaguely future date, this
novel explores the character of Latin
American revolutions and the reasons for
the persistent failure of such actions to
achieve satisfactory results. Mayta, an ag-
ing Marxist theoretician, and his ally Val-
lejos, an energetic young army officer,
make a wildly mismatched team, coincid-
ing only in their unrealistic expectations
of urban proletariat and mountain peas-
antry. Mr. Llosa presents the two less as
individuals than as symbols of the defi-
ciencies of the Peruvian left, but his grim
purpose does not prevent him from mak-
ing their tragedy exciting and moving fic-
tion.

A DAY AT A TIME edited and with an intro-
duction by Margo Culley. The Feminist
Press, \$12.95. Ms. Culley's presentation
of "The Diary Literature of American
Women from 1764 to the Present" is pri-
marily designed to illustrate the diversity
of female activities, from farmbound toil
to far-flung journey, and the literary skill
of the diarists varies from high to non-ex-
istent. All of them, however, have some-
thing of value to offer concerning working
conditions, or social customs, or prevailing
opinions. Most of these well-chosen
pieces are drawn from published books,
and the reader who wishes to know more
about Eliza Andrews, dodging around
Georgia ahead of General Sherman, or Es-
landa Robeson, examining the white man
in Africa with a cool and canny eye, can
track their work down. If the most recent
diarists seem, on the whole, less interest-
ing than their nineteenth-century prede-
cessors, it is probably because their preoc-
cupations (women's rights, racism,
lesbianism) are familiar, while Amelia
Knight's account of life on the Oregon
Trail is old enough to seem new.

**THE MAN WHO MISTOOK HIS WIFE FOR
A HAT** by Oliver Sacks. Summit, \$15.95.
Dr. Sacks, a neurologist, describes a num-
ber of people whose disorders have struck
him as exceptionally interesting, as in-
deed they are. Even more interesting are
the deep sympathy that the author dis-
plays for his patients, his sometimes sur-
prising reflections on medical practice, the
fund of knowledge on which he draws,
and the grace with which he writes.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams



The Atlantic

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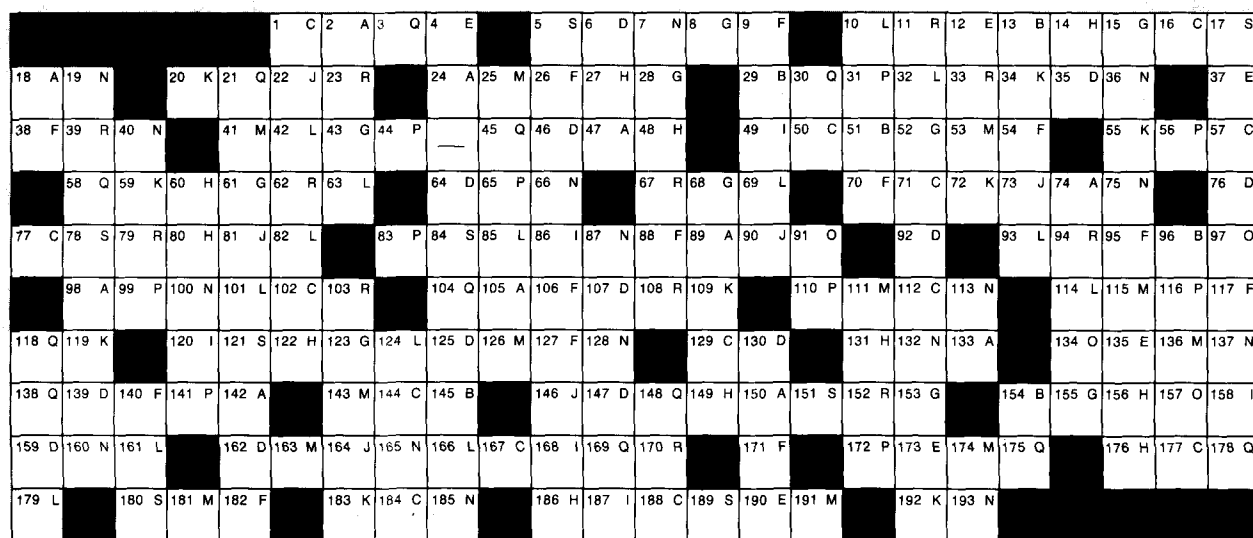
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Send to: The Atlantic Bookstore, 420 Lexington Avenue, Suite 2304, New York, NY 10170. 3/86

ACROSTIC No. 8

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 7 appears on page 112.

- A. Lob developed by baseball's Rip Sewell (2 wds.) 74 18 105 2 47 142 24 133 89 150 98
- B. Hip-hop music vocalist 51 96 13 154 145 29
- C. Red Skelton comedy of 1950 (3 wds.) 1 50 129 16 144 112 184 77 167 71 188 57 177 102
- D. Bee Gees song of 1969 (4 wds.) 147 162 64 46 6 159 139 125 107 92 130 76 35
- E. *Iliad* counselor 4 173 12 37 135 190
- F. Quixotic sorts (hyph.) 70 127 117 95 38 182 9 54 106 26 171 140 88
- G. Minnesota's NHL team (2 wds.) 61 123 155 52 68 28 15 43 153 8
- H. Governmental gobbledygook 156 176 131 27 122 60 14 48 80 186 149
- I. Brocaded fabric 168 120 86 158 187 49

- J. Acted overbearing 73 22 164 146 90 81
- K. Moorhen or Manx shearwater 119 192 109 55 34 20 59 183 72
- L. "Not on your life!" (4 wds.) 32 101 42 124 85 161 10 93 114 63 166 69 179 82
- M. Surrounding 115 126 53 136 181 174 41 25 163 191 111 143
- N. Vintage rock-and-roll (3 wds.) 100 160 75 165 7 19 132 137 40 128 185 113 36 87 66 193
- O. TV horse (2 wds.) 157 97 91 134
- P. Scoring unit in bridge (2 wds.) 172 56 116 83 65 31 99 110 44 141
- Q. Paul Robeson role (2 wds.) 3 138 45 169 148 118 21 58 175 178 30 104
- R. Provincial in outlook (hyph.) 108 39 103 33 152 67 23 11 79 170 62 94
- S. Unsurpassed (hyph.) 189 180 5 78 84 151 121 17

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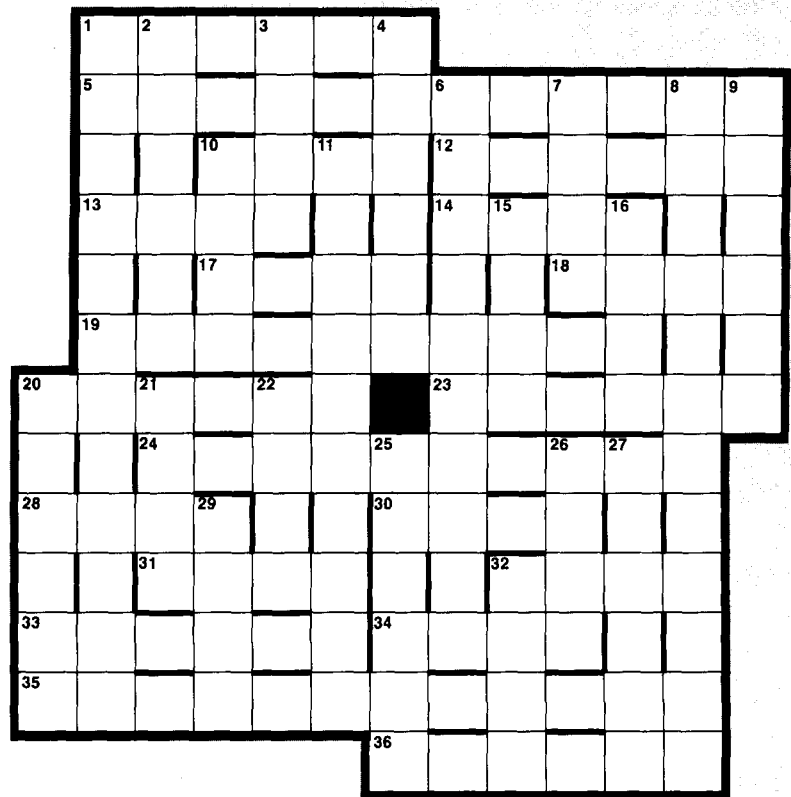
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

PINWHEEL

The diagram is divided into quadrants. Words from symmetrically matching locations in these quadrants are clued together, but each group of clues has been given a spin, leaving numbers and clues randomly matched. Solvers will have to determine where answers really belong. Answers include three proper nouns.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 112.

CLUES

- 1A. Favored keeping 4/4 beat (6)
- 36A. Prepares to be dubbed knight by slippery sorts (6)
- 9D. Stood in public transport, returning to lodging (6)
- 20D. Cut to luge going around 99 (6)
- 5A. No Admittance: spilled poison (12)
- 35A. Scared stiff of rig circling wrong street (12)
- 1D. Bogey firm about rating for movies that can be shown (12)
- 8D. Expensive rent keeps church in the running? (12)
- 10A. Pathetic-sounding Indian clothing (4)
- 34A. Trick expected around second of April (4)
- 16D. Eject rod (4)
- 21D. Farm worker in front of plow a long time (4)

- 12A. Heard of diet place (6)
- 33A. Without interruption, lion swallows gun (6)
- 2D. Get free engineer's garment (6)
- 27D. Translated tune to German (6)
- 13A. Mineral found in pemmican (4)
- 32A. Union group hosts a farewell to Fellini (4)
- 7D. State has to pay for scents (4)
- 29D. Booze on piano seat (4)
- 14A. Stretched out dead, removing cap (4)
- 31A. Brinks robber finally is holding one thousand (4)
- 10D. Explosive stuff written about one color (4)
- 26D. Tube dipped down in the ear (4)
- 17A. Ardent backing for prima donna (4)
- 30A. Zip into it a tiny bit (4)
- 15D. Picture of one prisoner (4)

- 22D. Jam in shoe (4)
- 18A. Crowd around a Dead Sea kingdom (4)
- 28A. Spot's mark on rear of stray cur makes a point (4)
- 3D. Head spread (4)
- 32D. Hundreds holding greeting in style (4)
- 19A. Remodel terminal in southeast to improve efficiency (10)
- 24A. Drug-taker blended tea into batch with addict (10) (*hyphenated*)
- 6D. Tries writing dear little sister (10)
- 11D. Pluck a flower, speaking with relish (10)
- 20A. Sayings from *Ms.* about a regressive combination (6)
- 23A. *Dragnet* doctor has advantage (6)
- 4D. Takes on trouble with torpedo boats (6)
- 25D. Nuts see ill person's name (6)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

DEBORAH MOLBURG

HOME: Juneau, Alaska.

AGE: 39. "Really."

PROFESSION: Sled dog racer and trainer.

HOBBY: Salmon fishing. "Up here my only competition is the occasional 400-lb. grizzly. But we all have to share sometime."

LAST BOOK READ: *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, T. S. Eliot.

BEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Putting together a team of dogs to run in the 1986 World Championship. "If you want to win, start early."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When I entered my first race in 1957, I lost."

GOAL: "To understand true appreciation, by feeding 80 dogs at once."

PROFILE: Tenacious, not easily impressed. When your birthday is April Fool's day you learn very quickly to be ready for anything.

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